PENTHOUSE

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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

OCTOBER 1982 [redacted]

20 WORST COLLEGE FOOTBALL TEAMS

10 GREATEST COLLEGE SEX SCANDALS

JUVENILE JUNKIES: SPECIAL INVESTIGATIVE REPORT

TORTURE: A NEW AMERICAN PASTIME

SPECIAL BACK TO SCHOOL ISSUE

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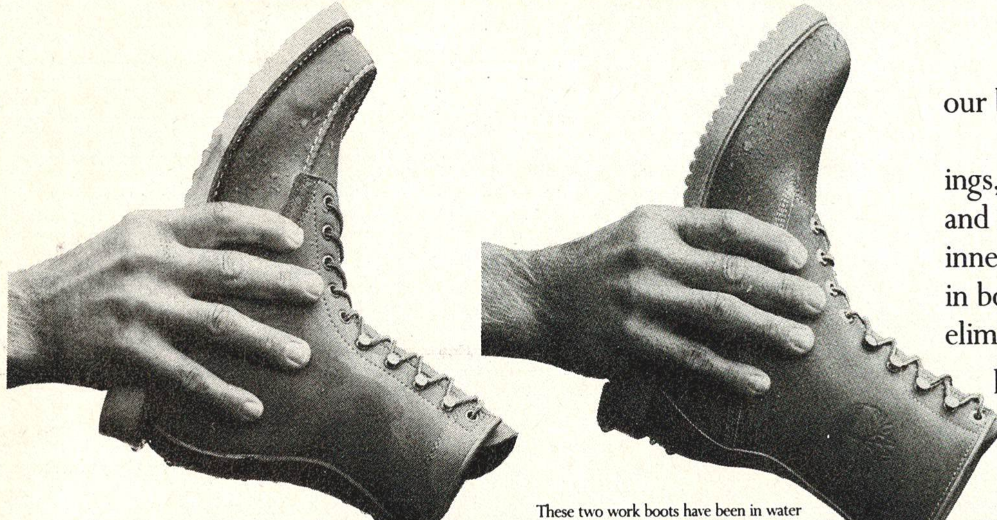

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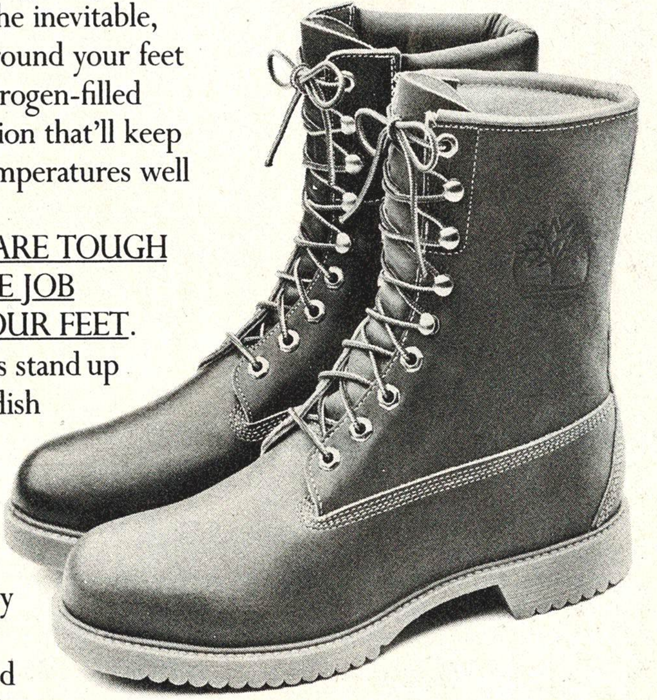

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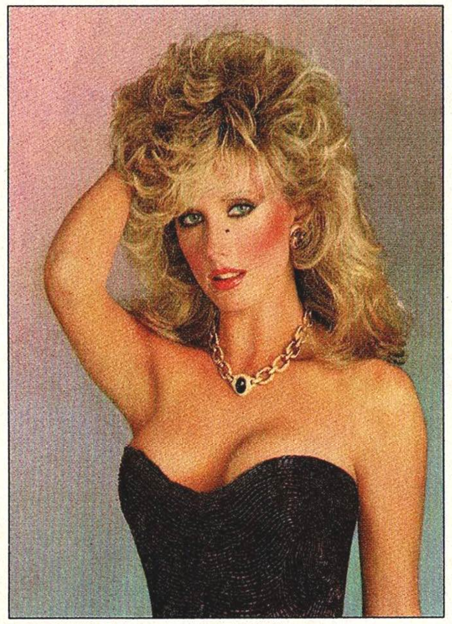

Morgan Fairchild appears on this month's cover wearing a gown designed by Naeem Khan for Riazee of Beverly Hills. She was photographed by Charles William Bush with a Nikon F-3 camera and 85mm lens. He used Dynalite strobe lights and Kodachrome 25 film. For information on camera equipment used to produce the pictorials in this issue, see page 202. And for more Morgan, see page 158.

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Advertising Offices: *New York:* Penthouse International, Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022, Tel. (212) 593-3301; *Midwest:* Penthouse, 303 East Wacker Drive, Suite 1012, Chicago, Illinois 60601, Tel. (312) 565-0466; *Washington, D.C.:* Penthouse, 1707 H St., NW, Suite 807, Washington, D.C. 20006; *West Coast:* Penthouse, 924 Westwood Blvd., Suite 1002, Los Angeles, California 90024, Tel. (213) 824-9831; *U.K.:* Penthouse Publications, Ltd., 2 Bramber Road, West Kensington, London W14 9PB, Tel. 01-385-6181—Telex 919865. Penthouse, the Penthouse keys, Pet of the Month, and Pet of the Year are trademarks of Penthouse International, Ltd., N.Y.
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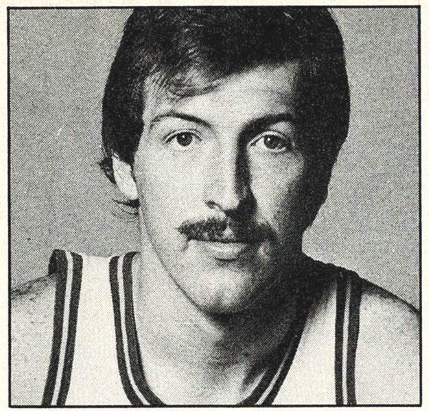
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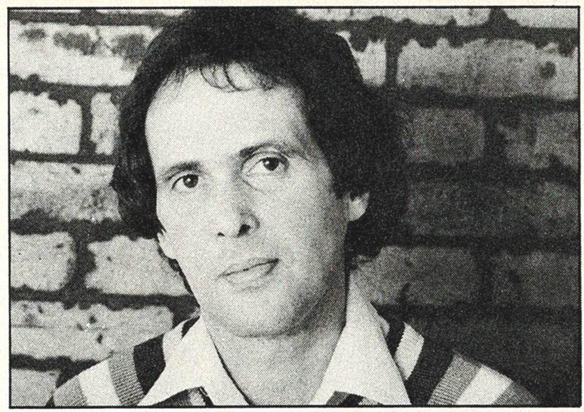
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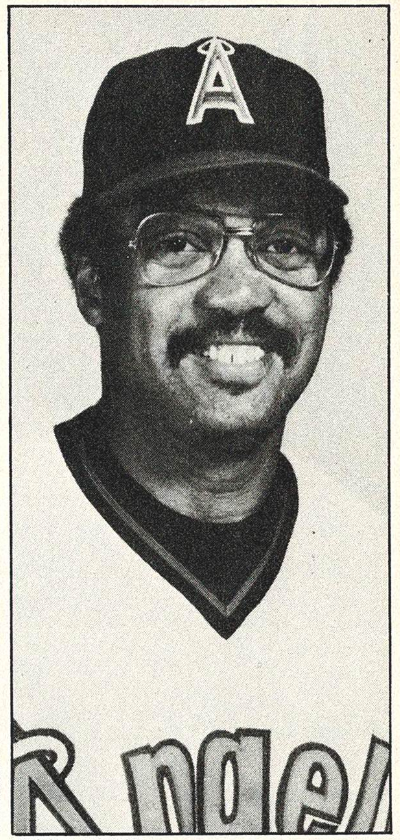
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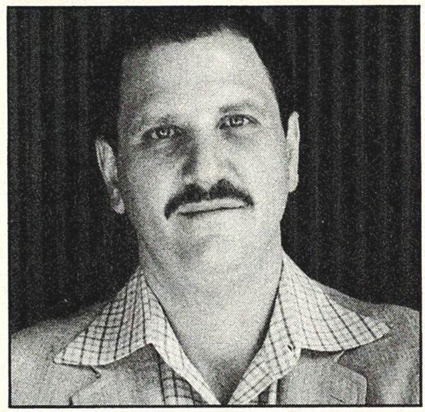
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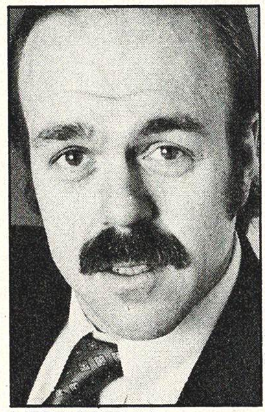
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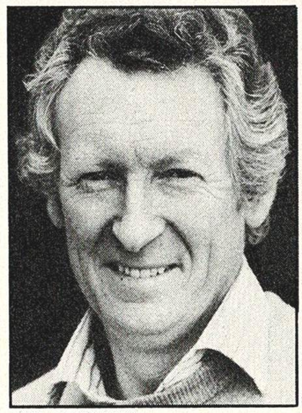
ANTHONY GREY

Tim Motion

HOUSECALL

"Getting a good education" is one of those eternal platitudes that everyone tends to support, as if any other alternative would be unthinkable. However, you will discover in this special Back to School Issue that what is being taught so enthusiastically in our school system has nothing to do with education. Consider Carmen, an undercover narcotics agent in Los Angeles, who says, "I had an incident where I went and purchased heroin from a fifteen-year-old. It took place on the high-school campus. He never said how long he had been using heroin, but he had track marks. I saw them, and thought he'd been using it maybe a year or so.... He was dealing heroin right in the school." Carmen is one of many such firsthand witnesses whose personal experiences are documented in *Penthouse* reporter **Allan Sonnenschein**'s exposé on the epidemic of drug abuse among children, "Twelve Years Old and Feeling No Pain" (page 58). During his protracted investigation, Sonnenschein traveled back and forth across the country to interview police, counselors, psychologists, etc., as well as a number of decidedly unsympathetic faces in the junk-sick world of juvenile drug addiction. All of them without exception told Sonnenschein that the situation is much, much worse than outsiders have ever suspected. And, if anyone is tempted to view the epidemic as being contained within the ghettos of inner-city America, Ray Rodriguez, who runs a large adolescent drug-treatment center, is quick to be heard. Speaking of juvenile heroin users, Rodriguez told Sonnenschein: "I get them from all over. The problem transcends every race, religion, and socioeconomic class." And, more depressing still, there seems to be no cure in sight for this most lethal children's disease. "Once a young child has experienced drugs," writes Sonnenschein, "he is going to enjoy getting high."

Sex, sports, and success are the not-so-unusual obsessions of campus undergraduates, and we're happy to address these concerns in this special issue. "The Ten Greatest College Sex Scandals" (page 76) is precisely that: a compilation of the most outrageous excesses of extracurricular libido, chronicled by **Richard O'Connor**, editor of *SportsWise New York* and a former Duke all-American. **Larry Linderman**'s "The Penthouse 20 Worst College Football Teams of 1982–83" (page 80) is yet another Roll of Campus Dishonor—the fifth such exercise by the intrepid Linderman, who, we understand, has to assume a new identity each year to escape the murderous hordes his annual listings provoke. And **Fred Graham**, the distinguished law correspondent for CBS News, decries the fact that money has become the exclusive measure of success among many of today's law students ("Advise and Dissent," page 106).

Michael Levin, professor of philosophy at New York's City College, is equally critical of still other aspects of our society, and he advocates a rather unique cure for them. The legal use of torture, Levin believes, "would have a marvelously bracing influence on our culture and raise our moral level enormously." Torture, Levin explained to *Penthouse* interviewer **Joe Spieler**, "would reaffirm our commitment to good human values." In a wide-ranging discussion, Spieler, a former *Penthouse* editor and frequent contributor to such publications as *Quest* and *Harper's*, explores this extraordinary professor's philosophy in what is certain to be one of our most controversial and provocative interviews (page 132).

The fall of Saigon in 1975 is the real-life background to this month's fiction—an exclusive excerpt from **Anthony Grey**'s *Saigon*, which will be published this fall by Little, Brown. Grey, a former Reuters correspondent in the Far East, has written a massive historical epic, setting forth the personal lives of four families in Vietnam against the drama of fifty years of revolution and war. Our excerpt (page 124) displays Grey's masterful interweaving of fact and fiction—a hair-raising account of an American diplomat's desperate personal search through the panicked city as the Vietcong conquerors arrive.

Reggie Jackson, our undercover automotive editor, generates considerable enthusiasm as he reports the results of test-driving two of today's most awesome sedans, the Mercedes and the BMW, on page 138. Any contest between television superstars **Morgan Fairchild** and **Erik Estrada**—"The Lady and the Champ"—can only result in you, the viewer, being the winner, especially when they're all dressed down in the latest fall sportswear (page 158). And Morgan, one of America's top cover girls, scores the big one with this month's cover shot, photographed by Charles William Bush.

No modern education would be complete without rigorous study of the infinite configurations of beauty and elegance in the feminine form—further examination of which is required scrutiny under the most carefully controlled circumstances...and we are only too happy to oblige. Class dismissed!

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Founded March 1965
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PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL LTD.
(U.S. edition)

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EDITORIAL OFFICES
New York: 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022, Tel. (212) 593-3301, Telex no. 237128. *West Coast:* 924 Westwood Blvd., Suite 1002, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024, Tel. (213) 824-9831. *London:* 2 Bramber Road, West Kensington, London W14 9PB England, Tel. 01-385-6181, Telex no. 919865

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OCTOBER

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In which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse*, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International, Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

ROOMMATES

After months of hesitancy, I have finally found the courage to write about a beautiful experience with my dearest friend. My friend and I had been roommates for two years, and although we were very close, we rarely were intimate about our sexual thoughts and desires. The closest we had come to discussing sex had been when my friend Jeanette had compared her body with mine. We'd often relax in our apartment, especially in hot and humid weather, either braless and open-bloused or topless. Sometimes during these periods she would say that she wished she had large and firm breasts like mine. I would always comfort her and tell her truthfully that her small breasts and pretty pink nipples added allure to her pretty face, shapely bottom, and thin figure. This never failed to make her blush.

Last fall, I returned early from an evening in the library only to find our apartment dark except for a warm glow from our bedroom. I slowly and quietly entered the bedroom, and there stretched on her tummy was Jeanette, slowly and rhythmically grinding her pussy into her pillow. At first I was shocked, but I was soon overcome by her beauty, which was enhanced by the shadowy glow on her skin, long brown hair cascading over her back, and her rich sensual fragrance that filled the room. I was mesmerized by the sight of her and I felt like I was floating. Finally, after a series of soft murmurs, she moaned long and gently, sighed, and was still. She slowly rolled to her back as she clutched the pillow to her breasts and gave it tiny kisses. She spread her legs, exposing a very moist and beautiful pussy with flowery pink lips and erect clitoris.

It was some time before Jeanette opened her eyes, but when she did, she emitted a small scream. She was overcome with embarrassment. Without a word, I stood and slowly removed my dress, bra, and panties, and I was surprised and slightly embarrassed to see the wetness on my panties and the swelling of my breasts and nipples.

Jeanette's eyes widened as I spread a towel over the sheets, gently placed my bottom on the towel, and propped my head up with her musky pillow. I then pulled my legs to my breasts and began to caress my clitoris and lips and dipped into my vagina and anus. My pussy became extremely wet. Syrup trickled down my bottom and puddled on the towel below. I could hardly stand the pressure inside my breasts, and my clitoris was so uncontrollably hard that it peeked from its hood. The silence broke only by my moans and the liquid sounds from my pussy and bottom.

I soon asked Jeanette to open my chest of drawers and bring me a rather large vibrator and a smaller, thin one. Jeanette was somewhat shocked, but I told her how they made me feel so beautiful, that I was extremely anal, and enjoyed having my bottom filled. I slowly inserted the large vibrator in my vagina and, in turn, pushed the other into my anus as I screamed my pleasure. I felt so heavenly being totally naked and exposed before Jeanette, having her watch me come and come.

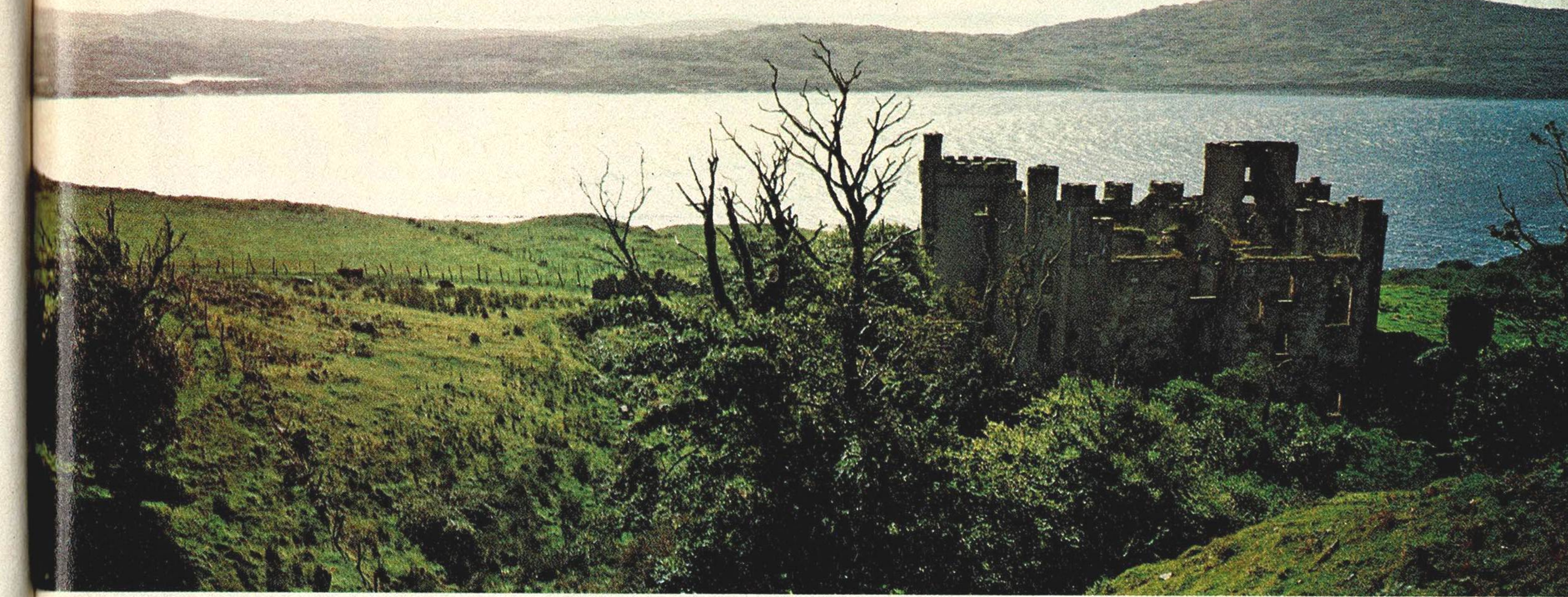
I am not sure how long this went on, but eventually I had Jeanette pull the vibrators from my pussy and anus. She then toweled my lips and bottom and I had another crashing orgasm as she caressed me. When she was done she fell into my arms and kissed me deeply with her tongue, and we cuddled ourselves to sleep.

All this was months ago, and our mutual masturbation has continued. We now sleep together and we make love nearly every night. We do not consider ourselves lesbians, but we do enjoy watching other pretty women and wonder what it would be like making love to them. I guess we are just bisexual. Someday we may have male lovers, but for now we two ladies are happily in love. We hope it lasts forever!—*Name and address withheld*

TICKLED PINK

I would like to share one of my unusual fantasies with your readers. It involves my favorite fetish, tickling. The erotic art of tickling has been driving me crazy for years, because I can't indulge in this sexual rarity that often. Only in rare instances have I been satisfied by being tickled into submission by my boyfriend. He's only interested in normal sex. The only outlet to my frustration is through reading the few letters printed in sex magazines. I am a legal secretary working in New York, where I commute to on weekdays. My boyfriend is a young executive who has very conservative values, especially about sex. Recently we went on a sailing trip in the Caribbean where we chartered a small boat complete with its own navigator. He took us island-hopping and seemed to know a lot about certain rituals in the more unfriendly places. He was fairly middle-aged, about sixty, and talked of the predominant voodoo culture in many small islands where it is still practiced. He also cautioned us not to sail too close to these places, for we could easily be abducted.

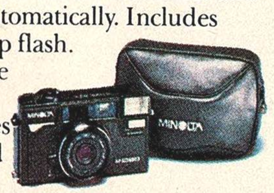
Enter the J&B
"It Whispers" Photo Contest
and win a trip to Scotland.



Once again J&B has begun the search for the photograph that whispers J&B best. If you can capture that scene, J&B will cover all expenses for a once in a lifetime trip to Scotland. In addition to the grand prize, there are over 600 other fabulous prizes that could be yours. Read on and find out how to enter.

Grand Prize
Ten-day, nine-night trip for two to Scotland, including round trip air transportation, hotel accommodations, meals, car rental, visit to J&B distillery, sightseeing plus $1,000 spending money; or $5,000 cash in lieu of the trip.

5 First Prizes
Minolta Hi-Matic AF2-M. Focuses and winds itself automatically. Includes built-in pop-up flash. Shutter release won't work unless batteries are strong and film is completely loaded. Just aim and shoot for perfectly exposed pictures.



100 Second Prizes
Kodak's Pleaser II Kodamatic Instant Camera. The handy, easy-to-use camera that lets you take big, bright instant prints that develop right before your eyes. Easy to load, no focus or exposure settings to make. Hand grip provides easy handling and carrying.

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How to Enter
Simply clip the coupon from the bottom of the page or see your participating liquor store for an entry blank. Then take a picture of the scene, setting or view that you think whispers J&B, and send it in. Be sure to follow the rules below. Incomplete entries will be invalid.

Official Rules—
No Purchase Necessary
1. To enter, submit a black-and-white or color photograph (2¼″ x 2¼″ to 8″ x 10″) of a scene that you feel "whispers." Slides and transparencies are not accepted.
2. Handprint your name, address, and zip code, on the official entry form or a plain piece of paper. Glue or tape it to the back of your photo entry. Do not write on photo, include cardboard backing to protect picture in mail. Include with your entry the answer to the following question: What do the initials "J&B" on a bottle of J&B Rare Scotch stand for? Your entry will not be eligible for judging unless this question is answered. The information needed to answer this question may be found by looking at the label of any bottle of J&B Rare Scotch. You may obtain a free label facsimile by writing to: J&B Label, P.O. Box 3028, Westbury, NY 11591.
3. Enter as often as you wish, but each entry must be mailed separately to: J&B "WHISPERS" CONTEST, P.O. Box 3052, Westbury, NY 11591. Entries must be received by December 31, 1982.
4. Entries will be judged on the basis of originality (0 to 30 points), relevance to the theme (0 to 40 points), composition (0 to 20 points), photographic technique (0 to 10 points). Winners will be selected under the supervision of National Judging Institute, Inc., an independent judging organization whose decisions are final on all matters relating to this contest. All prizes will be awarded and winners notified by mail. Prizes are not transferable or exchangeable. Only one prize to an individual or family.
5. All entries become the property of The Paddington Corporation with all rights, including the right to edit, publish and use any photo without further consideration of payment to the contestant. No correspondence about entries will be entered into, nor will photos be acknowledged or returned.
6. Before receiving a prize, each entrant must warrant his age, that the photograph was taken by himself, that he is an amateur photographer, and that he has full rights to the photograph and that it has won no previous award or competition.
7. The contest is open to U.S. residents, except employees and their families of The Paddington Corporation, its affiliates, advertising and sales promotion agencies, liquor wholesalers and retailers, professional photographers and Don Jagoda Associates, Inc. Void where prohibited. All federal, state and local regulations apply. Taxes on prizes, if any, are the responsibility of the individual winners.
8. Entrants must be of legal drinking age in the state of their residences as of September 1, 1982. For a list of major winners, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: J&B "WHISPERS" Winners, P.O. Box 3077, Westbury, NY 11591.

Official Entry Form
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This is where I developed my favorite tickling fantasy. It begins on that same boat, when we accidentally sail too close to one of these islands.

We run aground on a sand bar and are stuck until nightfall, when the tide is able to save us. In the evening, my boyfriend and the old navigator become weary and decide to nap while I remain on deck. After a while, I hear some splashing near the bow. I walk over, clad only in my string bikini, to see what it is. As I lean over to look, someone grabs me from behind and wraps his arms around my waist while diving into the shallow water. I don't even have time to scream. He is a black native and seems unusually strong. He has no trouble getting me to the island where other natives with painted faces are waiting on the beach. The shock is too much and I quit struggling only to faint. They carry me to their small village and tie my arms and legs to two large wooden poles stuck into the sand. I am left hanging and helpless for a few hours. I finally wake to the rhythm of a primitive drum beat. The whole village is dancing wildly and carrying on. They fall silent as the native chief walks up, followed by two young black women.

The two young women walk on either side of me, and stroke and scratch the deeply tanned flesh on my sides with their hands. My knees become weak and buckle as I struggle against the bonds. My laughter seems to cause curiosity in the chief. He lets the girls lightly touch my slender body while I laugh and gasp in tortuous writhing. After a while he motions them to stop and step aside as he walks up facing me and glaring into my eyes. First, he lets his fingers run through my soft blond hair. Fear sets in as I realize my helplessness. The drums beat slowly as he takes some sacred oil and rubs it over my face. He then begins to work his way down my shoulders, and I start to feel tingling sensations on my breasts. His face is expressionless as he takes off my bikini top and proceeds to rub the oil into my breasts. I gasp as he slowly works his fingers into small circular motions on my ticklish underarms. The crowd has started to chime in and laugh as I beg him to stop. Not understanding me, he lets his hands wander to my ribs and continues the small circles. I twist and turn but cannot get away.

Suddenly, he starts to tickle my soft belly. I am hopelessly ticklish there and begin to scream with laughter. He puts one hand behind me and lightly rubs around my navel with the other hand. The only thing I can do is arch to meet his probing finger. I am totally at his mercy and he knows it. Finally, I give up struggling and cry while laughing uncontrollably while he continues to lightly touch my belly. After a while the two young girls walk back behind me as one tickles my sides and the other kneels and begins to lightly let her fingers run up, down, and in between my long, tanned legs. I'm being tickled from all sides from these natives and can hardly stand it. Suddenly the whole village forms a long line and each man, woman, and child is allowed to walk by and tickle me. I beg for their mercy, but to no avail. I live at this island for weeks where this ritual is carried out almost daily. Eventually and unfortunately I am rescued.

This is my fantasy. Hopefully more of you ticklers will write about your experiences. I would love it if you all would request a pictorial of tickling in a future issue of *Penthouse*. Meanwhile, I'll keep dreaming my fantasy.—*Name and address withheld*

GIRL OF HIS DREAMS

Like so many before me, I felt that some of your letters to "Forum" had to be made up. I guess I have changed my mind, since your openness concerning matters of sex has made me realize that I may be in the minority, but definitely there are others who feel the same feelings and urgings that I have.

When I was a child I was disciplined fairly but very harshly when I was taken to task. In my teens I had a sex experience with a girl and we got caught. I ran, but watched through the window as she was bent over a chair and spanked with a belt. Her screams and the appearance of the welts, the writhing of her body, and the swaying of her ass during the punishment made me come twice on the spot.

That never happened again, but the desire to spank a naked woman stayed with me, and I read everything I could get on the subject. These were sure to get an immediate erection. I looked for movies that portrayed women getting spanked or whipped. But the ultimate turn-on, finding a real woman who would submit to a sound whipping, had to wait for over half a century. It came about quite slowly, because I was always wary of discussing it, since most women would run like hell. Finally, I met this woman in her thirties and mentioned that I liked this type of thing. She admitted that it got her hot to be whipped.

When in Saigon I had seen an act wherein a woman had her pantied rear naked and she was bending over a man, giving him head while he had a Confederate lash her with a many-thonged whip. The lady, obviously distressed by her whipping, was anxious to get him to come but would interrupt the proceedings occasionally to let out a scream. The whipping was then redoubled because she let the cock out of her mouth.

The first time with my new lady was very tentative because she didn't know me enough to trust me, and I didn't know how hard to hit. I used a large, willowy switch, and after twenty or so relatively medium strokes, she then vigorously sucked me while I whipped her ass and thighs. This routine has become refined, and we vary from hair brushes to canes, etc. Naturally

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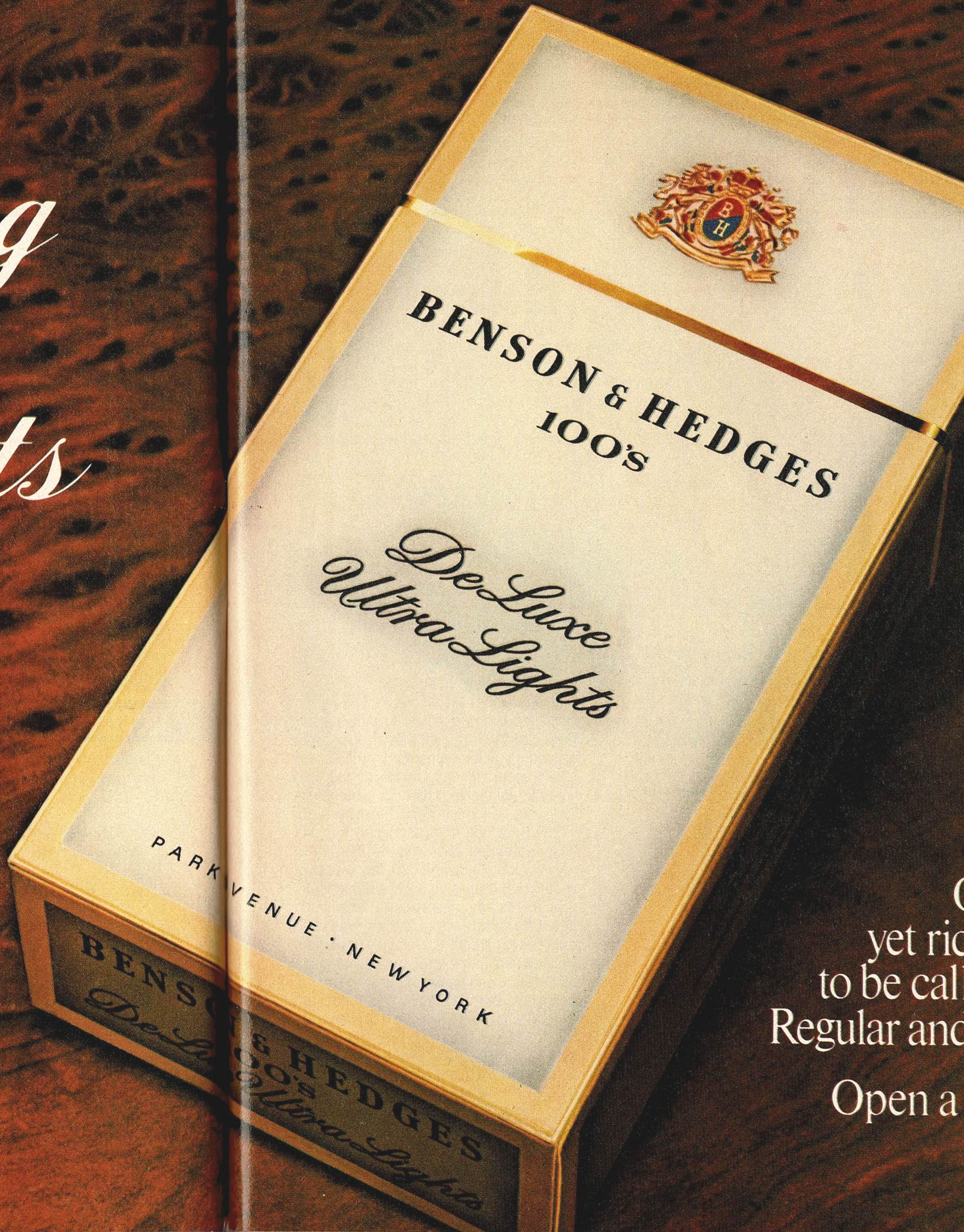
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the one she likes the best is the hair brush. She will interrupt as she is being whipped and ask for a more severe whipping on her thighs or ass. She will even ask to have her tits pinched and once in a great while will ask to have her cunt whipped. This of course is mild but effective, and the whole thing sometimes winds up with her turning up her well-whipped ass, asking to be bottom-fucked. It's a real turn-on to fuck a lady's ass after it has been whipped. She gets this about every week, sometimes twice a week. I wish you would provide more letters in "Forum" on this subject.—*Name and address withheld*

MOTHER'S MILK

I have an experience that I would like to share with your readers. I am a female, aged twenty-six. My husband, Bill, and I have been married for three years and have never participated in group sex or anything along that line. We have neighbors, Jody and Tom, living next door, who are our age, and a few times during the past year we have all been skinny-dipping in our backyard pool.

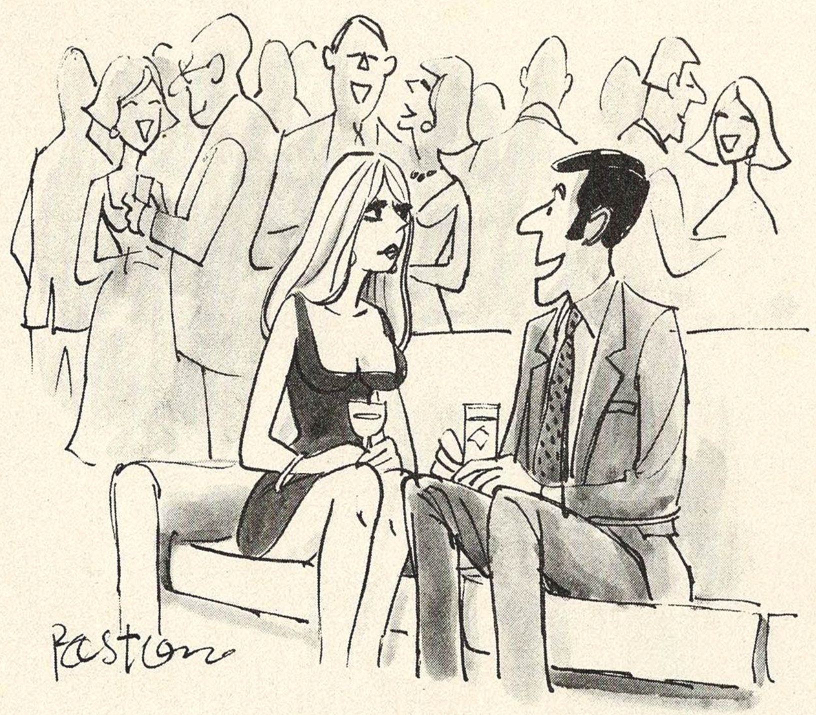
Seven weeks ago I came home from the hospital with our firstborn. The weather was beautiful and I took advantage of it by sitting in the sun and trying to get my tan back to its usual golden brown. By the weekend I had a good start on it and decided to wear a new string bikini I had recently purchased. My husband was out on the patio watching over our new son, who was in a bassinet in the shade. Some women I know, after having a child, put on weight, but not in my case. I have a 38-24-36 figure, and except for my boobs being a little heavier, everything is still the same. I walked out through the sliding glass door and onto the patio, wearing my new black suit and a pair of black high heels. My husband took one look at me, and I could tell by the way he smiled he liked the looks of everything.

About half an hour later and after a beer or two, I complained to my husband that I thought the top of my suit didn't give me enough lift and I looked just a little bit droopy. He said that it was my imagination and reassured me I looked just great. As I stood in the pool and looked down at myself, I said that I should have bought the bikini top with two straps, rather than just the one string that tied around my back. My husband said he could fix that in no time, and got out of the pool and disappeared into the house. About ten minutes later he returned, holding a pair of scissors and a rolled-up ball of soft nylon rope. I asked him what he was doing and he informed me that he was going to fashion me a new top. I was a bit uncertain as to what he had in mind, but when he instructed me to take off the top of my bikini, I complied, letting my white globes spill out of their confinement.

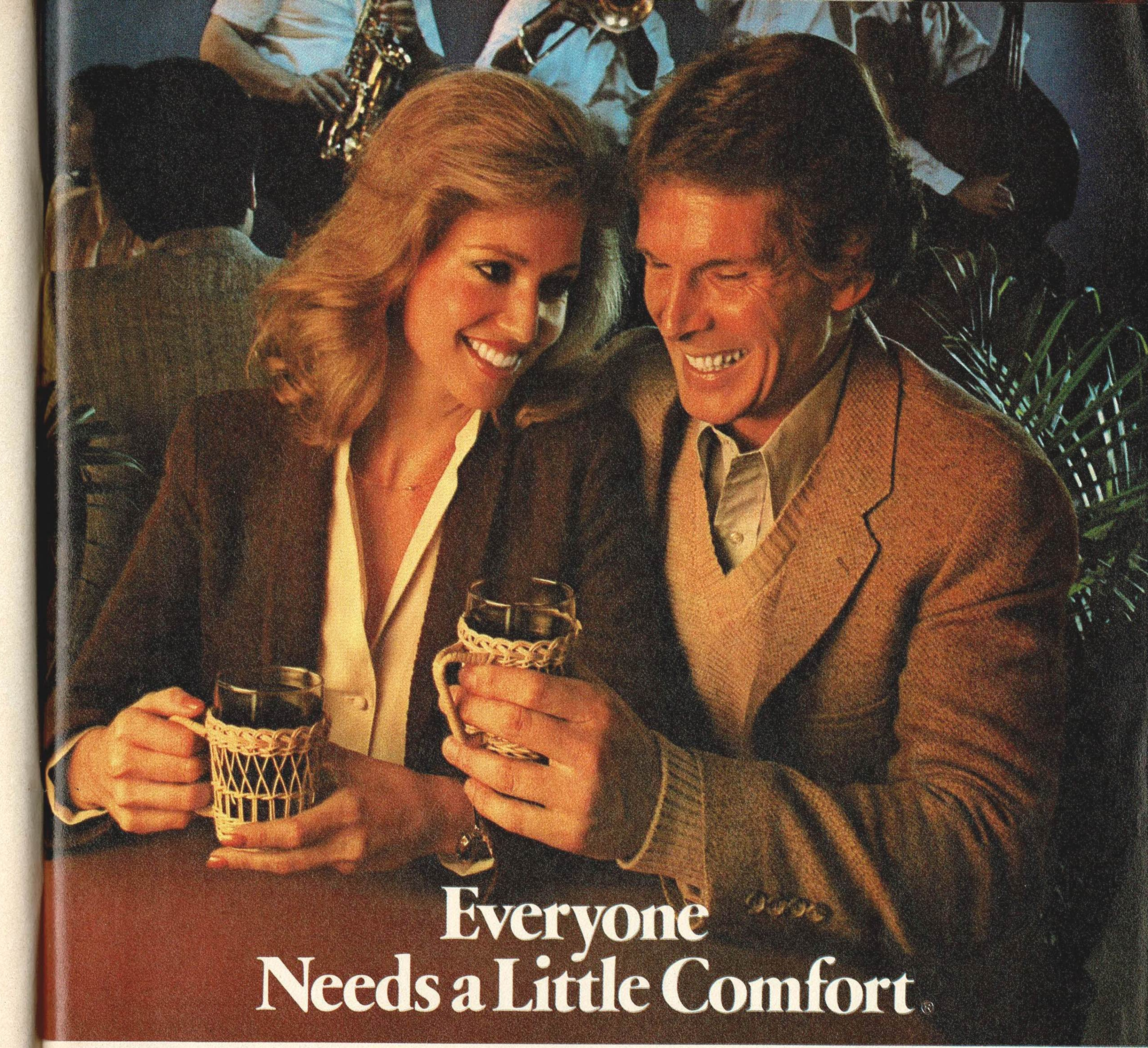
I stood in the shallow end of the pool and watched as he cut four lengths of rope about two feet in length and then tied a very small loop on the end of each one. He then threaded the single ends of each rope through the loop on the opposite end. He stood there grinning and held up what appeared to be four separate lassos. He then jumped into the pool next to me and told me to bend over and touch my knees with my hands. Once I had done this he took two of the loops and tightened each one around my dangling breasts. He then had me stand up straight again and tied the two loose ends of cord behind my neck. He looked at his handiwork appreciatingly and said I now had the right amount of lift, but I still needed separation. Bill then took the two remaining lengths of cord and looped them around my already swelling breasts. Then pulling them, he tied the two ends behind my back.

My boobs were now lifted upward and apart. My areolas were dark and the size of silver dollars, and my nipples stood out. Bill said I looked real sexy but I told him I thought I looked ridiculous, plus it felt a little uncomfortable. He just laughed.

Just then the front door bell rang and Bill said it must be Tom from next door coming over to see my new suit. With that, he climbed out of the pool and picked up the scissors and my bikini top and started back into the house. I was embarrassed and tried to quickly untie the knots in the cord, but Bill had tied them so tight it was useless. I heard Bill and Tom coming through the living room, and out of desperation I backed into the pool so that the water covered me up to my neck. Bill and Tom came out the door and stood at the edge of the pool. Bill told me to come over and model my new top. I refused, and he jumped into the pool and came walking over to me. I tried to push him away but he only grabbed both of my hands and forcefully held them behind my back. Then he started to slowly walk me to the shallow end where Tom still stood, watching from the patio. I tried to struggle but was helpless, and the water slowly dropped from around my neck to under my breasts and finally under my belly button by the time we reached the shallow end. I shamefully looked up at Tom and saw that my breasts weren't the only things bulging out. My husband asked Tom what he thought of my new top. He said it certainly was provocative. Bill laughed and said that I was probably sunburned, and a nice thing about the design of my new top was that I didn't have to remove it to apply any lotion. He then told Tom to grab the suntan lotion off the table and he could put some on me before the burn got really bad. I couldn't believe what I was hearing and started to struggle again. Bill only held me tighter, and before I knew it Tom had splashed into the pool and was standing in front of me staring. He then squirted some of the lotion on each of my turgid nipples and started to rub it all about. The sensation was exciting. My breasts were so swollen and hard, but his hands rubbing circular



"I've thought about getting into TM and Awareness and things like that. But most of all I've thought about getting into you."



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motions all over them made them feel soothed and tingly at the same time. He kept this up for some time, paying particular attention to the undersides of my stiff globes.

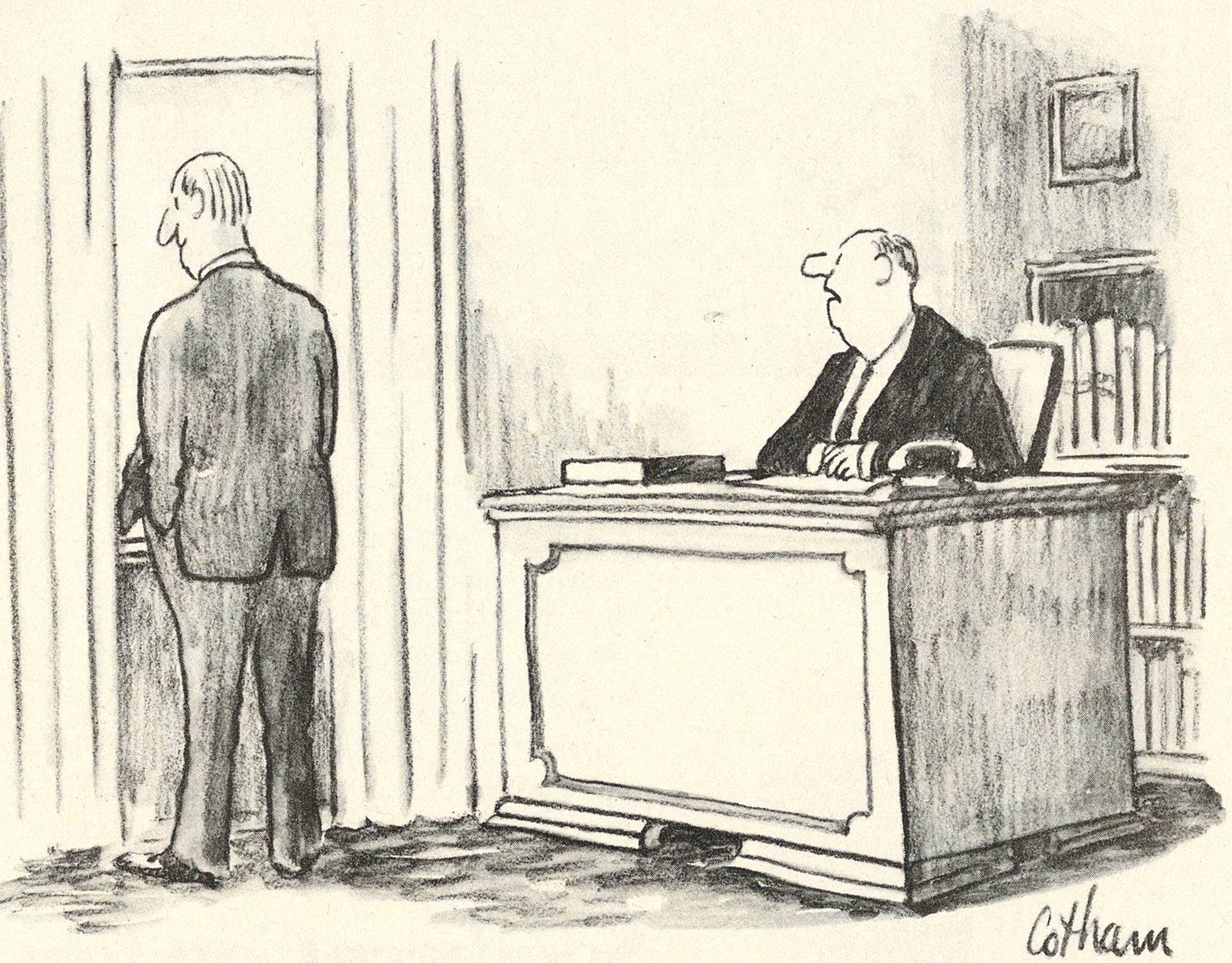
Still holding my hands together behind me with one hand, Bill said perhaps a total rub would be in order, and with that he deftly untied the string bows on both sides of my bikini bottom and stripped the bottom of my suit from between my legs, letting it fall to the bottom of the pool. He then pushed me over to the concrete steps leading out of the pool and made me step up on the first one. The water was now below my pussy and he invited Tom to apply some more lotion. I had been shaved in the hospital for the delivery and my soft golden pubic hair had not started to grow back yet. Tom took one look at me and quickly crossed over to us, spreading a generous glob of suntan lotion in the palm of his hand. I couldn't believe what was happening to me, but it was really a turn-on. Tom reached down and grasped one of my pussy lips between his forefinger and thumb and began to massage it about. He kept it up for quite a while, then moved his fingers to the other lip and began to pull on it ever so gently. About this time Bill took one of my buttocks in his free hand and began to squeeze it hard while asking me if I wanted to come for Tom and him. I was beside myself with pleasure and moaned yes. I looked down at my pussy and saw that my lips were swollen to about twice their normal size and stood out quite pink while beginning to pout open. My clit was starting to emerge between my lips, and it felt about the size of my now red nipples. Bill asked me again if I wanted to come, and Tom took my stiff clit between his thumb and finger and started to rub it about. A shiver ran through me and again I said yes. I felt like a shameless whore, but I didn't care. Tom had moved his hand up to my nipple again and began to roll it and my love button between his fingers, while pulling on my nipple ever so slightly. My eyes were almost glazed closed, and when I heard Tom's heavy breathing, I opened them to see what he was doing. Bill kept kneading my buttocks and Tom was standing in front of me almost transfixed, as if he were looking at one of the wonders of the world. I dropped my eyes to see what he was staring at. He had managed to start a small stream of milk running from my left nipple and was now carefully examining it as he continued to roll my clitoris between his fingers. It was here that I felt I could hold back no longer. Just then Tom pinched my clit. That's all it took. Both of my milk glands opened up and started streaming liquid all over. I felt like my knees were going to buckle as I went into the throes of climax. Before I knew what was happening both Bill and Tom had glued their hungry lips to my hot nipples and began to suck me dry. Tom continued to roll my clitoris back and forth, and my pussy kept gushing liquid.

I don't know how long this kept up, but by the time the two of them had finished, my breasts actually felt looser in the tight ropes. They let me go check on the baby, and I could hardly climb the stairs out of the pool. After I had changed him I turned around to see Bill holding two lengths of the nylon cord, one with three large knots tied close together in it. He also held my high heels in the other hand. Both Bill and Tom had big grins all over their faces. I asked what was going on, and Bill said they were now going to make me a new bottom to match the top of my suit and then I was going to put on my high heels and serve them lunch around the pool while modeling it. I did, too.—*Name and address withheld*

A SLOW HAND

I work in one of the departments here at the city's university. There are about twenty-five professors in the department, and in the main departmental office there are six people who make up the clerical and administrative support staff. I am the only male, and although it is sometimes frustrating to work in such a totally female environment, there are certain advantages as well. Yesterday something happened which made it all worthwhile.

I was sitting at my desk, reading the



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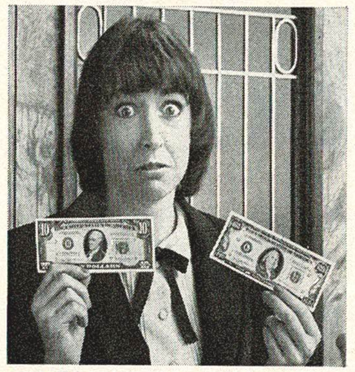

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campus newspaper. It was a slow afternoon and Arline, the senior secretary of the department, came out of her office twisting and rubbing her neck.

"Are you any good as a masseur?" she asked me. "I have a crick in my neck that's just killing me." I told her that I could probably do a fairly decent job. Just then the phone rang, and she said to come in whenever I had the time. She walked back into her office.

I answered the phone. A couple of other items also came up that required taking care of. So it must have been ten minutes or so before I walked into Arline's office and asked if she still wanted that neck rub. She answered yes, and said to close the door behind me.

"I'll be embarrassed if somebody sees you in here rubbing my neck," she said. I grinned, nodding in agreement, and closed the door.

As soon as I began massaging her neck, I understood why it must have been really bothering her. The muscles were knotted and tense. We casually chatted as I started kneading her neck, gradually working harder and harder into the muscles. When I used my thumbs to massage the muscles at the base of her neck, I seemed to have found the right spot.

"You wouldn't believe how good that feels," she said. She told me that she never could find anyone who could give her good neck rubs. I said that I would be available any time. "Great," she said. "You really know how to find the places that hurt."

Two things, however, were getting in the way of massaging Arline's neck: her hair and the collar of her blouse. I bunched her hair together and hung it around one side of her neck, which pretty well got it out of the way. As for her collar, I matter-of-factly told her that it was proving an obstacle. "Would you mind folding it under so that it's out of the way?" I asked. Instead, much to my surprise, she reached up and undid the two top buttons of her blouse and arranged it so that her neck and shoulders were left bare.

Up to this point, I hadn't considered any sexual overtones. But I was beginning to get turned on now. I could feel my cock shifting around in my pants. Arline was bound to be around forty. She was an extremely attractive woman. She was tall, with a nice figure, and always dressed impeccably. It would have been hard for any man to have stood behind a woman who looked that good, with her neck bare and her shoulders beckoning, and not have gotten turned on.

Looking down over her, I could see the beginnings of the wonderful cleavage formed by her bountiful breasts. And with my hands touching her and so close to those more desirable areas of flesh, I couldn't keep my mind off the possibilities offered by the situation. I figured that as long as I kept the neck rub going and was subtle enough, she wouldn't really notice any brief explorations my hands might make. I thought if I made my advances slow enough and kept up the pretenses of the neck rub, she would remain uncertain of what I was doing.

With her neck and shoulders now uncovered, I began massaging over a wider area—up and down the nape of her neck, into the batch of muscles near her collarbone, then over her shoulders, across where her bra straps pressed into her skin. I cupped each shoulder in the palm of my hand and then, with my thumbs, began working into the muscles at the top of her shoulder blades. Between my imagination and looking down her blouse, I had a hard-on that made it difficult to stand.

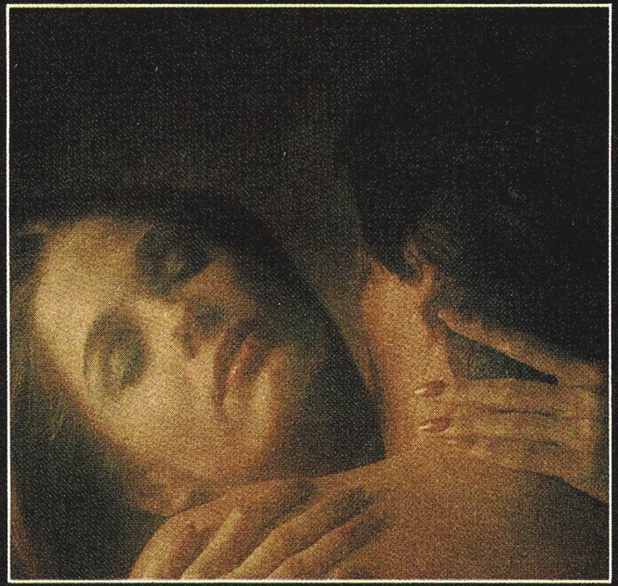
Her skin was beginning to flush from all the rubbing. Every once in a while, I would ease up from the quite vigorous massage I was giving her in order to rest my hands. I would lightly run my fingers and fingernails over her shoulders. Evidently she liked this soft light touch as much as the deep massage, because she let out a long, satisfied sigh and said, "That feels so good, so relaxing."

Gently scratching my nails over her skin, I began letting my fingers follow along her bra straps. I could see the top curves of her breasts, as I was standing over and behind her. It was a voyeur's paradise. I became a bit more daring with my hands. My fingers moved down her front several inches, and then back up.

I returned to the deep, hard rubbing and concentrated this time on her shoulders. After a while, I began running my fingers under the straps of her bra to get at every part of her shoulder. I was massaging her quite vigorously to keep her mind off of what I was actually up to. I put my fingers under her straps and moved them outwards a couple of inches. There were strap marks imprinted in the skin, and I rubbed my thumbs into them until they had all but disappeared. Arline's head was still bent over, and she seemed completely relaxed and lost in the pleasure that my hands were giving. I decided that it was time to try to gain some more territory. So, with my hands still continuing the neck rub, I slowly managed to push her bra straps over the edge of her shoulders.

By this time, I was really turned on. With her straps loose on her arms, her bra released an even more revealing view of her breasts. I had never wanted to touch anything as much as I wanted to put my hands on her breasts. She seemed completely oblivious of the wonderful view of her tits she was giving me.

My hands were now able to cover a large expanse of Arline's neck and shoulders. I would start high up on her neck, then work down and out across her shoulders, down the top of her arms, constantly kneading muscles. Every time I got to her arms, I would go a little farther down, pushing her bra straps and blouse lower and lower. Then I would work back up to her neck and start over again. Between gravity and my unnoticed little pushes, more and more of her flesh was revealed



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to my eyes. It wasn't too long before I could gaze down on almost her entire breasts, loosely hidden by just the barest of covering now. When she exhaled, I could see the large, pink areolas in the middle of her beautiful boobs. A couple more nudges at her dangling bra straps and even her nipples were to be seen, stiff and protruding.

I moved my hands down from her shoulders and began softly stroking the line of flesh that led to that now deliciously wide-open cleavage. She moaned softly and unfastened another button of her blouse. I bent down and began lightly kissing her neck and shoulders. With both hands I reached behind her and unsnapped her bra. The last vestiges of covering fell away from her breasts as I pushed her blouse and bra down around her waist. My hands cupped those magnificent tits. I put my tongue gently into her ear. Her nipples were hard, begging for attention.

She turned her face towards me and her hot tongue found my mouth. Her kissing was frantic and wild. I edged around in front of her and began letting my tongue work down from her lips to those two exquisite globes. Arline threw her head back as I kissed my way down her neck. I began licking the valley between her breasts. Then I sucked long and hard on her nipples, moving from one to the other, my tongue never stopping. Arline moaned, "Oh, God, that feels so good."

Still kissing and sucking on her breasts, I moved my right hand to her knees, and slowly began running my hand up under her skirt. She parted her legs. The insides of her thighs quivered with desire. I was especially turned on by the smooth feel of her stockings on those firm thighs. Then I found my hand running along her garter belt, and finally touched her panties. I lightly ran my fingers over the delicate material that covered her cunt. It was so wet that I could easily feel the outline of her pussy lips through her thin damp panties. I began rubbing where her clit would be, and, as if by an involuntary reflex, her legs parted.

I moved my finger in under the elastic of her panties. Her cunt was hot and gushing wet. The curls of her pubic hair were already slick from her pussy juices. I slid my forefinger into her. She thrust her hips forward to force my finger all the way in. I slowly finger-fucked her, and with my other hand I began pulling her panties down. She raised her ass off the chair and I slid her panties down off her ankles. Then I put another finger into her, and then a third. She looked down at me as I continued sucking on her tits.

"I'm so horny I can't stand it anymore," she said. "If you can fuck me without making much noise, then take off your pants."

While I quickly undressed, she got up and sat on the edge of her desk with her dress hiked up and her cunt glistening with wetness.

"I can't believe this is happening," she said as she watched me. When she saw my cock, hard and ready, she let out a deep sigh of anticipation. "Come here and slide your cock into me, nice and slow. I want to feel it go in."

I stepped up to her and she wrapped her arms around me, pulling me toward her. I could feel her firm breasts flattened between our two bodies, her hard, pointed nipples poking into my chest. My cock nestled momentarily in the wet warm lips of her cunt and then found the entrance. As my cock slid into her, our tongues entwined. I felt her fingernails dig into my butt as she thrust herself against me.

She brought her feet up so they rested on the edge of the desk, so I could penetrate her as far as possible. It was hard to fuck without noise, especially since we were both so hot and horny. But we somehow managed, probably because we knew how close to discovery we were. I was even more excited by the thought that there were other people working just outside the door.

When Arline came, she bit her teeth into my shoulder to keep from crying out. I felt the spasms in her cunt as she tightened down on my prick. It made the friction of our fucking that much more incredibly pleasurable. My cock stiffened as I reached the point where I couldn't hold back my orgasm anymore. I was pounding Arline, and then my cock felt like it was exploding. Groaning, but trying to make as little noise as possible, I pressed my mouth into Arline's. I felt the hot spurts of my jism shoot into her cunt. She lay back on the desk, and I collapsed on top of her.

We stayed like that for a couple of minutes, resting. We just wrapped ourselves up into each other's body, letting ourselves wind down. Then we got dressed, never saying anything. But right before I went out the door, she gave me a long, deep kiss, and then said, "I think I'm going to have to get a nice, soft rug for the floor."

Needless to say, I'm looking forward to my job these days.—*Name and address withheld*

"No, you can't be on the team! Girls can't catch, throw, run, or fart like boys!"

COMMERCIAL ENTERTAINMENT

Instead of going through all of the B.S. about how I don't believe most of the stuff that gets printed in your "Forum" section, I'm going to launch into my own little adventure, which will give you some idea of how we ladies amuse ourselves during our breaks from avid studying. Anything to break the tension, right?

Anyway, this morning my girl friend and I awoke to yet another day destined to be filled by preholiday assignments. Always willing to procrastinate, I put off getting up until noon, just in time for my favorite soap opera. My silly girl friend decided at this moment that it was time for her morning fuck, and if I was going to go off to the television, then she was going to do it herself. Begging her to hold off for just forty-five minutes was fruitless; she was deter-

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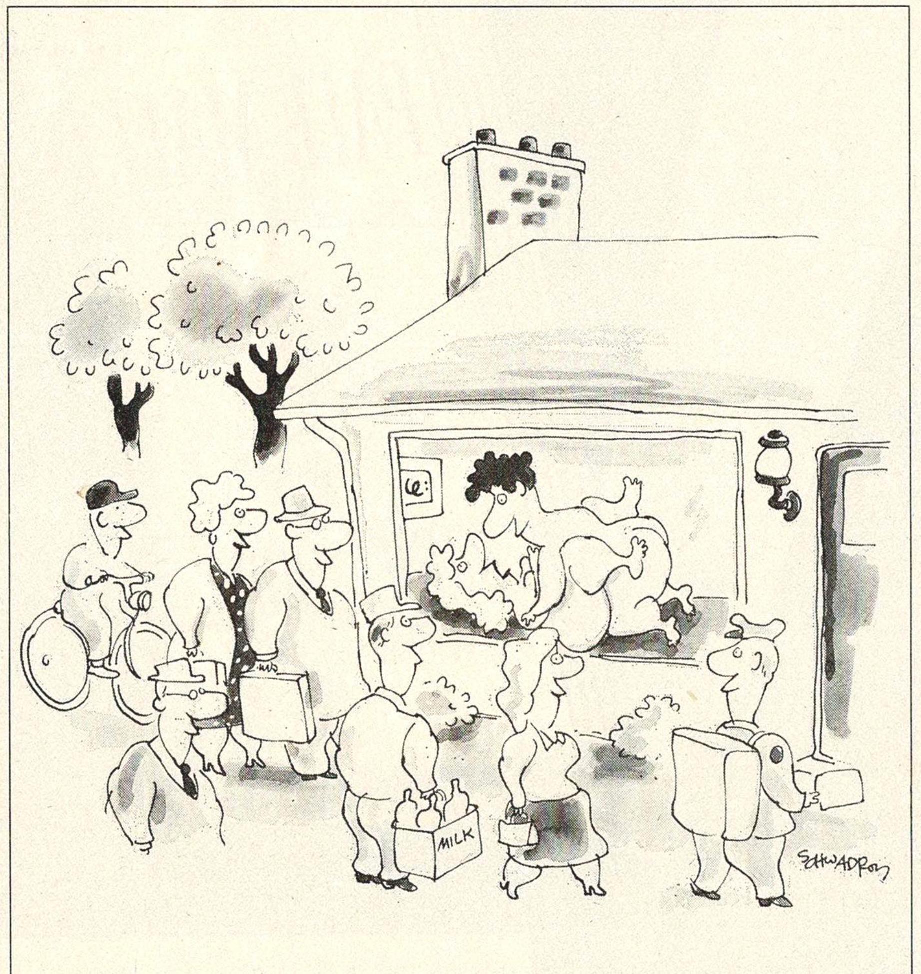
mined.

"Well," I said, "if you're not going to wait by choice, I guess you're going to wait by force, because I'm *not* going to skip class and miss my soap opera, too!" Stepping over to my dresser, I pulled out two ties and hurriedly attached her to the bed frame. Searching in the closet for two more items with which to tie her pretty legs, I exclaimed; "You can just lie there and think about how it's going to feel when I come back in half an hour!"

Surprised but willing, she surrendered herself to my antics. "Just don't be too long," she said, as I headed out the door toward the TV.

After toking up a bit with one of my classmates, I was getting wet panties just thinking about what was waiting behind my bedroom door. During a commercial break, I went in to check on how she was doing. To my amazement, she had managed to somehow get the vibrator from the floor to up near her head, and was apparently trying to turn it on before working it down to her waiting snatch. Well, I snatched that vibrator from the bed and began to work it on her pussy, saying, "Is that what you want, bitch, is that what you were trying to get?" She moaned in delight, and said, "Yes, oh, yes, fuck me, please." "I'll fuck you," I said, "when I'm good and ready." Reaching into a drawer and pulling out a big dildo, I settled myself where I knew she had a good view on my deep pile rug. Parting my now naked legs, I crammed the dildo up my aching pussy and snapped on the vibrator. "First you'll watch me come," I told her, and proceeded to lie back and get myself off. Soon she was making more noise than I was, watching my hips arch and my breathing grow labored as I vibrated my clit and thrust the dildo in and out of my dripping pussy. She moaned and strained at her bonds. "I want to do that to you," she cried. "I want to suck your pussy and fuck you." Coming in a gigantic explosion, I sank into the carpet. She waited, breathlessly, for me to get up and come to the bed. When I did, she attacked my arm, giving me little love bites wherever she could reach from her prone position. I reached down to lick her pussy, straddling her so she could see but not touch mine. I stuck the dildo into her love hole and sucked voraciously, slurping up all the juices that were seeping from her cunt. I moved back so she could eat my pussy, too. She moaned and immediately started tongue-fucking me wildly. I slipped off her thrashing body, afraid she would distract me from my mission. I moved down between her legs and started to tease her with the vibrator. Shutting it off for a moment, I moved up so I could kiss her soft, full lips. "Fuck me, mistress, fuck me, please, oh, nobody can fuck me like you can, oh, mistress, please fuck me, fuck me hard," she muttered, feverishly moving her head from side to side, eyes glazed and cheeks flushed. I willingly complied, ramming the dildo up her cunt, holding the vibrator on her clit, and sucking on her smooth, silky round breasts, biting the nipples as they rose between my teeth. My poor girl friend was straining at her bonds, quivering and shaking so hard I thought she might break the bed. "Oh, I'm going to come, I'm going to come big," she quavered, starting to shudder. Sucking even harder on her tits, I quickened my overall pace and switched the vibrator onto high. Suddenly she stopped breathing for a moment; then wave after wave of orgasm clenched her writhing body, and she seemed about to explode with every one of them. Gradually they subsided, until finally she was just lying there, quivering.

I removed the various tools, and leaned over to suck up her luscious pussy juices before they all ran down her legs. When I got to her clit she bucked, and I grabbed it between my lips and started to suck. She was still for a moment, and then she exploded again, bouncing and straining and shaking in orgasm all over again. When she subsided again, I whispered, "You stay here. I'm going to type this up for *Penthouse*, and then I'm coming back to fuck you again." "Yes, mistress," she sighed. And now if you'll excuse me, I think I'll get back to her—time for one more before we both must run back to class. There we can both sit and nurse our throbbing pussies.—*Name and address withheld*



"If that's a one-way window, Harry, how come we can't see out?"

A FAVORITE CUSTOMER

I have always felt a strong sexual attraction for my hairdresser, and I could tell he felt something, too. I had had several fantasies about making it with him in his shop, and dreamed that I could make it happen.

I called for an appointment late in the day. As a favor to me, Ian, my hairdresser, agreed to do my hair after hours so it would be fresh for a party I said I was going to that evening. I sat in the chair and waited for Ian to finish with his other customer. I watched the other two hairdressers cleaning up their areas. They would be leaving in another minute. The last customer paid Ian, then walked out with the last hairdresser.

Ian then stood behind my chair and gave me an unconsciously sexy smile. I grinned back at him in the mirror. He placed his hands lightly on my hair, smoothing it down the full length. He asked how things were going and I replied, "Great!" I touched the back of his hand as he tied the clear plastic apron around my neck.

He tilted my chair back toward the sink. I felt the warm spray of water cover my hair and Ian's fingertips gently massage my scalp. I closed my eyes and gave in to the sensation. I listened to the soft music on the stereo and felt the comfortable silence between us, content in the wordless communication.

Ian leaned over to rinse my hair and

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lightly pressed himself against my shoulder. The slight pressure made me feel a warm glow. I moved slightly so that he was firmly against my arm. I felt his bulge and instantly got a warm rush between my legs.

When Ian placed the chair upright and wiped my hair with a towel, our eyes met in the mirror, and we smiled at each other. He told me I would be more comfortable if I took my dress off. Then he left the cubicle to lock the door at the front of the shop.

I took off my dress and arranged the clear plastic apron over my lap. As Ian came toward me I could see his eyes wander over my body, seeing my sheer white panties and bra through the apron. I self-consciously crossed my legs.

Ian came to the back of the chair and began to comb out and cut my wet hair. He deftly snipped the ends while we talked about what we had been doing and people we knew. I finally felt relaxed enough to uncross my legs and let them fall slightly apart.

Ian stood to one side of the chair as he clipped. Again, he pressed himself against my arm. I closed my eyes and felt his heat through the material. We quietly listened to the music as he trimmed my hair.

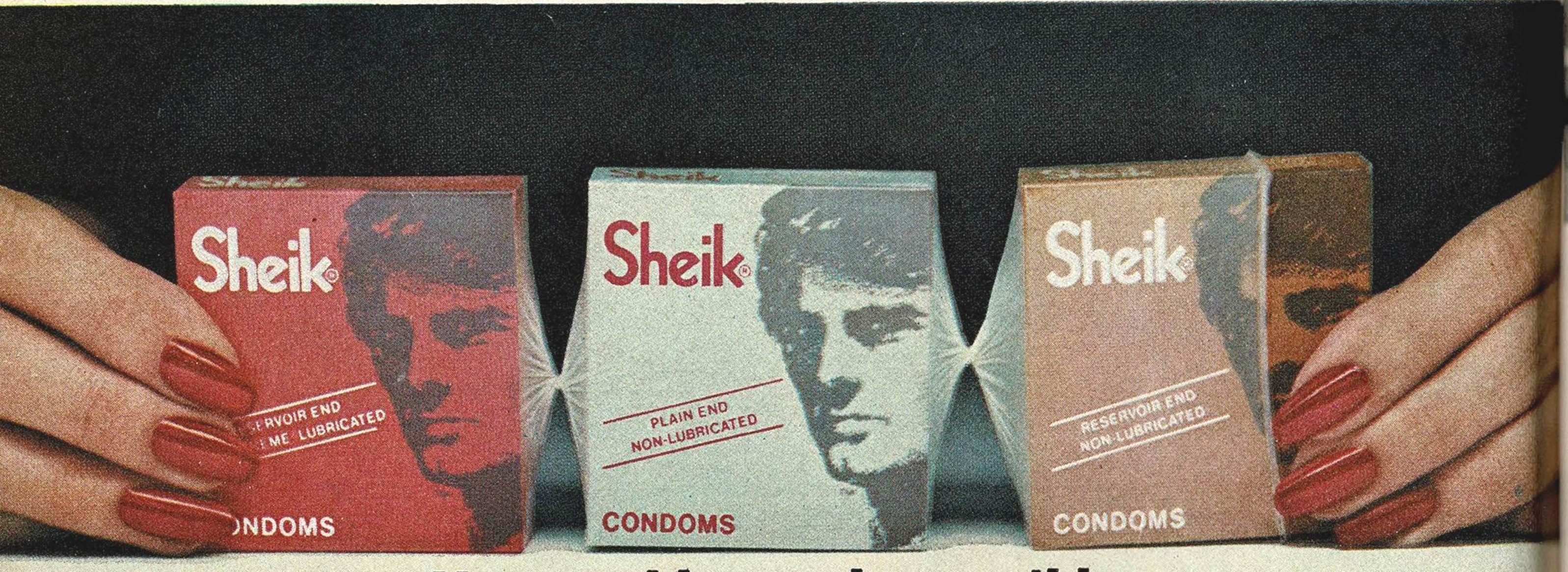
Impulsively I put my arms under the apron and placed my hand over one of my breasts. I rested my other hand lightly on my inner thigh. My fingers barely touched the thin material of my panties. Ian turned on the hair dryer and started drying my hair. I watched him in the mirror, and it seemed that he was concentrating on my hair. I took my hand from my breast and laid it on my groin. My fingers slipped inside my panties and crept toward my warm nest. I watched Ian's face as my fingers probed my moist opening. The hot pleasure grew and spread into my thighs as my fingers rubbed slowly around my nob. I closed my eyes and thought of Ian standing behind me and what he would think. But I moved my fingers faster and felt a strong rush expand, hold, and finally burst. I tried to suppress any outward appearance of the orgasm and felt an exciting tremble race through my body. I relaxed my hand and opened my eyes. My stare met Ian's in the mirror. He laid down the dryer and removed the apron from around my shoulders. He turned my chair toward him, let down the back, and slipped off my panties. I placed a hand on his arm and he looked into my eyes. He smiled and I felt the affection we had always felt for each other.

He brought his head down between my legs and parted my pink lips with his fingers. He put his mouth to my small hole and circled the opening with the tip of his tongue. I flexed my hips and raised my pussy to meet every stroke. He responded by running his tongue up to my clit, softly licking the hard nob. Then he placed his hands under my hips and lifted me higher. My legs went around his shoulders, pinning him to me. He grazed his tongue up and down my slit, savoring the taste of my juices. I moaned with pleasure and placed my hands on his head, pushing his mouth to rest on my clit. He pressed his tongue lightly on the nob and sucked gently with his mouth.

I moved my cunt in small, slow circular motions. He sucked faster but still gently, keeping up the same arousing pressure. Suddenly I felt my legs tense and a shudder went through my body. He lowered his tongue to my hole and stuck it in to catch the juices that flowed out from my orgasm.

When I could move again I turned toward him and raised my arm to undo his pants. I held his hardness in my hand and stroked his smooth, hard erection. I thought I heard him sigh as he slipped his hand into the top of my bra to gently squeeze my breast. He pulled me closer, and I took him into my mouth and brought it as far down on him as it would go. I held my mouth still for a moment, then tightened my lips around him and, gently sucking, moved my mouth slowly back up to the tip. With a soft groan he pulled himself slowly out of my mouth, then went to stand between my legs.

I removed my bra, and he took off his clothes. I reached out an arm between my legs and grasped him with my hand. I guided him to me and felt the tip of his



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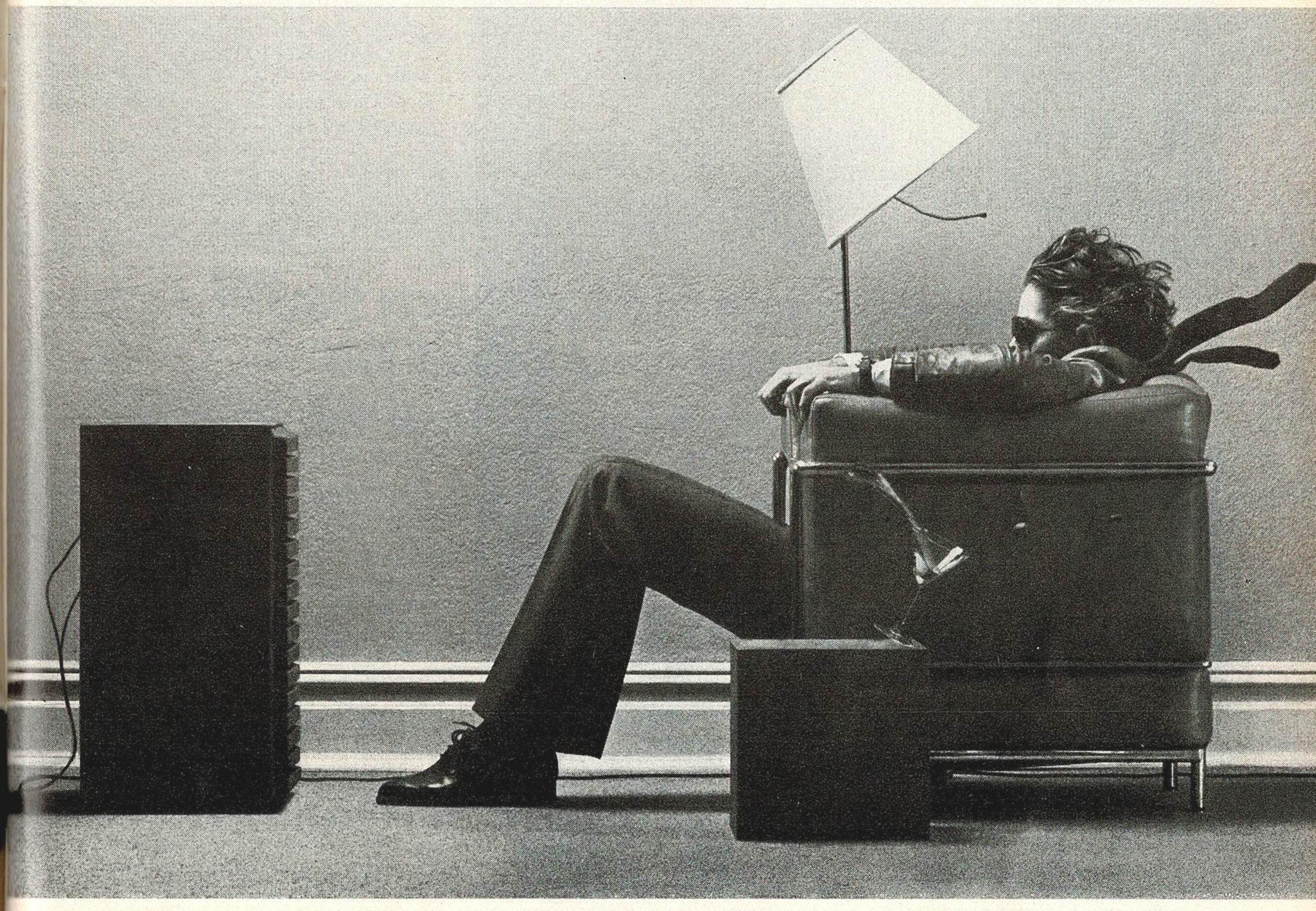

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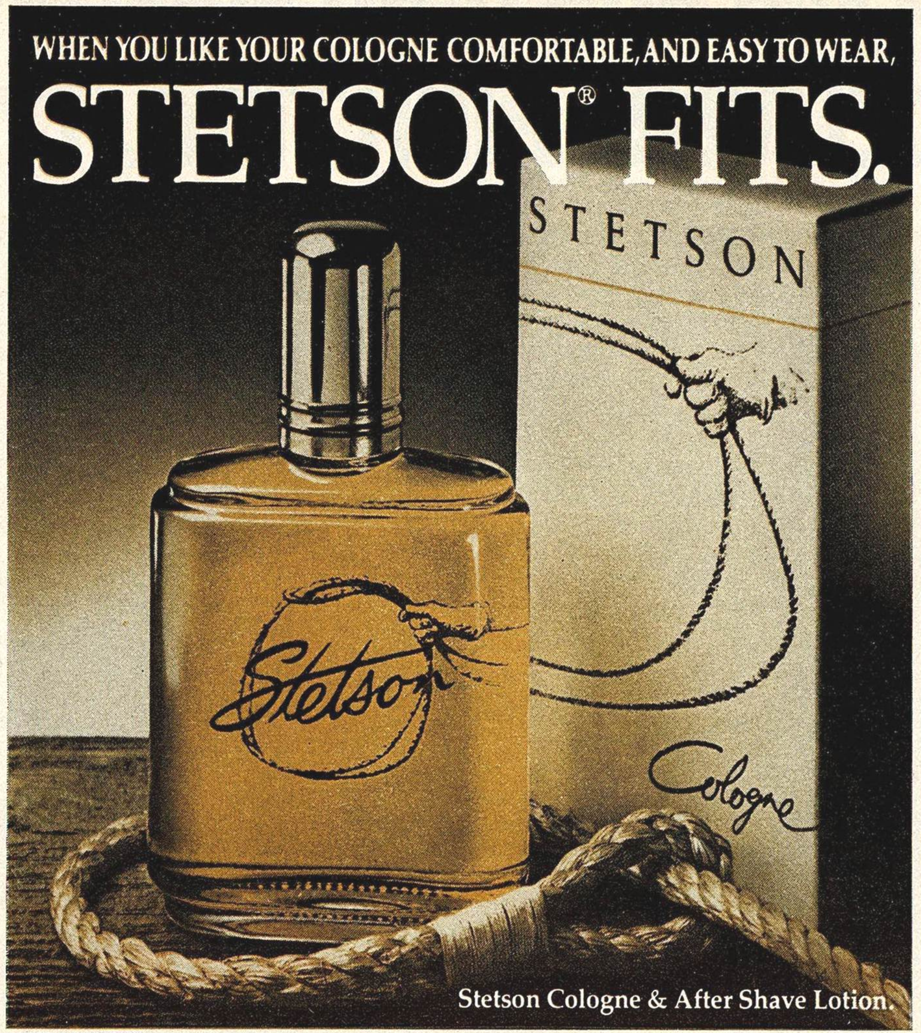

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shaft at my opening. I rubbed my hand along his shaft to spread my juices over him. He took my hand and kissed the palm while he slowly pushed himself inside me. Our gazes locked as he steadily thrust in and out.

I closed my eyes and placed my hands on his shoulders to draw him on top of me. He cradled my head in his hands and we kissed. He held me tighter and my legs encircled his back. His thrusts came faster, and I moved my hips to meet every demand. I felt his muscles tense and heard a moan building in the back of my own throat. We reached our heights at the same time, holding onto and urging each other on in our mutual ecstasy.

We lay still for a long time and enjoyed the lingering pleasure. Ian leaned on his arm and smiled at me. He rubbed his hand down my chest and stomach, feeling the dampness left from our bodies.

After a while we got up, a bit stiff, and began to dress. I felt a sudden shyness and looked at him out of the corners of my eyes. He saw my look, walked over to me, and put his arms around me. My shyness disappeared and I smiled at him.—*Name and address withheld*

GETTING EVEN

Back in February my best friend, Mary, wrought revenge on my husband, Dave, for foully insulting her itsy-bitsy titties. He learned beyond a shadow of a doubt that a woman's physical attributes have very little to do with her sexuality. In fact, ever since Mary spent an evening tease-torturing him, Dave has been developing an obsessive fantasy about having boyishly slim, blond, helpless, and naked Mary to atone for the humiliating way she presented the lesson. Since we are very close, my husband and I, he had held nothing back about his fantasy, and since I had watched the end of the proceedings, I began to develop a fantasy of my own about helping him to get even with her. I knew that since Mary is an emotional, impulsive young woman, we would have little trouble talking her into another bondage session, but this time she would be on the receiving end.

So, last Saturday afternoon, Mary, Dave, and I were passing time with a magnum of sangria when my husband and I broached the subject. Mary was reluctant to go along with it but agreed after a few minutes. Soon we had Mary naked on our bed; tying her securely, spread-eagled, with pieces of our skip rope and some of the same rope she had used on Dave. We pulled her arms and legs widely apart, staking her out over the midnight-blue comforter on our king-sized waterbed. The heavy maple posts and the super-strong ski rope left her no chance to escape. She was absolutely at our mercy. Dave's cock was stiff in his jeans, and I knew that if I left him to his own devices, he would ball her and give her some relief; so the very first thing I did was pull open the fly of his pants and pop out his hard-on. He stared at Mary the whole time I was eating his cock. All the more reason for me to tease her unmercifully. I had to slow him down because I didn't want him to go too fast with her even though I knew she would be turned on by seeing his stiff rod while her legs were tied open.

After he shot, I saved the juice in my mouth and let her drink it from my lips in a deep soul kiss. Mary's lips sucked hungrily at my come-soaked tongue, pulling all of Dave's love nectar from my mouth. I drummed my fingers over her soft nipples till the pink buds contracted into a hard, little knot of sensitized flesh. "Mmmmmmmm," she moaned against my kisses, "I don't know if I can take this, Tina. Let's just forget it. I'm getting too horny like this." But I had no intention of letting her up so soon. The teasing had just begun, and by the time it was over it would be a very gentle but agonizing torture, just punishment for the way she had driven Dave crazy the last time they got together.

As I continued to sensuously rotate her boyish nipples with my fingers, making her arch her back with pleasure, I firmly told her that until both Dave and I were through using and toying with her body, at our leisure, there was no way for her to get loose or for her to stop us. If she resisted, it would be the worst for her. So, the best idea was to relax and help us tease her crazy. I began to kiss delicately down the side of her soft throat, taking time to make a small love bite just above her shoulder. I could feel her body rapidly tensing and relaxing, causing little ripples to run through the waterbed. My husband was nuzzling his tongue through the folds of her pussy lips. I knew what she was experiencing, because he often used that technique with me. After a short time his rasping tongue creates a buzzing sensation of sensitivity all through my love mound, and I can't help grabbing his head and trying to force him to linger at my clit each time he "accidentally" brushes it. But Mary couldn't push his head up to her exposed clit or stop him from continuously circling her sopping vagina. Her eyes were closed and her lips were set in a determined expression as he drove her past the point of distraction. I loved seeing her that way, and the feeling of power made a tingle of sheer lust run deep into my own wet hole. Soon I knew that I could take no more excitement without some relief of sexual tension. I let Dave continue working her up while I grabbed a long rubber dildo and jammed it into my pussy. Lying there helplessly with Dave making delicate love to her, but denying her fulfillment, Mary could only watch me satisfy myself. Her eyes remained glued to me. I worked the false cock deep into my sheath, using the extra nub at the base against my clit. I made sure that she could see me make each and every stroke and wiggle, putting on a good show for her when I came, just

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to make her need it more.

After about two hours I noticed that Dave was continuously trying to press his stiff prick against Mary's leg as we caressed and aroused her. I knew that he was about as far gone as he could take before he gave in and plugged the helpless girl. I had him kneel next to her head so that his stiff cock was right in front of her eyes. Letting her see the very thing she wanted so close to her must have been terrible, but that was exactly what I wanted. Using some baby lotion from the stand at the bedside, I oiled his member with my hands and efficiently jacked him off into her face. We left the juices running down her cheeks and lips while Dave and I had another glass of red wine. I sat watching her writhe in apparent torment, arching her hips up as if to take a lover into her slick love canal. It was beautiful.

As he relaxed from his good come, Dave asked her what she would do if he allowed her to get off. She agreed to anything and everything we asked. Finally she was begging us to do anything to her as long as we let her come. This was just what I wanted—begging. We let her beg for a few minutes, exacting more and more promises from her in return for a tiny orgasm. We told her that she couldn't have a long one or a good one this time, but we would give her a "quickie" if she would beg us to shave her twat. She begged so pitifully that we gave in and trimmed all the hair from her blond pussy. Then I got some depilatory cream and totally denuded her from her ass hole to the top of her bush. With her flat chest, little hard berries for tits, narrow muscular hips, and slim legs, she looked like a junior-high student in bondage. Dave's cock rose and became a purplish color at the sight of her shiny, adolescent pubes. I began to tap very, very slowly at the nub of her deep pink, swollen clit as it peeked out of the folds of her pussy lips. Using the dry corner of a towel, I feathered the smooth mound of Mary's cunt till she had her whole ass up in the air, trying to make me apply more pressure to her yearning, aching pussy so that she could reach her peak. I had to tease her some more to make it worth her while, so I denied it to her. Dave slid in between us, pressing his cock into the soft flesh of my inner thigh, and I took the hint. Rising up, I took the length of him deep into me and began to roll my hips over his swollen meat. He reached over and pulled Mary's tight nipples up as far as they could go. "Come, Mary, come now, you need it so bad," he ordered as he rolled her stretched-out nipples like radio knobs. I could sense a feeling building in me of imminent orgasm, so I began to really go to work on Dave's cock, still holding back Mary's from her. All at once I got the best feeling of the whole day; I flooded my juices out over Dave's hips, and he came mightily in the depths of my hot cunt.

It had been a long afternoon, so we gave in and made her come like an atomic bomb. She tossed and twisted and screamed so that I was afraid the neighbors would call the cops. Afterward we untied her and shared our bed with her, making sure that we gave her enough attention to work all the stress out.

Now, both Dave and Mary say that they are working on a good position to strap me into so that all of my holes are available and helpless. I am the only one of us who has not been sexually captive to the others. I am buying some books on bondage so they can have some deliciously cruel ideas.—*Name and address withheld*

SHE'S FULL OF IDEAS

I am forty-six years of age, slightly overweight, five feet nine inches tall, and am not otherwise physically outstanding. That is why I couldn't imagine that the following could actually happen to me last summer.

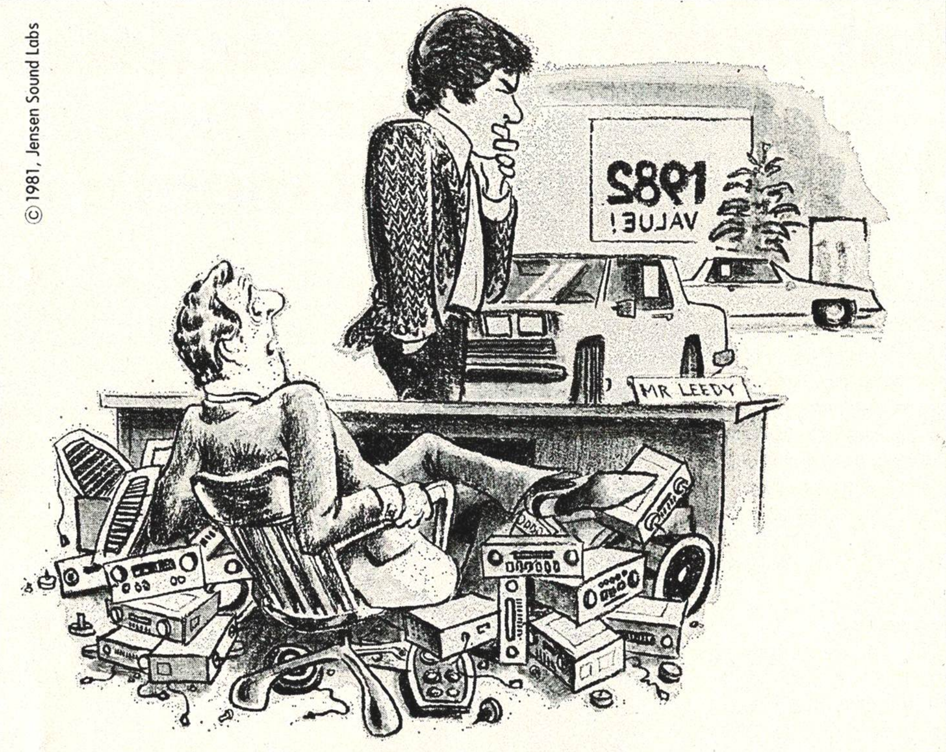
I lived and worked for the summer in a small, quiet town in the northern part of my state. I normally live in the southern part with my wife of twenty years.

The evening I got to the town, I went out bar-hopping, since I was horny. I was about to leave the third bar, out of boredom, when in walked this very attractive lady. The first thing I noticed about her was her fine ass. I always notice the ass first on any woman. I am a confirmed ass-man. She looked to be in her late teens. I found out later that she is really thirty-three, but judging from the outfit she was wearing and the fact that her breasts were very small, she looked like a schoolteacher. Her hair was done up in a ponytail. She was about five feet one inch and had on a knee-length plaid skirt, white blouse, white knee socks, and sneakers. Over the blouse she had on a cardigan, which accentuated the very delicate molding of her little titty mounds.

She had come into the bar alone. I was just taking my last drink before making a move on her when I noticed her standing at my table. She introduced herself as Rose and asked if she could join me. She was very polite and outgoing. I found out later that she is not outgoing at all, normally, but very shy. After one round, she asked me to go home with her for a nightcap.

After a short while we began to walk slowly to her house, nestled in the foothills. Rose told me that she'd been married once, that it hadn't worked out after about six months, and that she'd lived alone ever since. After about a half-hour I was not only unimpressed with her, I was bored. So I accepted her invitation to go in for a drink only after giving the idea much thought. I almost knew I had no chance of getting her schoolgirl outfit off her. I thought of shutting her up by sticking my cock down her virgin-looking lips. I certainly didn't think I'd end up giving her a good healthy fuck, which I felt was what she needed.

Finally I could take no more of her boring conversation and got up to leave. She



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came to me quickly and asked me not to go. I made some excuse to leave. That's when tears started rolling down her cheeks. She made a small mewing sound like a kitten, put her arms around my back, pressed her body to mine, and lifted her face for a kiss. I started to kiss her perfunctorily, but her hot lips surrounded my tongue and her tongue attacked mine.

I hadn't had any sex for about a month, not even with my own hand. I got very hot and hard very quickly. Rose looked up at me with tears in her eyes and made that small kitten sound of hers again and said, "Please don't make me do it like a whore." Normally, women's tears embarrass me, but hers were turning me on and making my prick like steel. I asked her what it was that she didn't want me to make her do. No answer. The next time I asked, she said she didn't want me to leave and for me to please not make her do "what men always make whores do."

Just on a lark, but mostly figuring that this was the easiest way to get out of her house, I said, "Lead me to your bedroom right now, Rose, or else I'm going to walk out that door." To my amazement, Rose pulled out of my embrace and led me straight to her bedroom in no time at all.

As soon as Rose closed the door behind us, she asked me, "Your thing won't be put in my mouth, will it?" Things were finally clear. I told her that I not only wanted to put my prick in her mouth, but that she was also going to suck my dick until I shot all my jizz down her throat; and when I made her suck me up again, I was going to tie her face-down to the bed and fuck her in the ass. Her eyes lit up as she got down on her knees in front of me and started undoing my belt and unzipping my fly. Before she could get my pants down, I told her to get up, that I'd tell her what to do and exactly when and how to do it. I made her get on her bed, fully clothed, and ordered her to start playing with herself with all her clothes on. She lay there demurely, legs close together.

I was surprised, but turned on when she asked me not to make her take her panties off, stuff them in her mouth so she couldn't argue with me, and make her play with her "hot, stiff, wet little boatman." Even though I nearly laughed at her unusual reference to her clitoris, each of her words made my prick seem to grow harder. And when she reached down to take her panties off, I was so close to coming that I quickly pulled my dick out of my shorts and almost strangled the head off of it in my effort to keep from shooting.

I made her stop fingering her pretty pussy long before she was ready to come. I took my clothes off and ordered her to take off her clothes. When she hesitated, I quickly pulled her over my knees, lifted her plaid skirt, pulled down her panties, and roughly spanked her beautiful ass about ten times.

By this time I was about to shoot into midair, so I made her stand up and strip, then lie back down and spread her legs. I stood there looking at her superb little body. I finally put my lips to her titties and nipples. She reached up and tried to kiss me. I told her not to move unless I moved her or ordered her to move. I then took her panties and stuffed them in her mouth. I took what seemed like hours kissing her earlobes, cheeks, nose, throat, titties: in short, I kissed her from head to toe but concentrated the last ten or so minutes on her clitoris.

I was about to shoot my jizz all over her comforter, so I pulled her body toward the edge of the bed, took her panties out of her mouth, and put my prick up to her lips. I told her to suck all the jizz out of me and to drink it all. She said, "No, don't make me suck it like a whore, don't make me drink it like a bad girl, and please don't put your penis in my backside." As I put my much-suffering cock about half a head deep in her mouth, I just couldn't keep it back any longer. I started shooting thick gobs of jizz. I finally took my pole out of her mouth, because the head of my dick was feeling too electrically tingly for me to stand her lips or tongue touching it. I didn't have to tell or order Rose to swallow my come. She just did it, as though it were the most delicious-tasting thing she had ever eaten.

I stayed with Rose all that night and all

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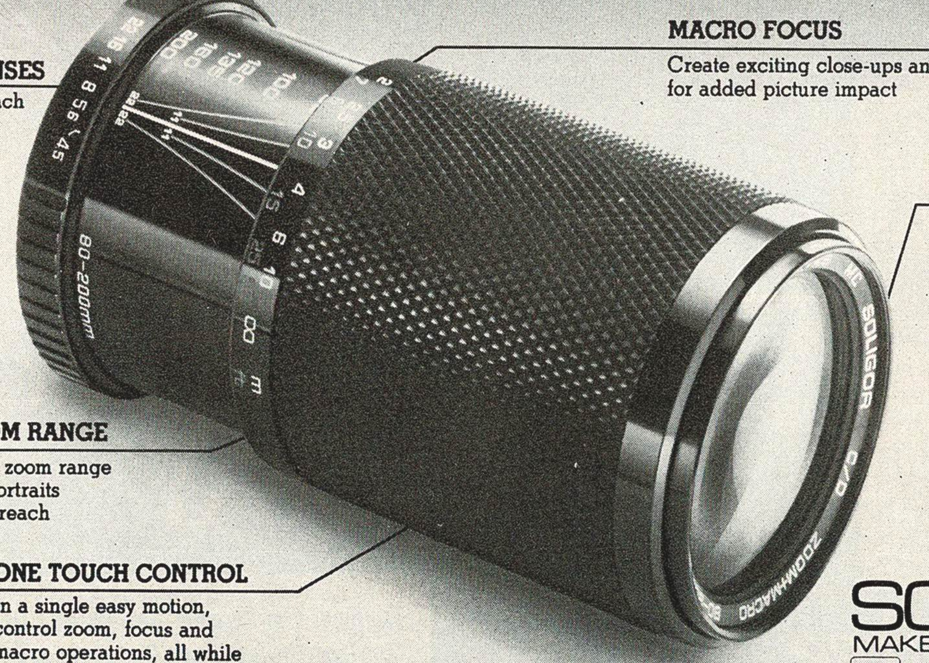

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the following day and night. I made her do all the "whorish things" that she had fantasized about. I "made" her let me tie her up, lube my cock and her ass hole, and beg me to fuck her ass. I made her masturbate in front of a mirror, where she was able to see her fingers, cunt, and clit. She could also see me in the same mirror as I slowly jacked off and finally shot my juice into her hair as she was coming for the umpteenth time. I gave her permission to use the words *fuck, prick, cock, dick, cunt, jizz,* etc.

I found out that there were many "first-time acts" for her in the time I spent with her. Example: she'd never fucked in the female superior position, never taken a cock up her rear, and never swallowed come. She loved being made to do things without being asked what she wanted, but what she liked almost as much was my adoration of her almost nonexistent tits.

Now I'm waiting, not too patiently, to go back to work this summer. My wife knows all about Rose, so my wife and I are both looking forward to more adventures with her.—*Name and address withheld*

FORBIDDEN FRUIT

I am a twenty-eight-year-old single male. I'm not a playboy, but neither have I ever had any problem getting women. I'm blond, blue-eyed, and six feet four inches tall. My most recent erotic experience involved my boss's wife. I work for a company that makes paper copiers, and my boss is in his late fifties. Last Christmas he invited me over to his house for a party, and I was quite flattered, since only a handful of his subordinates got invitations. When I got to the door, I was greeted by a knockout brunette with the most beautiful blue eyes I had ever seen. She stood about five feet even and weighed about ninety-five pounds. But all ninety-five pounds were put to very good use! I was at the party about half an hour before I finally asked someone who this fine-looking dame was. Imagine my surprise when they said that it was my boss's wife! She was only in her mid-twenties and much more attractive than what I felt he was worthy of.

As the evening wore on, I found my opportunity to slip into the kitchen when she was alone there and make some small talk. She was an easy person to talk to and made me feel very relaxed. Nothing more happened that night, but when I left, she clutched my hand and gave me a wink. That alone got me so excited that I thought of nothing else for a week.

Three weeks later, my boss went out of state for a week on business. His wife, Laura, had never come around the office before, but that week she stopped in three times. Each time she would stop by my office and talk and visit for thirty or forty minutes. My throat would go dry each time, and I began to throb in sensitive places.

A month later, my boss again had to go out of state for two days, and once again she stopped in. It was becoming obvious to me that she was coming to the office for only one reason—that reason being me! This time she got into a long conversation and steered it in the direction of sex. She explained that she loved my boss but that in bed he was a big zero. I blushed at even hearing this and really wanted to make my move. But he was returning that very night, and I hadn't quite convinced myself that I could make love to my boss's wife without a lot of guilt. Two more months went by and I didn't see her.

Then my boss was talking with me one day about the new patio area he was bricking in behind his house. He was doing the work himself—as that kind of thing was somewhat of a hobby for him. He was taking the next day off to finish it and asked if I wouldn't stop by after I got off work and help him. I agreed.

All through the next day, I was in high spirits just knowing that I might get to lay eyes on Laura again. As soon as I could leave the office, I raced home, changed clothes, and rushed over. I walked around to the back of the house and saw a finished patio! So I knocked on the back door. After several minutes Laura answered the door dressed only in a bikini. I couldn't keep my eyes off of her smooth, well-formed body. All that delicious flesh was within arm's reach! I was flustered and probably showed it, but I managed to ask if they were planning on doing any more on the patio. She said that a neighbor had come over and helped and that my boss had just jumped in the tub for a long, relaxing bath.

There was total silence as I stood there, glued to the spot, surveying the beauty before me. Then she very quietly said, "Come on in." I moved forward, not knowing what to expect. She reached back, grabbed my hand, and led me down the hall to the master bedroom. I could easily hear the radio playing in the master bath. I must have turned white with fear as I was trying to decide if what I wanted was worth the risk. She said, "Don't worry, he is often in the tub for close to an hour." And with that she bared her most beautiful breasts and then slipped off her bikinis to expose a most perfectly formed pussy. My mouth was dry, I could hardly breathe, and I could feel myself getting very hard. Mad, passionate desire was flaming through my body as she reached up and unbuttoned my shirt. She let it slide off of my shoulders, gently rubbed her hands through the hair on my chest, and then leaned close pushing her breasts against me and gave me a long, warm kiss. Next, she slowly pulled the zipper down on my pants, and I let them fall to the floor. My shorts were ready to rip, and she even had some difficulty removing them over my rigid member. As it sprang free it lightly grazed her upper stomach, just below her breasts. God, was she ever a little jewel!

She lay back on the bed and I lay down beside her, slowly massaging her stom-

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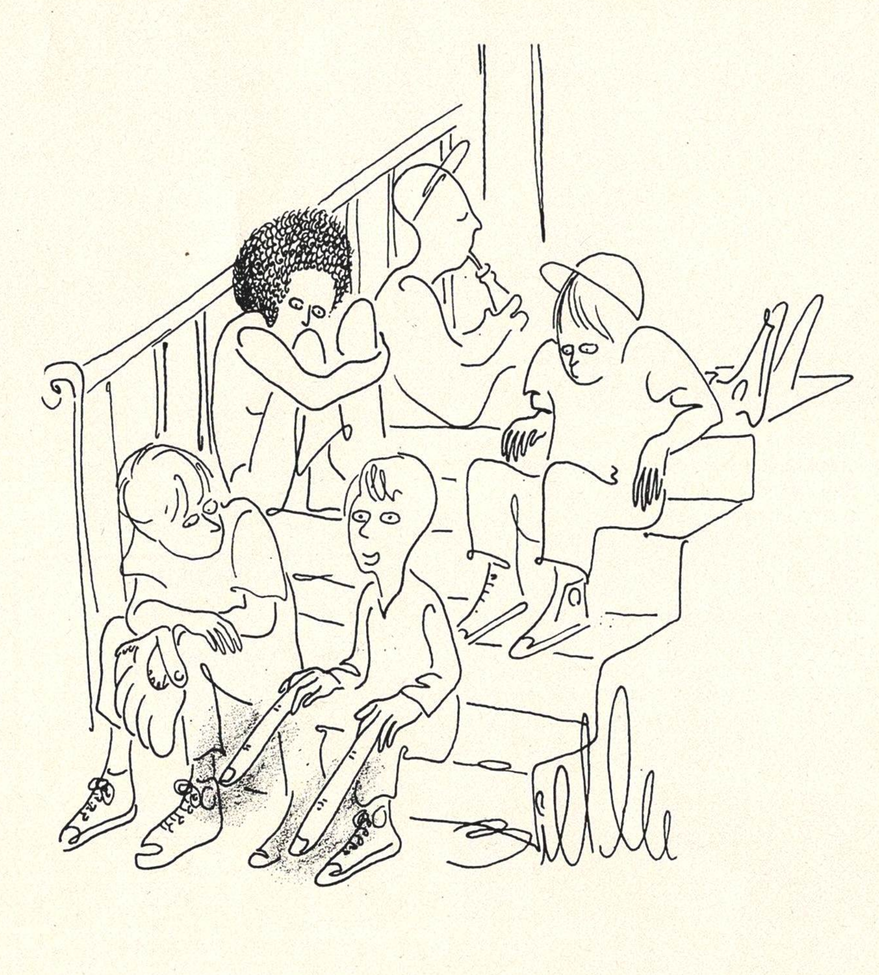

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DEBATE ON TELEVISION

Although I'm not an advocate of network television programming, I must take exception to Ted Turner's statements regarding the noxious effects of television. Certainly the crime rate in this country has risen since the invention of television, but the relationship between these two factors, as any statistician knows, need not be causal in any significant way. Television *may* be partly responsible for certain social trends, but this has not been demonstrated in any definite way. Mr. Turner is thus being irresponsible in his public speculations.

Furthermore, his comments concerning such films as *Apocalypse Now* and *The Deer Hunter* smack of narrow-minded censorship. He seems to imply that if news and film coverage of World War II had been similar to that of the Vietnam War, public sentiment would have undermined the war effort: war, he says, any war, is terrible. True—would Mr. Turner like to hide this unpleasant fact? One of the points that *The Deer Hunter* makes is that this romanticized view of war lures naive young men to a living hell and encourages pro-war sentiment among the civilian population. Perhaps if we were all better informed about what war is really like, we could do a better job of staying away from it. But Mr. Turner may not be worried about that. After all, he'll never get drafted.—*Roberto Gonzalez, Brooklyn, N.Y.*

Mr. Turner replies:

Burying your head in the sand doesn't make things go away. Current statistical studies increasingly link violence on television to the resulting actions of viewers. If Mr. Gonzalez wishes to look the other way and pretend it's not happening, that's his prerogative. I choose to speak out on the issue. Now who's being irresponsible?

Certainly, war is bad enough without fabricating gruesome and provocative fictitious episodes. More than two dozen young men have blown their brains out in mimicking the Russian-roulette scene in The Deer Hunter. *What kind of informative, positive social value does that have? Of course I'm against war. But it's the intelligent and informed among us who will keep us from war—not those who pander to the worst in us for a profit.*

TAX DOLLARS

James Davidson's July 1982 article "It's Only Your Money" will bother me to the day I die. How dare they get away with that! I sent numerous copies of that article to different departments of Congress and truly wish I was one who had to pay taxes on April 15 just so I couldn't send them in! I appreciate being kept informed. Your article did a superb job of it.—*Name withheld*

COMBAT HELICOPTER PILOTS

I am interested in contacting U.S. Army helicopter pilots who served in Vietnam during the years 1967 through 1975, with emphasis on the warrant-officer pilots.

My interest is in personal accountings of tours of duty spent by the warrant-officer aviators. Information is being used to complete an upcoming novel and screenplay.—*Robert M. Zajonc, 52 Barber Avenue, San Anselmo, Calif. 94960*

ACS INFORMATION

That was a very instructive article on the American Cancer Society ("The American Cancer Society May Be Hazardous to Your Health," by Allan Sonnenschein) in the May 1982 *Penthouse*. The ACS has opposed restrictions on substances that have been established, by animal experiments, as being carcinogenic, while it raves in its attempts to destroy a bugbear of its own—cigarettes, which animal experiments have shown *not* to be a carcinogen.

In Robert Sobel's book *They Satisfy*, an objective account of the tobacco industry, I found this citation: "In 1971 Drs. E. Cuyler Hammond and Oscar Auerbach, working under an American Cancer Society grant, claimed to have caused lung cancers to develop in twelve beagles by raising them in a smoky environment. Later on, it was learned that only two minor tumors had been created in the test animals and, more important, that two dogs in the control group had developed similar tumors. The American Cancer Society placed a lid on the story and refused to permit the evidence to be examined by independent researchers and scientific journalists."

It is also interesting that Emerson Foote is involved. In 1965 he issued a news release stating that cigarette smoking caused at least 125,000 and perhaps 300,000 deaths every year. This figure was picked up by Dr. Daniel Horn, who quoted Foote. Later in 1965, Foote was testifying before the Senate. Sen. Thurston Morton then noted that Horn had quoted Foote: "This interests me that the scientist, the doctor, should be quoting you, the advertising agent."

Apparently the wonder has passed away, and the figure is cited ceaselessly with no reference to how the numbers were found. It all really, then, rests upon the high authority of Emerson Foote.

Your article made it clear how all this has happened. The scientists have been forced out and the ACS is in the hands of the public-relations men. Thus the only generally accepted measure of a carcinogen, that of animal experiments, has been ignored—and hyperbole has taken the place of investigation.—*Bruce Tyler, Sacramento, Calif.*

As a Cancer Society volunteer, I am responding to your enlightening article "The Politics of Cancer," Part Ten, by Allan Sonnenschein. You encouraged private contributors to the American Cancer Society to ask themselves if it should be their burden to educate one of America's highest-income groups. Unfortunately, registered nurses, and particularly registered nurses in the rural areas of North Carolina, are not one of the highest-income groups.

If it were not for the activities and workshops made available by the Nursing Subcommittee on Professional Education of the N.C. Division of the ACS, the professional nurses of this state would be forcedto obtain their continuing education in oncology from comprehensive cancer centers, which are usually beyond their travel and/or financial means.

However, as a financially independent health professional in a not-so-high income bracket, I appreciate your criticism of Mr. Charles Olson's $25,000 salary for lobbying. How much more beneficial it would be to society if some of the contributions were filtered down to assist those consumers of cancer care who are spending money for college educations and homes on survival via chemotherapy, surgery, and radiation therapy!—*Linda P. Honeycutt, R.N., Raleigh, N.C.*

Allan Sonnenschein's May article on the American Cancer Society, "The American Cancer Society May Be Hazardous to Your Health," so underlined a point that others have felt for years—not to downplay the possible role of smoking—that the society's single-minded attack on tobacco may be a disincentive for needed research elsewhere.

A couple of other points are worth mentioning. The article pointed up curious cross-ties with journalists resulting in the society's propaganda reaching the public as "independent" reporting. But it failed to mention the *Reader's Digest* connection and the appearance of by-lined anti-tobacco articles by Mr. Walter Ross that have not disclosed his position as an editor at the society.

On the money side, because of the society's notable accumulation of assets, the National Information Bureau, a sort of Dun & Bradstreet of the charity business, has had trouble saying that the society meets its standards. *Penthouse* pointed out that the society could fund only 37 percent of the research grant applications that it ap-

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proved in 1980. Yet its assets were such that it derived nearly $25 million in income from them that year.

Part of every dollar the public contributes to the society helps build assets instead of funding cancer research. But there is a worthy alternative—modest in financial comparison but wholly dedicated to research—in the Damon Runyon–Walter Winchell Cancer Fund in New York City.—*William Kloepfer, Jr., Senior Vice-President, The Tobacco Institute, Washington, D.C.*

Editor's note:
The American Cancer Society was given an opportunity to reply, in print, to Mr. Kloepfer's letter but refused to do so. The address of the Damon Runyon–Walter Winchell Cancer Fund is: 33 West Fifty-sixth Street, New York, N.Y. 10019

CHILD ABUSE

After reading Michael Disend's "Have You Whipped Your Child Today?" in your February 1982 issue, I became outraged at the New Right's attitudes towards youth in the United States. At the time I was enrolled in a college English course that required a formal research paper. Mr. Disend's article became the inspiration for my paper. The article, in addition to your interview with Jerry Falwell (March 1981), was my key source. Information on the subject was difficult to obtain; your articles were the most informative. Not enough people know about the New Right and their intentions, and I wish other publications would print articles as good as yours. Using *Penthouse* as a source caused a few snickers from classmates, but nowhere else could I find such good reporting.

I have just received my grade on the paper—an *A.* My professor and classmates were appalled by the New Right's actions and impressed with my sources. It is too bad libraries do not include *Penthouse* magazine, because I feel your articles are excellent and well reported. If I didn't have old issues of your magazine, I would not have been able to write my paper with such shocking information.

Many thanks to your editors and writers. I intend to use your magazine as a source for many other papers required while finishing my degree.—*Carol Price, Lincoln Park, Mich.*

I missed the February article "Have You Whipped Your Child Today?" by Michael Disend because I thought the title was sarcastic humor. The "Feedback" letters in the July issue tell me otherwise.

A large portion of the sexually maladjusted clients we see are formerly "whipped" children. I venture to say that *all* sadists and all masochists are products of environments where a sound thrashing was the best solution, both to discipline and affection-seeking behavior. The human learns to use behavior that *works;* and if violence given or abuse sought are the child's only pragmatically viable alternatives, that is the behavior pattern they will stick to as they grow older.

Our work here has been successful in resolving some of these patterns before they manifest themselves destructively. Since all of our clients are not deeply troubled—many, in fact, are best described as your "next door neighbor type"—we have had much negative attention from the local police. I am sure Falwell would gladly jump on this bandwagon, although the sickness of his predecessors has caused many of the most severe cases of masochism and sadism we have ever encountered.—*Rev. Dr. Mack, Director of Therapy, Universal Life Church, Hollywood, Calif.*

GUN CONTROL

In the June 1982 issue of your magazine (page 40), you show a single-frame cartoon. This cartoon depicts the controversy concerning handgun regulation by showing a "Gun Lobby" holding a gun at a television announcer in order to present an opposing view.

The issue of gun control is a serious matter that involves very basic ideas; yet it is one of the most volatile of current issues. The gun lobbyists, in actuality, are not holding guns on anyone to present their views. They represent many of us who feel that the right to bear arms is among the most highly revered rights granted us in the U.S. Constitution. The lobbyists, in fact, are using initiative, manpower, and money supplied by people who believe that to regulate handguns or long guns to the point of banning their possession would be a travesty and an infringement on the right to the protection of our loved ones, ourselves, and our possessions. The gun lobby uses legal, social, and moral channels to represent the sportsmen and other people who are concerned with the possibility of the restriction of guns. To present this issue in a comic way shows high disregard and disrespect for the reality that our gun lobbyists are lobbying in every legal way possible!—*David M. Donkersgoed, Redding, Calif.*

Editor's note:
Of course, gun control is a serious issue, as our "Advise and Dissent" in the August Penthouse *shows. However, your literal-minded approach to satire clearly indicates that you have an undeveloped sense of humor—a condition not shared by our other readers.*

IN PRISON

We would like to comment on the recent letters in "Feedback" from Todd Pasterski and Donald Worrell concerning prisons. We are doing time in the Texas prison system and must say that Mr. Pasterski must be a poor, indigent person who cannot face life on the "outside." We in Texas prisons do not share the sympathy viewed by Mr. Pasterski. Here in Texas, things are quite different from his "ideal environment." I do not think Mr. Pasterski could stand the thought of being in the Texas Department of Corrections.

As Mr. Worrell said in his letter to "Feedback," we in Texas prisons do not have the "freedom of choice" Mr. Pasterski has. We have to work, for failure to do so means loss of "good time," class, solitary confinement, and even bodily harm. The Texas prison system seems to be immune from the wrath of the courts, as the T.D.C. is constantly violating inmates' constitutional rights and the federal laws for fair standards. This system has been in court for many months now, and Federal Judge William Wayne Justice has ordered massive changes in the Texas prison system. Most of these changes aren't even being instituted. The issues are for the benefit of the T.D.C. residents. Who really cares about somebody in prison? Society fails to realize that we are not animals just because we violated a law or are behind bars. They just close their eyes to us, because they feel we deserve whatever happens to us.

The main issues T.D.C. residents wish to have resolved are: (1) overcrowding; (2) inmate guards (Building Tender System); (3) use of physical force; (4) health care; and (5) access to the courts, legal council, and public officials.

You see, Mr. Pasterski, prison is nothing like the Texas prison system.

(1) Here we have an overcrowding of inmates because Texas courts refuse to use other means at their disposal to try to improve or rehabilitate a felon. There is *no* rehabilitation process in the Texas Department of Corrections.

(2) The Building Tender System has been a major aspect of a major class-action suit against T.D.C. Inmate guards are operating as guards for the enforcement of T.D.C. rules and regulations. These inmate guards are placed on cellblocks by the personnel of T.D.C. There are anywhere from six to eight BTs per block. If you violate a rule they will set you straight no matter how many BTs it takes. Plus, these BTs are afforded special privileges, such as open cells and supervisory authority over other inmates, which includes the use of force. They are authorized to possess keys and weapons. They influence cell assignments and have access to another inmate's medical and institutional records.

(3) The use of physical force in T.D.C. is very common. T.D.C. has built in most inmates a fear of use of physical force for refusal to do what you do not want to do or for attempting to change the system.

(4) The health-care system is really below average in T.D.C., with hardly any qualified medical doctors on the staff assigned to specific units.

(5) T.D.C. has also on occasion refused to let legal material out of the system. In certain units it is hard to get a suit off to the federal courts concerning a violation of your rights.

Now, if Mr. Pasterski enjoys being in prison, let him try the Texas Department of Corrections. I think most inmates in T.D.C. would gladly trade places with him. We feel he really deserves to be in prison. If he feels it is better than the "free world," then let him stay in prison. As for us, our only wish is to be released as soon as possible.—*Name withheld, Lovelady, Tex.*

MALE PROSTITUTES

Ellen Sherman's article "Male Prostitution: Women Who Buy Men" (July 1982) was quite informative. As a Manhattan resident who has gone out with quite a few career women, I found that their responses were usually the same: "You're too horny for me," "You're a male nympho," or "Why am I seducing you? That's your job!" This is, of course, after *they* chose to take the initiative. So what do they want? It seems as though these women are never happy with what they have. Is the grass always greener on the other side? Or is it the forbidden fruit they're after? Is that why they go to male prostitutes? I would love to know.

Marlene, one of the women mentioned in the article, would be the perfect woman for me. Yet it would be interesting to know if she would still use a male prostitute if she got what she wanted at home. As for the women in the article who say they cannot find the right men for sex, why couldn't they find these young men before they became male prostitutes?—*Leo Itzkowitz, New York, N.Y.*

PET VOTE

In my thirty-seven years as a disc jockey traveling from coast to coast, I have been around some of the most beautiful women in the world. I am a Libra who can spot natural beauty right away. I must say I find myself absolutely breathless after seeing Tara Johnson, the woman in your May 1982 issue. Words cannot describe the way her beauty turns me on. On a scale of one to ten, she is an eleven! Or more! You can count this letter as a vote for her for Pet of the Year.

When I do go to Hawaii, I'll be sure to do a lot of hitchhiking, because my fantasy is to get a ride with a fox like Tara . . . and the rest can't be printed.—*Thomas Hudson, Jessup, Md.*

ADDITIONAL INFORMATION:
The setting for Carmen Pope's February 1982 pictorial was a pool featuring a dazzling underwater mural. The mural was hand-painted by Christopher Lee Gardner of DL&T Industries, Santa Monica, Calif.
—The Editors

THE MORAL MAJORITY

As a person who has done quite a bit of studying of history, especially of pre-war

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Germany, I'd like to offer these comments on the so-called Moral Majority.

When any nation is going through economic problems like this nation is—inflation, high unemployment, high interest rates, and so on—groups like the Moral Majority know that the time is right for them to gain popularity and achieve their aims for society. Russia was going through hard times when the Communists took over. Hitler gained power when Germany was going through starvation and high unemployment. The German people were desperate and Hitler lied to them, raped their minds. Similarly, Reverend Falwell knows that the time is ripe for him to make his move, and he's trying. Any Sunday you can tune in to Reverend Foulmouth on the television and hear him rant and rave just like Hitler and Mussolini did. Like the Nazis, the Moral Majority must have scapegoats, so they have chosen homosexuals, liberals, and others who don't act and think the way they do.

The other day I saw some Moral Majority people burning rock-'n'-roll records and books, and it reminded me of the Nazis burning books and singing their party song. This time, the Nazis were singing gospel music. Like the Nazis, anyone who opposes MM ideology is branded "immoral." Like the Nazis, the MM advocates militarism and preaches under the guise of calling for a return to decency.

I wonder what goes through the Reverend Foulmouth's mind when he reads "Love thy neighbor" and "Turn the other cheek" and "He who is without sin cast the first stone." He is turning the Bible into a version of *Mein Kampf*, making decent Christians seem like dictators and fanatics like himself. Didn't Christ preach *tolerance*?

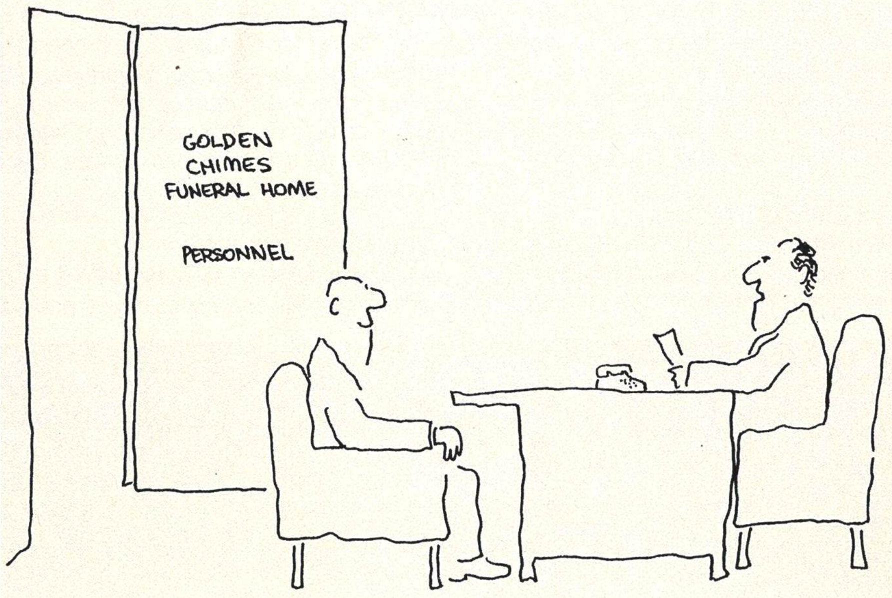
You would think the American people would learn from history or from Iran and the fundamentalist maniacs over there. The world appeased Hitler, and what happened? Now the American people are appeasing Reverend Foulmouth and his brownshirts, the fascists, bigots, demagogues, and prophets of God who call themselves the Moral Majority. Stop them now before we have our own Hitler to lead us to destruction and worldwide hate. *—Steven Kinsting, Sparta, Wis.*

I've been in the Marine Corps for three years, and, being a normal, warm-blooded young man with a healthy mind, I read your magazine every month. I've just finished the "Feedback" section in the July 1982 issue and I feel compelled to speak as a representative of the fighting American man!

I've kept up with the war between *Penthouse* and the Moral Majority from the beginning and am proud to be on your side. I hear them scream from their pulpits about fighting for a moral America, for a godly society—they enlist their young men at an early age to fight for them. It seems to be a real forced draft!

When I signed up for the military, I gave my life to my country, to die if necessary, so that no American, regardless of religion or sexual tendencies, would have to change the way he lives. That's the real war.

To the young warriors of the Moral Majority, I would like to say this: if you want to fight the *real* war, drop your chicken-shit, puritanistic ways and pick up an M 16 and join some real men, and together we can fight for a free America.
—LCPL George S. Moore, USMC, Camp Pendleton, Calif.



"Mr. Waxmier, here at Golden Chimes we do not consider your being a necrophiliac as a necessary qualification for employment."

VIETNAM VETERANS

I wish to thank you and Dr. William R. Corson for the excellent "Vietnam Veterans Adviser" column in the May 1982 issue of *Penthouse* regarding the visit to Hanoi by the group of Vietnam veterans. It presented a very clear and rational point of view regarding this unfortunate incident. It was a great piece of writing, and I thank *Penthouse* both for publishing it and for funding the trip in the first place.

When I first read of the journey in the *New York Times* of December 27, 1981, I immediately wrote a letter to the Vietnam Veterans of America organization, praising the selflessness and courage of the four men for traveling this long distance over the holidays. I subsequently joined the VVA as an associate, and also belong to the Connecticut Advocates for Vietnam Veterans.

As a friend and supporter of Vietnam veterans, I strongly believe in citizens' grass-roots efforts on their behalf. The VVA has a hard-working lobby, and I urge the veterans not to overlook the possibility of using backup support by concerned citizens as well. Since joining the VVA and our local chapter, I have written letters to national and state legislators and spoken to them personally about the importance of keeping the needs of Vietnam veterans in the forefront of their thoughts and of wearing a small pin with red and yellow ribbon, which, when I have worn it, has sparked curiosity and interest and has often resulted in a dialogue in which I can make my point.

As a selectman (minority) in our small town here in northwestern Connecticut, I realize the value and importance of aggressive lobbying with legislators. They do listen to their constituents, and I have found them receptive. It takes some time and constant follow-up but it can be worth it. Often a handwritten postcard urging support and concern will do.

And it is the one area in which a person, such as myself, with no personal or direct ties to Vietnam except having agonized over it during the Vietnam era, can perform a service in what I hope is a meaningful way. I am sure there are many others like myself who feel this way. With best wishes and respect.*—Jane M. Knowlton, New Preston, Conn.*

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In regard to your March 1982 interview with Lt. Col. James ("Bo") Gritz, we Americans *do* care! It is unfair to say that the bulk of the American people have forgotten about our POWs and MIAs still in Indochina. Speaking at least for myself and my friends, this is an issue that greatly disturbs us. We are appalled by the insensitive and irresponsible attitude the government has taken on this issue. When the leaders of our nation stop fucking around with politics and worry about humanity, only then will this country live up to its great design.—*Ron Swanson, Homewood, Ill.*

VARIETY

I've been a reader of *Penthouse* for some time now, and I feel I have no other choice but to write this letter.

With all the women in the world, it is annoying to me that you feature women of the same physical size and shape every month. There isn't any variety in the women featured in *Penthouse*; one would think you've had them cloned! It would be refreshing to see some layouts of some women with some real meat on their bones! How about some wide asses and big legs? There are also some beautiful, shapely older women you could photograph. Has *Penthouse* forgotten that there are lots of types of attractive women in the world?—*Roy Everage, Kansas City, Mo.*

VIEW FROM THE TOP

In your June 1982 issue's "View From the Top", Emily Prager—in her piece "The New War Hero"—failed to mention that both "Hogan's Heroes" and "M*A*S*H" played on the tube throughout the seventies and still play in New York almost daily. Which goes to show that the public's interest in the American soldier never died and never will!—*Mitchell Laffey, Richmond Hill, N.Y.*

I am writing in regard to your story "Mission MIA" and your interview with Bo Gritz in your March 1982 issue. Gritz said in the interview, "Only God, the mothers, the wives who remain true, and the Special Forces want the prisoners back." *Wrong!* I know enough U.S. Marines here that are willing and able to go and bring back our boys. We feel very sorry for our comrades who have been left by their government to die and rot in Nam. *We haven't forgotten them.* I know at least a company-size number of men who would gladly leave this minute to retrieve our missing comrades. All we need is somebody like Bo Gritz to lead us.

We need more people to write Congress to tell them we want our boys home. To hell with the political problems! We are *obligated* to those men who fought and served. It is very degrading the way our nation has betrayed and turned its back on our fighting men. It is about time we brought them home and honored them. Please let Bo Gritz know that the marines care and would be honored to assist him in any way.—*Cpl. William Schiller, USMC, F.P.O., San Francisco, Calif.*

SLAMDANCING

I just finished reading your article in the February 1982 *Penthouse* issue "Slamdancing in a Fast City," by Robert Keating. It answered my curiosity about what exactly has been going on at a bar I frequently go to.

This was the scene on a typical night: There were two bands. The first band did their first set in fifteen minutes. They did *fifteen songs* in fifteen minutes. Then on the dance floor these guys were "slamdancing" and the lead singer was trying to hit everyone out there. One girl had no hair on her head—just a little fuzz. The second band was just as bad. They brought their own girls, who slamdanced together in a huddle on the floor.

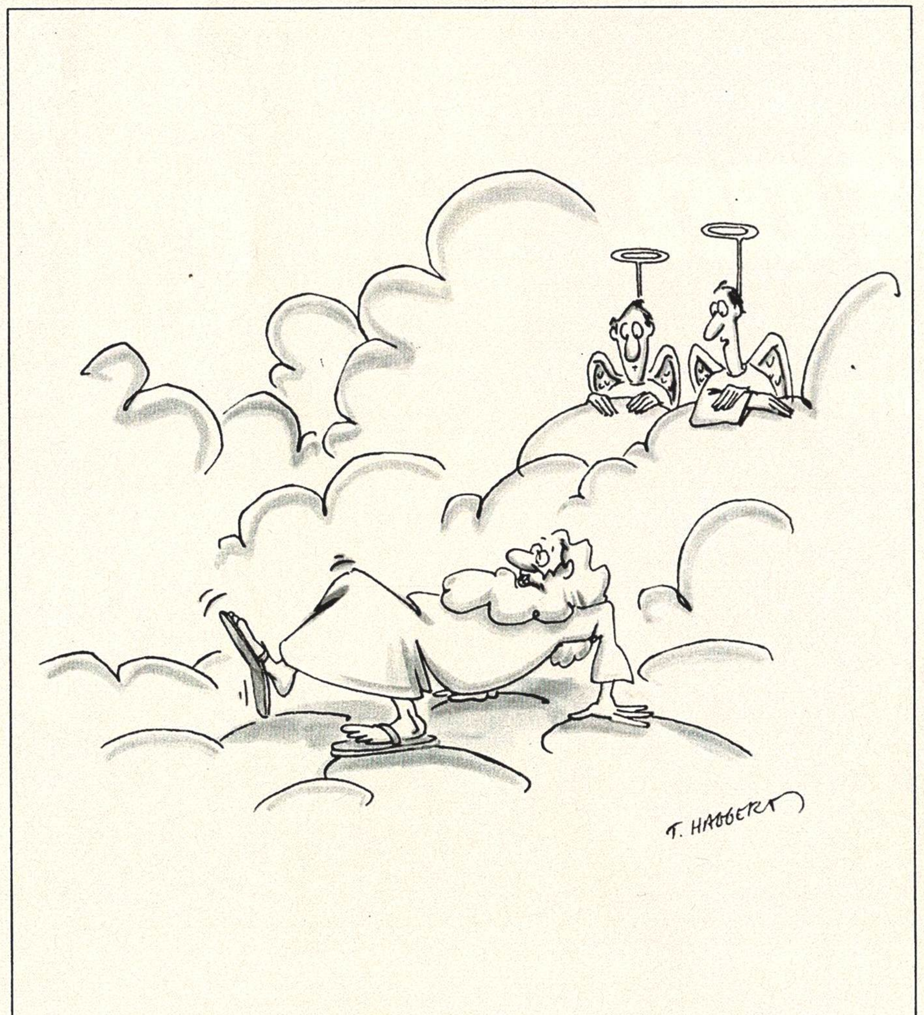
With all the violence in the world today, why is this happening? Life is tough enough without skinheads, HBers, surf punks, creeps, survivors, and all the rest. I think the problem is that these creeps won't get up off their dead asses and work for a living. In the sixties, kids who were out of work went to peace-and-love rallies. Now it seems that the people who don't work take it out on themselves and others in a violent way. From peace and love to violence—that's what seems to have happened to us. Your article really showed that well.

I hope the writer and the photographer, Mark Shaw, are still alive after that experience. I take my hat off to these gentlemen. I buy your magazine for articles like this one. You have the best variety around. Keep up the good work.—*R. A. York, Rockville, Md.*

In response to Robert Keating's article "Slamdancing in a Fast City":

I'm working as a guard at night
Since I can't sell the things I write.
My agent tries to give me hope
But still I find it hard to cope.
Free moments, foolscap blends with ink,
I cannot find the time to drink.
My few scant options, I have found,
March back to me in turnaround.
Those fools know not the risk they run
For in my work I pack a gun.
One point for guardwork, I must say:
No comrade sneers at my B.A.
Now some may call my music junk
And yes, I'm quite old for a punk.
But after weeks of "sir" and "ma'am"
It's no surprise I dance the slam.
You find my recreation strange?
Nose candy's far beyond my range.
So though I hold Cole Porter dear
Of late I hum the strains of *fear.*

—*Henry C. Parke, Encino, Calif.*



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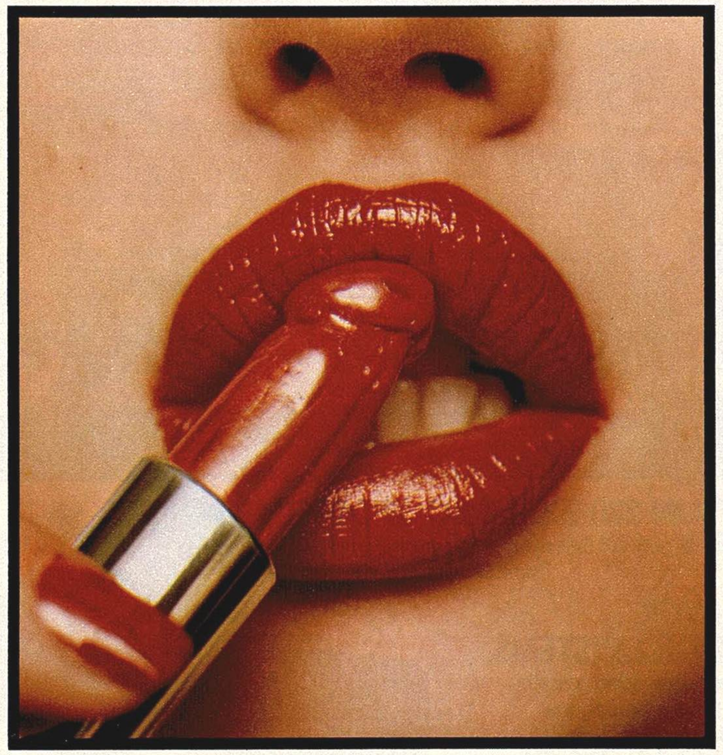

LETTER OF THE MONTH

My wife and I have been married for almost twenty-three years with a relatively normal sexual relationship. It lacked variety, but then two years ago my wife found out that I had visited a local massage parlor for a blowjob, something she adamantly refuses to do, claiming it's perverted and filthy. She, however, loves it when I burrow into her fragrant cunt and suck her stiff, inch-long clit. I told her I intended to keep visiting the massage parlor to get my cock sucked.

I told her I paid $35 and she started in on me for wasting that much money. For the first time, I didn't get my hot piece of ass that night. She was thinking about something, but I didn't find out what until the next afternoon.

I walked into the living room expecting the tirade to resume. Instead she was sitting on the couch fingering her juicy cunt. My cock jumped to full attention at the prospect of feeling her sensual lips wrapped around my shaft. She looked at me with her devilish smile, went into the kitchen, and returned with a large banana. She began licking the banana, her long tongue caressing the soft curved surface as my cock virtually tore out of my pants. She continued working her tongue along the full creamy surface of that damn banana, teasing me until I was ready to burst.

Then she let her lips close around the well-moistened tip and sucked it into her mouth, asking teasingly, ''Would it be worth $35?'' At that point I would have agreed to anything to get her moist lips around my cock. I tossed my pants and shorts to the carpet as I headed toward her with my cock leading the way. She laughed, ''Cash in advance. That's the way they do it, isn't it?''

Well, that's how our vacation fund started. We agreed on a fee schedule for the extras and things we might try—tit-fucking, unusual places, different positions, etc. The first year we saved over $1,500 and last year it was over $2,000. The more we fucked, the more we wanted. She'd read about multiple orgasms and had never experienced more than two in a row, so she agreed to kick in $25 if I could give her five or more. Her record is now at eleven.

Then my wife decided she wanted a vacation to Bermuda this year. I still had a lot of ideas she'd turned down cold, including watching her and another woman make it and watching her getting screwed by another man.

I came home three months ago to an unusually quiet house, but as I sat down with a martini and started to play a new X-rated video film I'd just bought, I heard a loud moan upstairs in our bedroom. Thinking she had decided to masturbate to get ready for a quickie after I got home, I watched the film for fifteen to twenty minutes until my cock was ready. Then I headed upstairs.

Instead of exciting her pussy with one of her vibrators, she was slowly sliding it in and out of this brunette's cunt hole. I couldn't see the brunette's face, because she was face-down sucking one of my wife's large, stiff nipples.

I excitedly watched a longtime fantasy of mine being realized. The slim, well-curved brunette was groaning and moaning as my wife continued exploring the well-moistened slit with the six-inch vibrator. Suddenly, and to my surprise, my wife withdrew the vibrator and went down between the brunette's tanned thighs, pleading for the brunette to forgive her.

Then I saw the brunette's face. It was our twenty-two-year-old neighbor. I was in the doorway as I watched Linda return my wife's pleasure by thrusting her face between my wife's thighs.

When they'd exhausted themselves and finally separated, my

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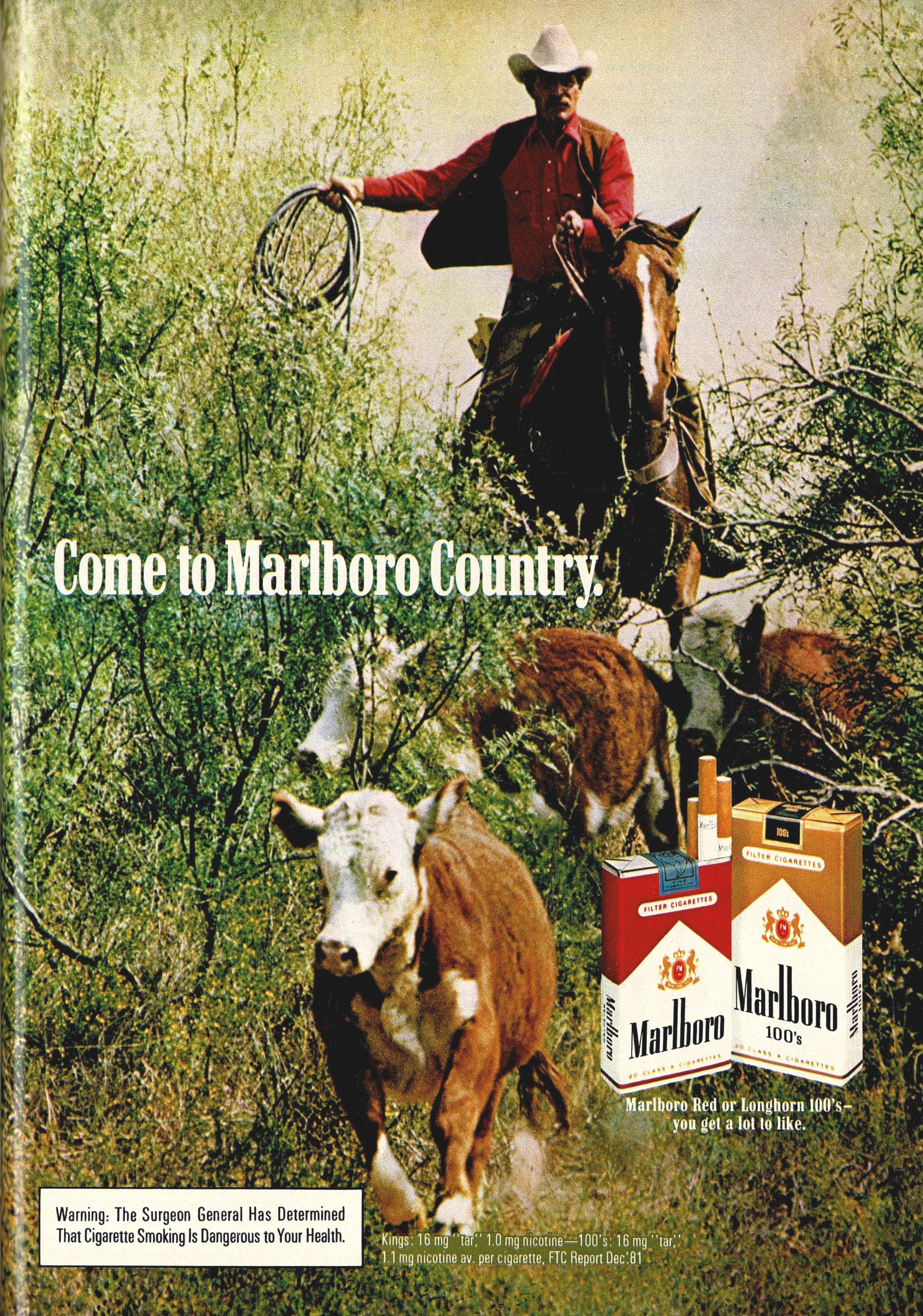
Xaviera Hollander, Penthouse Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.
Miss Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.



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wife looked up and saw me in the doorway. She gave me a sheepish look at being caught doing what she'd often refused to do. My cock was ready to explode and I waved it toward Linda. Before my wife could wave me away, Linda saw me.

It wasn't long before my stiff shaft erupted deep inside Linda's almost virginal passage. The sight of watching my cock plunging had my wife masturbating furiously with the vibrator. I'd no sooner shrunk out of Linda's tight slit before my wife was down on me with her mouth, and I dropped a second load into her hot hole.

Before Linda left I discovered my wife had had previous lesbian experiences in college and had been ashamed of them. Then Linda, a virgin when she got married, had a wham-bam-thank-you-ma'am kind of husband. I agreed to add another $100 to our fund if my wife would seduce Cal, Linda's husband.

Cal and Linda were invited over for an evening and he couldn't keep his eyes off my wife, Phyl. She had dressed in her sexiest outfit for the occasion. Cal had a good view of the deep cleavage between her full tits. I could see up her slit skirt to the blond triangle between her lush thighs whenever she crossed her legs.

My cock got stiffer and stiffer as I watched my wife play the uncommon role as seductress. She was getting aroused as she saw Cal's cock create a bulge in his pants, and his eyes kept shifting between tits and cunt. Linda and I excused ourselves to fix some more drinks. We watched and listened through the partially open kitchen door.

My cock lurched when Phyl, my wife, casually asked him if Linda had ever sucked his cock. She added that she really got turned on by stiff cocks. I heard him whisper that Linda wouldn't suck him off. Linda heard it, too, and immediately dropped her small mouth to my throbbing cock. Maybe she hadn't sucked cock before, but her lips did more than my wife's ever did.

The double twosomes ended when Cal exclaimed between moans and groans about Linda being frigid. Linda had already taken my first load down her throat before she stormed out and planted her hot muff in her husband's face. She screamed, "Frigid? You bastard! Eat my pussy and I'll show you who's frigid!"

I ended up with my bursting shaft in my wife's ass while she was sucking Cal's cock and Cal was chewing his wife's oozing slit. Cal was so excited by the new experience, he gave Phyl $50 for our fund and gave his wife another $50 to start their own fund. The four of us have had such a ball balling, we're going to make Bermuda together early next year.—M. K.

It sounds as if you and your wife have managed to solve nearly all the sexual and financial problems that beset the average married couple and, it seems, your neighbors' problems, too. My advice is to do whatever turns you on and have a great trip.

WOMEN'S GROUPS

I just looked at the new issue of Penthouse, *which I buy because I like pictures of two women making love to each other. I wonder why I like seeing two women naked together. I sometimes picture myself with these women. Why do so many men like seeing this sexual display?*—N. C.

I have known quite a few men whose fantasies involve two women making love to them after the women have made love to each other. It is titillating for the average healthy male. However, a man who is usually good for one or two shots within a certain period of time feels left out once he has come, and then gets jealous when the women carry on their lovemaking. He sits there with a limp cock and maybe plays with himself and watches.

I know a famous musician in Holland who wanted to surprise his virgin bride on their honeymoon. He brought to bed with him their first night a female jazz singer. A little trio would do no harm, he thought. Guess what? The bride and the singer fell in love and now, after a hasty divorce, they have been living together as a well-established lesbian couple for the last ten years. So much for trying out three-way scenes. Sex scenes are fun, but from my own experience, I'd say stick to even numbers. Otherwise somebody usually gets left out of the fun.

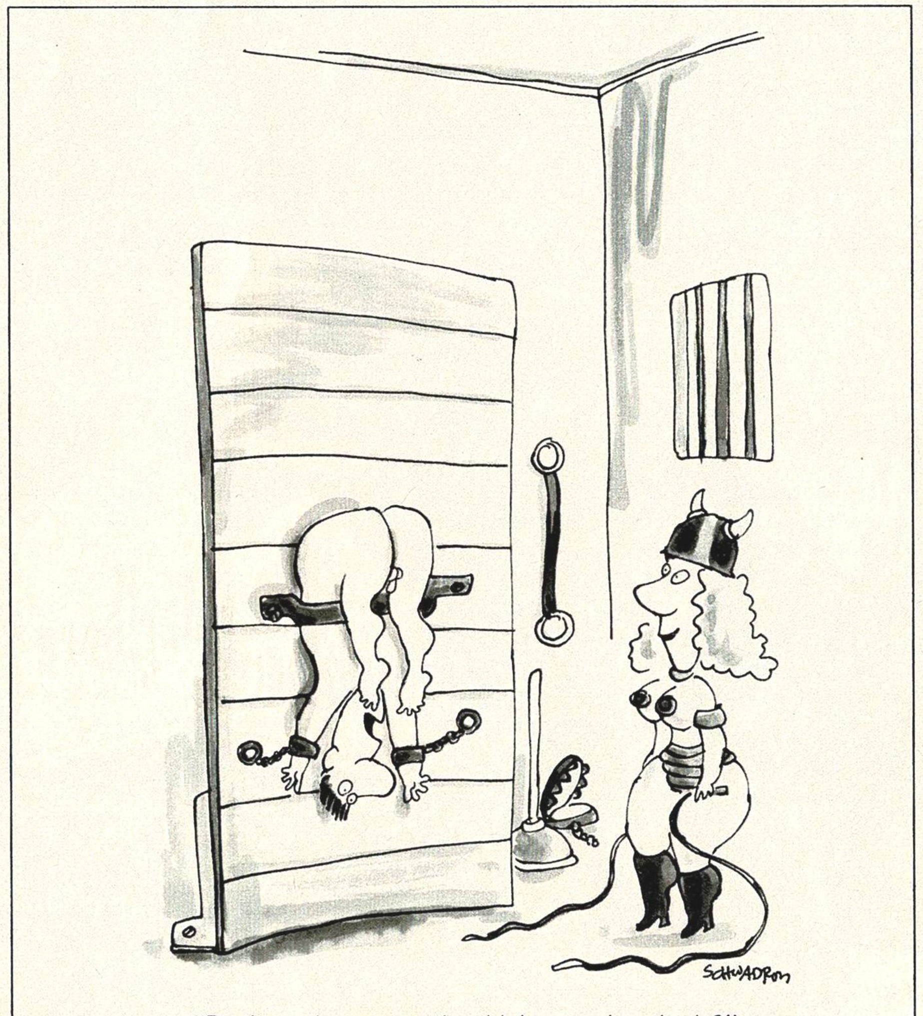
SORORITY PIN

My husband and I are into body-building and have our own gym in our basement. We are both in our late twenties and take a great deal of pride in keeping our bodies in shape. There is a small apartment house next door to our home, which has a pool in the backyard. About two months ago, a new tenant moved in. She is a single girl of twenty-three.

About two weeks after she moved in, I began to notice that every time my husband went into the backyard, Anne managed to find an excuse to be close by. Then she began talking to him at every opportunity. Although I've never been the jealous type before, I finally told her to lay off or I would whip her ass. She accepted my challenge and I told her to come over to our gym the next day.

Anne arrived the next morning, wearing a halter top, through which her nipples clearly showed, and a pair of white shorts. I was dressed in gym shorts and a cutoff T-shirt with no bra. I was determined to make short work of my opponent and to humiliate her in the process.

We went into the basement and squared off on the mat. The arm-twisting and hair-pulling had me so turned on that I was soaked between my legs. Anne put up a good fight, but my superior strength and stamina soon won out. We had both



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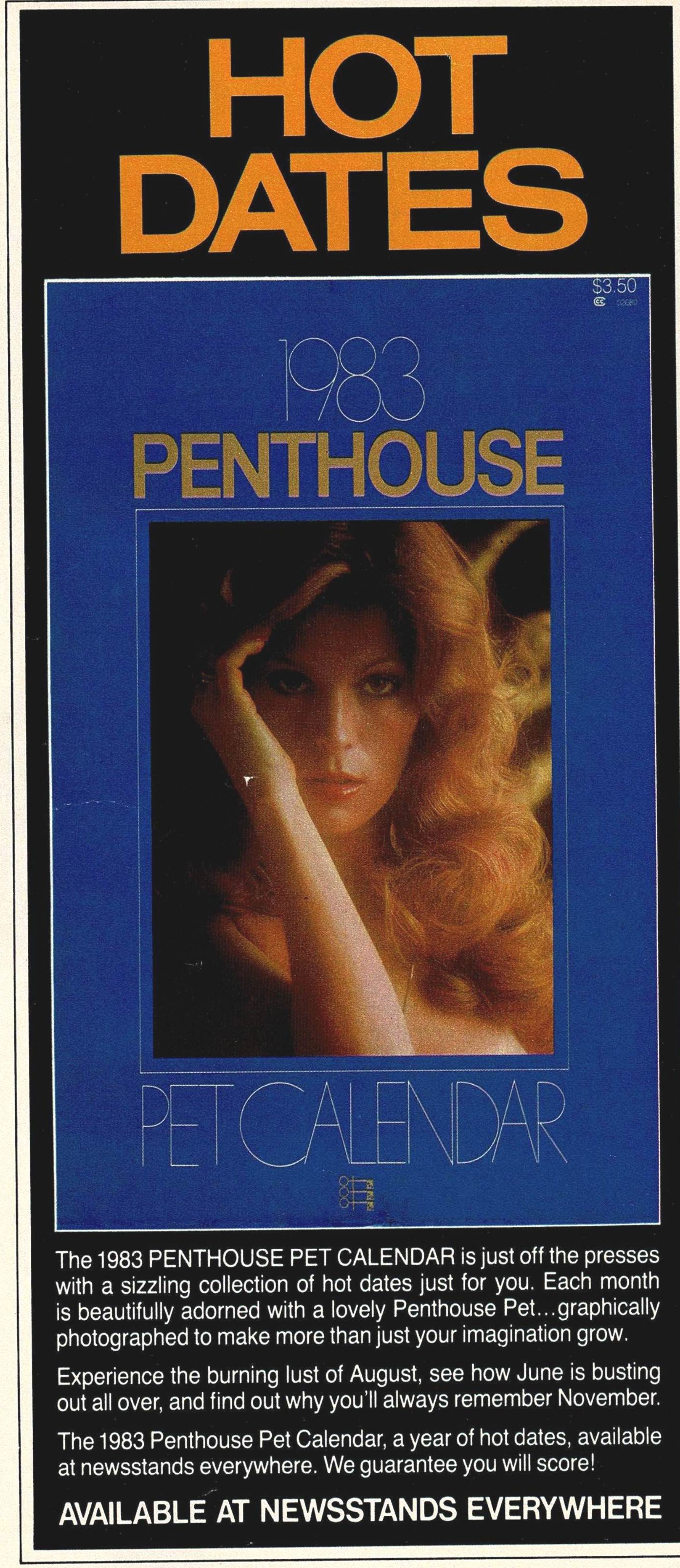
HOT DATES

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lost our tops during the fight, and as I pinned her exhausted body to the mat, our naked tits rubbed together. I could feel her hard nipples pressing into mine, and the feeling was electrifying.

I think it was at that moment that I decided to take full advantage of the situation. I got off her and rolled a heavy barbell over to the mat, placing it just above her head, and retrieved two jump ropes from a nearby table. Sitting astride her once more, I tied her hands to the barbell with the ropes. Anne tried to stop me but didn't have the strength. I assured her that I wouldn't hurt her.

Somehow, while I was tying her hands, one of her long, hard nipples had slid into my crotch. I couldn't stand it any longer. I began humping her tit. It was the most fantastic feeling I had ever experienced. When her nipple hit my clit, I had a shattering climax. But I couldn't stop. I moved up so that I was over her face and lowered my pussy to her mouth, ordering her to eat me. And surprisingly, she sucked and licked my cunt, bringing me to another orgasm. I rolled off her, trying to catch my breath. I couldn't help noticing how beautiful Anne looked, her glorious body lying there helpless and exposed.

Her chest heaved and she twisted from side to side. Now she was jacked up and had to have relief. She begged, "Fuck me, please fuck me!" Remembering how wonderful her tit had felt in my cunt, I fucked her with my tit. I spread her legs and rammed my hard nipple into her. She bucked against me until she too had a roaring climax.

Since that day, Anne has sucked my tits, my cunt, and my entire body at my command. She has ordered a dildo and, when it arrives, I fully intend to fuck her silly with it.—M. K.

How lucky of you to have found an "exercise" companion living right next door. You might want to consider inviting your husband into the gym with you and Anne for a romp on the mats. You could all help each other "build up."

PILOT'S LICENTIOUS

I am a flight instructor in a southern Ontario steel town. It was one of those cold winter afternoons and it was really snowing up a storm. Most of the office staff had left early and I myself was preparing to leave. It was at that moment that I noticed the door opening, and a lovely young blonde wearing a full-length mink walked in. She was interested in flying lessons.

We sat down to coffee and discussed what was required for a private pilot license. Marie was sitting across from me asking all kinds of questions, but I found it very difficult. You see, Marie is about five-eight with piercing blue eyes. The skintight white silk dress she wore left nothing to the imagination. It was low-cut, and her cleavage was enough to lose your head in. Marie crossed her legs and the slit in her dress rode all the way up her silky,

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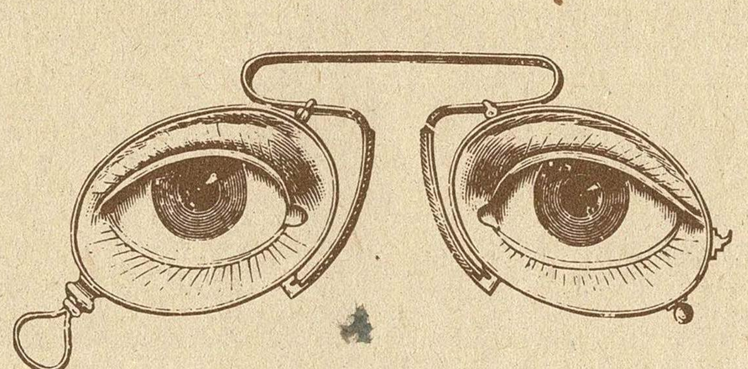
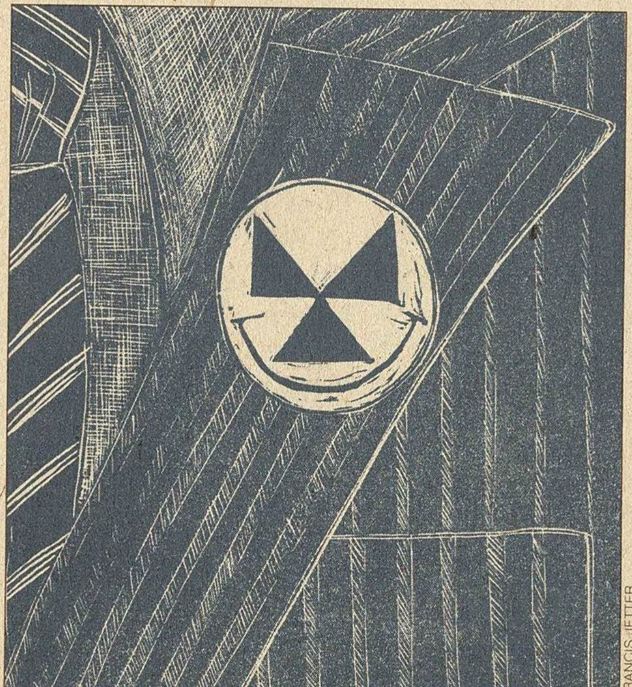


VIEW FROM THE TOP

AFTERLIFE SUPPORTS

BY EMILY PRAGER

It's going on three years ago now since I first heard the phrase "limited nuclear war." I remember I was tidying up my living room, listening to the news out of the corner of one ear, and suddenly there's Alexander Haig on the tube and he's saying something that ends with the words "limited nuclear war." I remember laughing. I remember thinking of high school and the day we learned the term *oxymoron*: the putting together of two words with contradictory meanings for greater emphasis—there had been a phrase in the poetry of John Donne. And then I remember realizing that in that mundane instant, something terribly dangerous had happened. From the Pandora's box of Pentagon jargon, that single concept, limited nuclear war, was let loose upon an innocent world for whom the concept of nuclear war had heretofore been cataclysmic, apocalyptic—a limit in itself. This new concept, this holocaust within limits, offered, as was intended, a possibility of survival to an entire generation dogged by nuclear doom. Having absorbed it, and regardless of its veracity, the mind played with this concept as it had with no other since the Russians got the bomb and it was no longer our personal plaything. No one could escape the dreadful sense of freedom it conferred both on the populace and on the military, who, it seemed, had finally found the one obscene loophole: the promise of afterlife in return for first-strike capability.

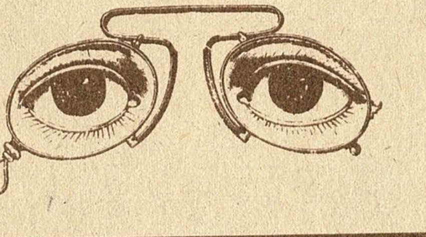

FRANCIS JETTER

Well, here it is, almost three years later, and limited nuclear war is as much a part of our thinking as natural childbirth. Bomb shelters are back and survivalism is the latest fad. If you're one of these people who has failed in this life, but sees a very big post-blast future for yourself once your city has been razed and just yours and a few other families survive, then the question is which survival manual to read and which to trust.

***Life After Doomsday:** A Survivalist Guide to Nuclear War and Other Major Disasters* (Dial), by Bruce D. Clayton, Ph.D., is a thoroughly readable book that tells you everything you need to know about nuclear war as it applies to the United States. If you want to chart fallout, find out how close you live to target areas, build a shelter, stock it, and defend it, this manual makes it all look easy, and almost preferable. As Clayton points out, "Even if the Soviets hit all primary targets using surface bursts, there are still many parts of the nation which have less than a 2 percent chance of receiving fallout." So what's the hysteria? Move to northern California or southern Oregon and live off the land now, and avoid the rush later. Think of it: no more nine-to-five, no more Master Charge bills, no more relationships, and when the blast comes, you'll still be alive, and a much more important person than you are now.

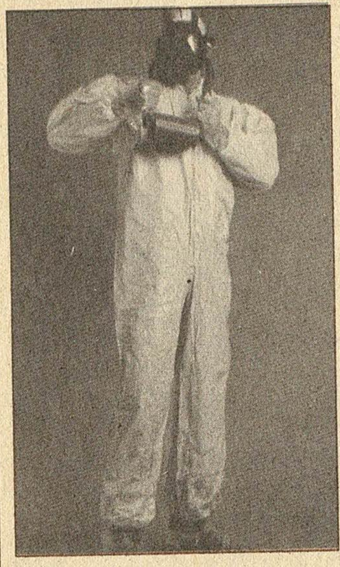
Not nearly so up is ***Nuclear War:** The Facts on Our Survival* (Rutledge), by Peter Goodwin. But it is more personal. Taking as hypothetical targets San Francisco and New York's Kennedy Airport, Mr. Goodwin constructs the full scenario of what would happen if either locale were nuked. I'm sure Mayor Koch would be as relieved as I was to learn that although Queens and Brooklyn would be in complete conflagration, in Manhattan, any skin not covered by clothing would be charred but most buildings would still be standing. As for Haight-Ashbury, doors and windows might be broken, but hippie life-style would be relatively unaffected, even improved.

Mr. Goodwin's picture of survival is not nearly so rosy as Mr. Clayton's. Frankly, Goodwin does not believe that—even if I made it out of Greenwich Village, escaped radia-



tion sickness and burns, outwitted marauding miscreants, and got upstate to a nontargeted rural area—I would be able to survive trapping small rodents with my slingshot. He thinks I'm too citified, too dependent on the corner deli. Well, clearly I'd loot the corner deli before I left the city. I'm no fool.

All of the survival manuals postulate that in the aftermath of the bomb blast, bands of evil thugs with guns will be menaces wherever one flees, and if the bomb doesn't get you, the outlaws will. Now, I don't remember hearing about vicious rapist-looters after Hiroshima. In fact, I rather got the impression that the last thing the survivors of that great firestorm wanted to do was have forcible sex with burned people they didn't know. But I suppose anything's possible. And if you're paranoid about post-blast perverts, the manual for you is ***Can You Survive?:** Guidelines for Resistance to Tyranny for You and Your Family* (Desert Publications, Cornville, Arizona), by Robert B. DePugh. This book contains advice on forming your own guerrilla band, how to hide in your apartment and escape other newly formed guerrilla bands, how to live in a desert or walk on snow and ice, and the best weaponry (with a bullet-velocity chart included). City dwellers take heart: Robert B. DePugh thinks it might be easier to survive in the city than in the country, provided you can escape what he calls the "rioters."



BENKO/ARLEDGE

Survive in nuke-suit fashion.

Once you have read the manuals, then you need a subscription to ***Survive Magazine*** (P.O. Box 49, Englewood, Colorado 80151). "Sleeping Bags From the Inside Out!"; "Airguns Come Of Age"; "Bunkers to Buy or Build"; "Choosing Your Survival Vehicle"; "Climb or Die!"—these are some of the juicier cover lines that entice the survival-obsessed.

Inside the magazine, there are ads for every possible type of commando gear, from camouflage sweaters to canned rations. There's the pocket water purifier, original G.I. trip wire, do-it-yourself dentistry, even Krugerrands for when money becomes obsolete. I am definitely ordering the "Nuclear Protection Suit With Radioactive Dust Respirator and Heavy-Duty Goggles, Boot Covers, and Protective Gloves" so my skin won't get charred when Kennedy Airport gets hit. I'll be packing the "Ultimate Survival Weapon—The Valmet 'Bullpup' M 82 Semi-Automatic Carbine" in case any of the "rioters" recognize that under my Nuclear Protection Suit I'm female and try to rape me. I'll be staying in my apartment as long as possible, eating my twenty-four-month supply of "Long-Life Foods," reading manuals by the light generated by my home-emergency power plant, and listening to my "solarvoltaic radio," powered by solar cells (not electricity), to see if anyone else has survived the blast. And when I leave the city for my underground biosphere bunker in upstate New York, I'll be driving America's most efficient survival vehicle, the 1967 Volkswagen Beetle.

SCENES

CONTINUAL ED

Over-Extension University was founded in September 1982 by Gerald Sussman in partnership with Mel-SidMac Modes, a division of Hy-Jay Enterprises, part of Spittsbard Industries, a wholly owned subsidiary of A. G. Grunefarbescheit of Basel. It is approved by the State Board of Regents and all veterans' groups and is legally registered in Manilla. The official mascot of Over-Extension University is the marmoset and its colors are hot pink and Granny Smith green.

There is no such thing as a class that is *filled* at Over-Extension University. There is always room for another student. Just tell us what course you want and we'll make sure you get in.

Raising Your Criminally Gifted Child (Tues., 9:00, $30): Carmine Caslaqua, Nunzio Squiglianti.

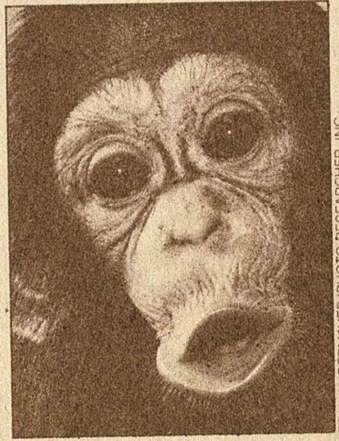
Though society accepts the idea that some children are born a bit bad, we are still slow to realize that many other children are born unequivocally and brilliantly bad. These are the precocious, criminally gifted children from all walks of life who, for the most part, are not encouraged and taught to develop their natural superiorities in this area. Instead, their talents go to waste, and their natural tendency to walk the tightrope between the netherworld and the mainstream of society manifests itself in either petty crimes or a lifetime career as a security guard.

This course offers a complete workshop for parents who suspect their child of criminal gifts. The first session will feature the recently developed "Criminality Quotient Exam," which tests the ability of a child to make fundamental criminal distinctions. (Sample questions: Is it better to mug a bag lady or a banker? How can you tell if your father counts his change at the end of the day? Why is it more likely that a kid who is new to your school will pay you more extortion money than an older student?)

Parents will learn how to cultivate a sense of risk and danger in their child, how to judge a school on the basis of dark hallways and open playgrounds, and what career opportunities will be opening for the maturing criminal.

Brothers of Famous Psychiatrists: The Lesser Known But Equally Provocative Theories of George Freud, Seymour Jung, and Barney Adler (Wed., 10:00, $20): Dr. Paul Zugsmith.

The Revisionists in psychiatry are revising their theories once again to accommodate the brilliant insights of the Freud, Jung, and Adler Brothers, who were overshadowed by their more publicized siblings.



TONI ANGERMAYER/PHOTO RESEARCHER, INC.

The official O.E.U. mascot.

George Freud, younger brother of Sigmund, based his findings on the influence of parental hygiene habits. Seymour Jung was preoccupied with weather cycles during a person's adolescence. Barney Adler, who was actually a dentist, was more concerned with the traumas of teething. Together, the brothers founded their own medical building in Zurich, where they broke new ground in their respective fields.

Dr. Paul Zugsmith, founder of the "Hello, How's Your Hole. . ." Family Clinic, teaches regularly at Over-Extension University.

How to Borrow Food (Thurs., 12:00, $40): Hilda Scrofula.

Food borrowing is fast becoming an important solution to coping with today's high cost of living. Food borrowing is no longer the simple "can you spare a cup of sugar, I'll pay you back tomorrow" idea. Today it has become a true art, which can be cultivated and developed into a genuine means of sustenance for those who feel the pinch of hard times.

Hilda Scrofula, author of *Can I Borrow a Cup of Dinner for Life?*, offers a truly comprehensive approach to what may prove to be the most vital course you will ever take. First, there are the basic techniques: finding the right neighbors, friends, etc., who have unlimited generosity; ingratiating yourself; and discussing food and recipes with your prospective lenders to give them the feeling that you are a good cook and a good food-loan prospect. You will learn how to create your own food borrowing "image"—that of a lovable but scatterbrained cook who never remembers to pay anything back, for example.

Most important, you will become proficient at borrowing small amounts of food from large groups of people, amounts so trivial that they wouldn't dream of expecting repayment. At the same time you will be spacing your lenders carefully to avoid repetition, so that you are able to accumulate enough food to give you three meals a day, every day.

Speed Listening (Fri., 12:00, $1): Jeffrey Pushberg.

After speed writing and speed reading, there is an even more important new learning discipline—speed listening, the science of picking up and understanding what your friend, lover, relative, etc., is telling you in seconds, and anticipating his conversation for minutes to come so that you can form a well-reasoned, intelligent answer to his conversation. Jeffrey Pushberg, author of *Stop, Look, and for God's Sake, Listen,* will show you how to listen quickly, the shortcuts to a person's point of view, and how to "read" what he is really saying no matter what he is saying out loud.

BREAKFAST
LUNCH
SNACK
COFFEE

BRUCE HUNTER

How to Borrow Food: a vital course for those who feel the pinch of hard times.

Scratch-'n'-Sniff Singles Parties (Saturdays, 9-ish, $20): Bruce Kogl.

Bruce Kogl, of Bruce Kogl Enterprises, is one of the country's leading developers of "scratch-'n'-sniff" products, those items made with specially processed papers that exude familiar smells when you scratch them with your fingernail.

Mr. Kogl has organized a group of cocktail parties for singles that will feature lively contests, special entertainment, and fun-filled surprises, all designed around his novelty scratch-'n'-sniff products, including Blindfold Guess-the-Odor contests, Scratch-'n'-Sniff Bingo, and Scratch-'n'-Sniff Mock Strip Poker. These parties are tailored to men and women with a zany sense of humor who want to meet new friends and lovers in an atmosphere of uninhibited fun.

Free refreshments and plenty of good music will be offered. Dress any way you like, but come with an open mind, a free spirit, and sharp fingernails!

Acting Your Way Out of a Paper Bag (Thurs., 10:00, $35): Ivor Boneyard.

Everyone at one time or another has wanted to act, to bask in the limelight, to "ham it up" and milk the applause of a cheering audience. Unfortunately, very few of us are blessed with the God-given talent necessary to make it to the top or even to the middle or bottom rungs of the ladder. But this doesn't mean that the serious amateur, or even the ordinary well-meaning dabbler, cannot enjoy some of the same rewards that the professionals do.

Even if you've never acted before, Ivor Boneyard, director of the Mighty Thespians of Thor Playhouse, will show you how to do it with his patented "Poof, You're an Actor" Method. "Even the shyest, worst actors in the world can do it," says Boneyard. "Especially the ones who say they can't act their way out of a paper bag. I say they can. And I show them how."

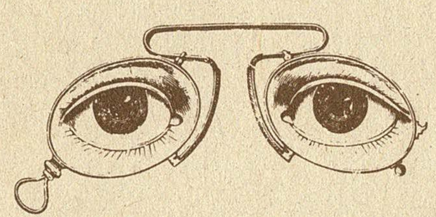
The main section of the course will demonstrate how to act your way out of a paper bag, a large, lifesize paper bag that is placed over your body.

Intermediate and advanced classes will study how to act your way out of telephone booths, closets, elevators, and small cars.

The Illuminated Chocolate Miniatures of Chartres (Thurs., 7:30, $25): Helen Krindelman.

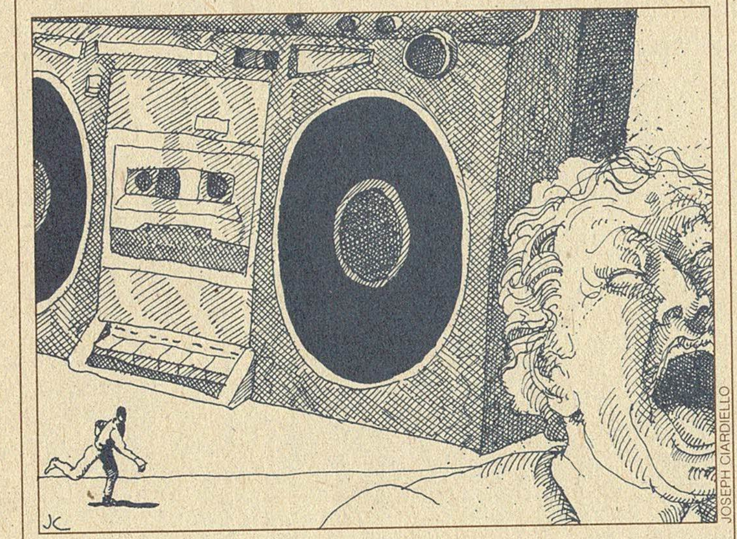
Among the most exquisite and

"Continual Ed" excerpted from the forthcoming book *Over-Extension University Bulletin*, to be published by M. Evans. © 1982 Gerald Sussman



awesome works of art created in the Middle Ages were the illuminated chocolate miniatures of the anonymous monks of Chartres. All we know of their identities is that they worked in the back of the cathedral, in one of the small, dusty basement rooms, with little light or ventilation. What emerged is yet another miracle art form depicting man's dedication to and love of his god.

Only seventy-nine miniatures still survive from what must have been thousands. Each one contains a tiny painting depicting a scene from the New Testament, which is illuminated according to secret techniques and then hand-dipped in a rich, homemade chocolate. Somehow, each scene is miraculously clear, right through the chocolate mixture. How the monks accomplished this feat is still unknown, but the latest findings in medieval scholarship suggest a number of theories, which will all be covered by Professor Krindelman.



Sonee: learn to use stereo equipment for self-defense.

JOSEPH CIARDIELLO

Sonee: The New Japanese Art of Self-Defense (Mon., 11:00, $20): Yakamoko Kon.

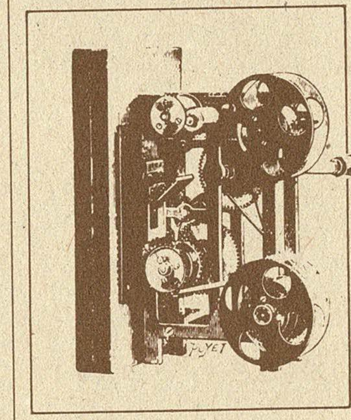
A new, easy-to-learn martial-arts discipline has emerged from Japan called *Sonee*: the art of self-defense using battery-operated small appliances, gadgets, and stereo equipment. (Sonee is pronounced "So-neeeeee," in a prolonged scream, as you use your small appliance to destroy an attacker.)

Yakamoko Kon, a mauve belt in Sonee, will teach you the art of throwing small TV sets, radios, travel clocks, and pencil sharpeners at your assailants, causing permanent injury or, if you wish, instant death. You'll learn how to strangle an attacker with your Sonee Walkman headset, how to strike, swipe, and swing your equipment, turning a potential mugger or rapist into a brain-damaged vegetable.

Mr. Kon also teaches other martial-arts disciplines that have been spawned out of Sonee, such as *Tosheeba* (the scream is pronounced "To-sheeeeeba"): the art of using the "big black box," the all-in-one radio-TV-cassette player, as an instrument of death.

For advanced students there is also *Yameha* (pronounced "Yah-mah-*hah*!"), in which motorcycles and grand pianos are hurled at your attacker, crushing his skull.—*Gerald Sussman*

FILMS



FUTURE PAST

A half-light filters into dim, mysterious buildings. But outside, the litter-strewn streets seethe with crowds, a jumble of faces, costumes, languages. The city is full of signs and pictorial messages, part Western, part Oriental. And the city seems about to dissolve in a perpetual, drenching rain.

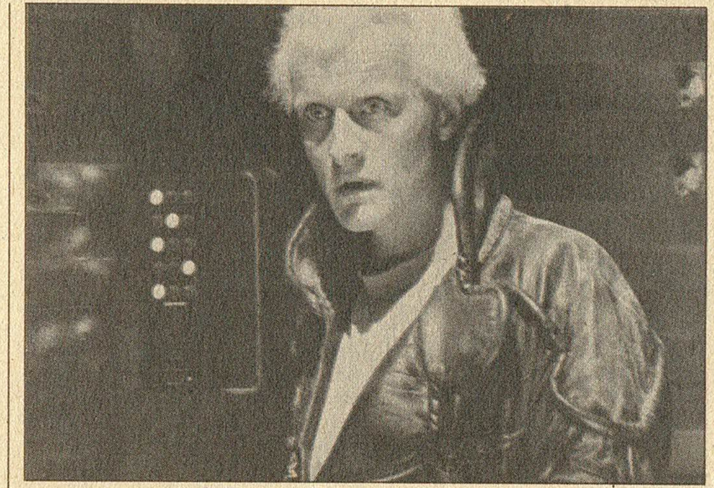
This is Los Angeles, year 2019, in Ridley Scott's ***Blade Runner***, a film that may owe everything to its fertile appreciation of decor.

There's nothing wrong with that, and nothing simple about it either. Along with looking several decades forward, *Blade Runner* looks several decades back. When Dr. Tyrell's beautiful assistant, Rachael (Sean Young), first confronts the tough killer-cop Deckard (Harrison Ford) in Tyrell's skyscraper office—Deckard in his somber suit with rumpled shirt and tie, she in her high-shouldered, tailored dress of rainbow-colored silk—the meeting is pregnant with danger, sexual tension—and a feeling for the style of the 1940s. I mean the movie style of the 1940s: *The Big Sleep, The Maltese Falcon, Double Indemnity*—the list could be endless. No detective film nowadays exists untouched by something that has gone before, but *Blade Runner* doesn't just parody or remember. It virtually reinvents the mood, the sensibility, the morality of those old movies. And so its twenty-first century discloses a depth, a resonance, and an adventurous familiarity that more ordinary futurist fiction never explores.

Even the story looks back. Dr. Tyrell's corporation builds replicants, artificial beings so perfect that only a sensitive machine read by an expert like Deckard can uncover their difference. They are intelligent, supremely strong, and built for only four years of existence. Confined to outer space, four have escaped to earth. Deckard must retire them.

For "retire" read "kill." The replicants feel, they store up memories. They are like us except that they are more ruthless and much closer to death. From their point of view this story is "the revolt of the robots," which has been, in one form or another over the years, a liberal classic of stage and screen. But *Blade Runner* doesn't take their point of view. It comes upon that point of view very late, in the course of much suspense and violence. It is really about self-discovery, potentially the best theme in detective fiction.

Long after one sees *Blade Runner*, images, whole sequences, may stay in the mind. Some are horrifying, like the protracted killing of the female replicants Priss (Daryl Hannah) and Zhora (Joanna Cassidy). Some are haunting, like the natural death of the replicant Batty (Rutger Hauer), or the cavernous apartment of the image-maker Sebastian (William Sanderson), or any glimpse of the wet, rainy, night-glowing metropolis. And some are deeply romantic, like the improbable union of Rachael and Deckard. This last is wildly sentimental, as it ought to be, with a grim, big-city sentimentality of young, lonely lives, memories but no ties, and an intense, fleeting glamour.



Revolt of the robots: Rutger Hauer as a Blade Runner *replicant.*

That sort of glamour saturates ***Bob le Flambeur***, ("Bob the Gambler"), a 1955 French crime masterpiece that is only now in its American commercial release and that deserves some background explanation.

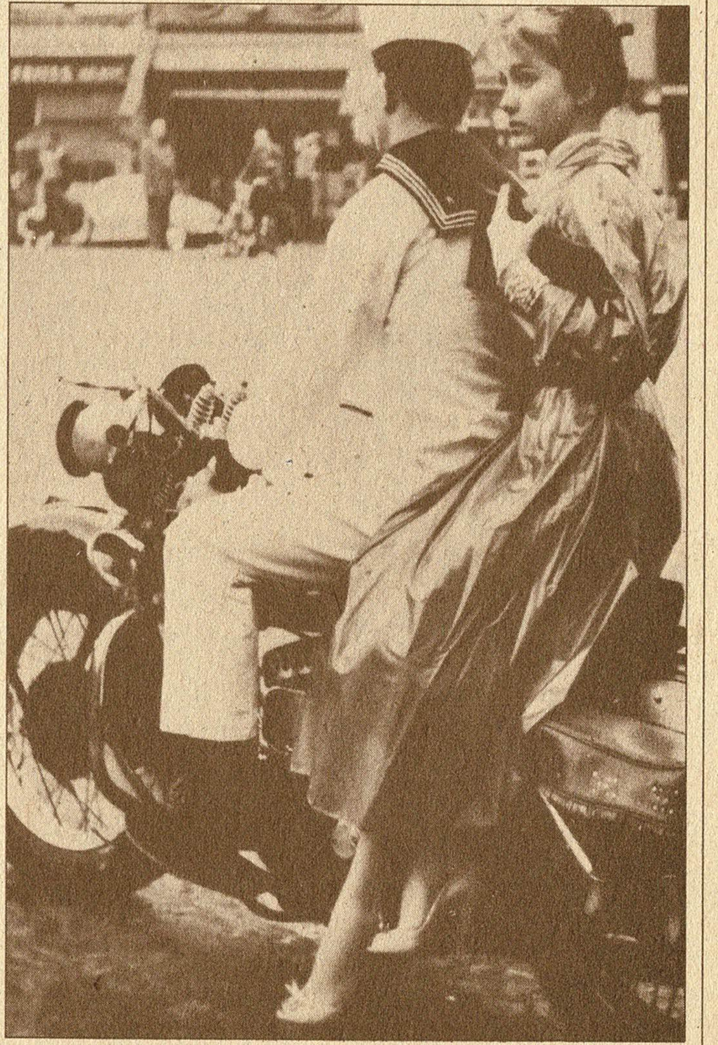
When he was a young man, Jean-Pierre Grumbach (1917–1973) changed his last name to "Melville" in admiration for the great American novelist. Much of his subsequent career as a filmmaker can also be read as a homage to things American. Ironically, Americans won't have seen much of his work except for a famous adaptation of Jean Cocteau's *Les Enfants Terribles* (1950) and perhaps a very handsome murder melodrama, *Le Samouraï* (1967), released here as *The Godson*. But through most of his career he pursued the American genre to which the French gave its name, *film noir*. If his gangster movies seem quintessentially French today, it is a French that knows and loves its American antecedents.

The elegant, age-weary, silver-haired Bob (Roger Duchesne) is "Monsieur Bob" to everyone, not "Robert." He prowls Montmartre in his two-toned convertible, following the action, gambling until dawn. Bob has his code: help for any pal except a pimp. He has a protégé, the hotheaded young Paolo (Daniel Cauchy). And he has compassion, especially for the luscious, lost, long-legged Anne (Isabel Corey), who falls for old Bob no matter whom she welcomes to her bed. Bob used to be a crook, did time, but now befriends a police inspector (Guy Decomble) whose life he once saved. Lately Bob's luck has been none too good (though never so bad as to threaten his car, his nightclubs, his generosity to young girls, or his comfortable duplex overlooking Paris), and so when a chance to rob the casino in Deauville comes his way, he takes it. What follows is a shaggy-dog caper story in which a few people get killed but nobody is seriously hurt, and which matters less then the atmosphere and the attitudes that surround it.

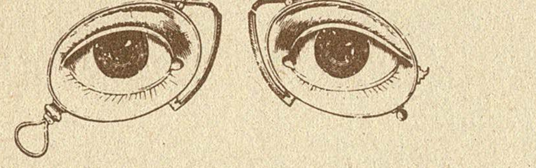
In *Bob le Flambeur* one fellow smokes a pipe, another smokes cigars. Everyone else smokes cigarettes—endlessly. Cops, crooks, old folks, young lovers, café waitresses, and the customers they serve. I can't believe Melville had anything in mind for this. But he gets something nonetheless—an ambience not of this world but recognizable anyway, a slightly outrageous exaggeration just funny enough to be in keeping with a movie always less serious than it seems. Melville's Montmartre is all silver-gray and glistening dark, late evening or very early morning, after-hours or before opening, when the clubs and cafés become private places. The people are all types, but living types. Anne, a real looker, always pouts and smiles—a pouting smile, a smiling pout. She is cynical, and straightforward and agreeable, too. Bob, who is really addicted to his gambling, serves his passion gracefully. In the end it serves him in return. Everyone, either side of the law, respects him because he is in fact respectable, in terms that Melville's universe provides.

Jean-Pierre Melville's followers in the late 1950s, the then young directors (Truffaut, Godard) of the French New Wave, revered him for his independence, his stylistic elegance and economy, and, I hope, for his characters' tenacious gallantry as well. You must regain a certain innocence to appreciate *Bob le Flambeur*. It's worth the effort, for it will open you up to a hard-edged, fragile loveliness that the movies threw away some years ago and that today they only sometimes rediscover, in films like *Blade Runner*.

There are some things in com-



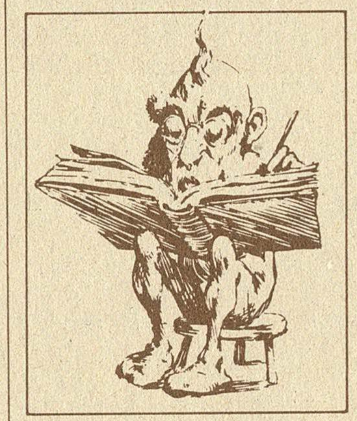
A pouting smile: Isabel Corey in Bob le Flambeur.



mon between Ridley Scott's futuristic studio-lot streets and tabletop models and the actual old Paris of Jean-Pierre Melville. Both *Blade Runner* and *Bob le Flambeur* force unusual visual perspectives, making us look up, look down, as if the way of seeing were an outgrowth of all the wonderful things there are to see. The city calls for a viewpoint—at its simplest, say, the viewpoint of fifth-floor, or fiftieth-floor, apartment living. In real cities the view from the fiftieth floor is trivially interesting at most, leaving us anxious to return to the eye-level we know best. But in the cities we see at the movies, the camera imposes a new normality, which is authoritative and unsettling at the same time. These two films virtually exist for the way in which they are photographed. Their fascination grows in that magical space between the camera and its object. Potentially this is true of every motion picture, though it usually means nothing. For *Blade Runner* and *Bob le Flambeur* it means so much that I'd offer them both as proof of what seduces us at the movies—the adventure in just looking and in discovering a network of relationships that is beautiful and different from anything else on earth.—*Roger Greenspun*

Duchesne as Monsieur Bob.

WORDS



KILL AND TELL

Whoever said that Crime Doesn't Pay ought to have his head examined. Either that or he hasn't heard about Truman Capote, Norman Mailer, or any other of the myriad writers who've made killings by turning front-page murders into page-turners.

Rarely a week goes by, in fact, when we're not treated to another eyewitness account of violent crime disguised as prime-time entertainment. Ritual slayings, jealous rage, sport killing, random homicide, take your pick. We're drawn to them like helpless prey, to satisfy our morbid curiosity, much the same way a victim is drawn in by his pursuer.

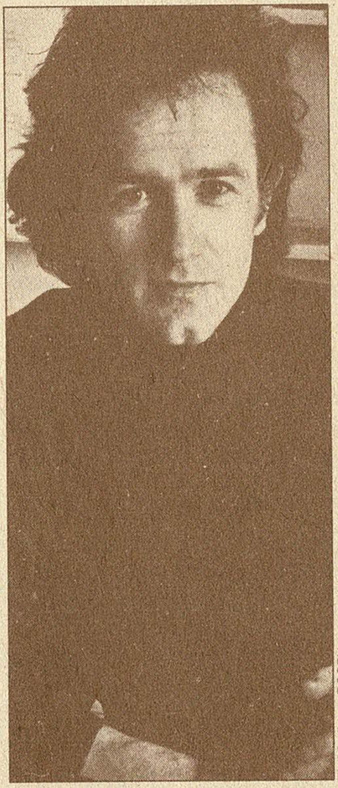
In the case of investigative reporting, however, art not only imitates life, it exploits it. Writers, camped out on the courtroom steps, vie for the opportunity to recreate the real-life tragi-dramas, right down to the victim's last quotable gasp. No wonder our criminal court system is such a mess. Before sifting through hours of testimony, judges must first determine: who gets the book rights? And why not, considering the insatiable demand that's been created. The only problem is that sooner or later there won't be enough murders to go around. Which raises an interesting question: is today's frustrated journalist tomorrow's Jack Henry Abbott?

One of the more spectacular crimes of the last decade was the killing of a Yale coed by her Mexican-American lover, and it has inspired two thoroughly riveting, though dissimilar, accounts of the slaying and subsequent trial. Peter Meyer's ***The Yale Murder*** (Empire) plumbs the dark reaches of convicted killer Richard Herrin's troubled mind—a psyche built upon the featherbed of Latin machismo—which drove him to sledgehammer to death Bonnie Garland, the daughter of a famous Scarsdale lawyer, after they made love. Is there death after sex? Not for defendent Herrin, who indeed "got away with murder" by relying on the court's view of insanity.

What distinguishes this case from others like it isn't so much the plight of star-crossed lovers beset by caste pressures as it is the controversy it aroused when the Catholic clergy, psychiatrists, and a contingent of bleeding hearts from Yale rallied to Herrin's defense.

In ***The Killing of Bonnie Garland*** (Simon & Schuster), by Willard Gaylin, M.D., the trial is documented as a legal fiasco, presided over by jackal-lipped lawyers who, using misguided character witnesses, concoct a slipknot defense out of long-standing sympathy for minorities and the flimsy grounds of jealous rage. The proceedings, as they are presented here, are at once infuriating; the justice, arbitrary—especially under the influence of the consulting psychiatrists, who were paraded before the bench like court jesters. The lesson here being that psychiatry is a science dedicated to *helping* people (in this case, a self-confessed killer)—and that it should be airlifted out of the courtroom back into the closet whence it came.

And while you're at it, save room on a high closet shelf for a copy of ***Victim*** (Delacorte), by Gary Kinder, one of the most shocking and hideous re-creations of a crime ever to find its way into print. In this not so classic case of deranged murder, Kinder relates the story of five innocent bystanders in Utah who become the quarry of sadistic monsters intent upon torturing their victims to death. The excruciating horrors wreaked upon these people are unrelenting. In fact, the violence is so graphic and painstakingly described in the opening chapters that you might have to keep telling yourself it's only a book in order to keep turning the pages. While the journalism here is consistently above par, the author's exercise of judgment must be questioned. Why subject innocent readers to this degree of human carnage? Why make us victims of bloodlust?



BARBARA J. ROSEN

Meyer: insanity plea.

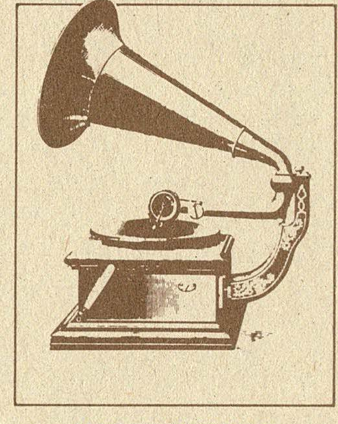
You may have to read ***Deadly Intentions*** (Congdon & Weed), by William Randolph Stevens, with your hands in front of your eyes, even though it seems purged of any discernible violence. The horror lies elsewhere in the narrative. The story recounts the exploits of Dr. Pat Henry, a handsome dermatologist, who sets out incognito to murder his ex-wife, is foiled in his attempt, but manages to open a Pandora's box of his past crimes against her.

If beauty is only skin deep, Dr. Henry is intrinsically a sadist who took pleasure in torturing his wife, even to the extent of cajoling her into unwittingly poisoning their baby. His ultimate goal is her murder. And though he is unmasked, it's soon evident that it's virtually impossible to convict someone on the basis of his intentions.

The author, who went on to prosecute Dr. Henry, has taken a seemingly routine police incident and turned it into a modern horror story with its own chills, thrills, and lasting effects. From the outset—a hair-raising incident of subterfuge at an airport—a creeping sense of paranoia develops that will dog you through every page of the book.

If only this were the case in ***Privilege:*** *The Enigma of Sasha Bruce* (Dial), by Joan Mellen. All the elements of criminal intrigue fall neatly into place early on when Sasha Bruce, the freewheeling daughter of an American ambassador, is found with a gaping bullet wound in the side of her head, a gaping husband suspiciously nearby, and a gaping public, hungering for the culprit's timely arrest. Instead, the author has focused, somewhat incoherently, on Sasha's finishing-school adolescence, dragging out all the problems akin to the idle rich page after page without creating any sense of mystery. What we're left with is the blurry picture of a spoiled brat who, out of boredom, married a ne'er-do-well and paid a price for it even her trust fund couldn't afford.—*Bob Spitz*

SOUNDS



JAZZ BY MUSICIAN

May 1978. Bruce Lundvall, president of CBS Records, the world's most successful record company, cannot be found. A week ago, he flew to the southern tip of Florida with a handful of trusted aides, rented a small plane, and took off for Cuba. There have been sporadic communications since, but telephone service between Cuba and the United States has to be routed through Europe and is not very dependable. There are decisions to be made, superstars' egos to be soothed. When is Lundvall coming back? What is he *doing* down there?

Havana, 4:00 A.M. I'm sitting with Lundvall and several red-eyed CBS staffers in a cavernous, almost pitch-black and impossibly smoke-filled after-hours club. We've all been awake and on the go since 7:00 A.M., when officials from the Cuban Ministry of Culture routed us from our hotel beds and took us out to a suburban park to hear the first of a dizzying succession of concerts by Cuba's best musicians. In one day we've heard sweet dance bands, virtuoso jazz pianists, pure Afro-Cuban drumming, wildly unlikely blends of Cuban, Brazilian, and other Latin American music—and this nonstop musical barrage has been going on for a whole week.

Lundvall can't get enough of it. He *has* to fly back to his New York headquarters tomorrow, but a late-night jazz session has been arranged, featuring Cuba's most accomplished and progressive jazz musicians, and this is what Lundvall's come for. Jazz. It's a language spoken all over the world. And when a Cuban alto saxophonist named Paquito D'Rivera walks out onto the nightclub's tiny stage and blows a spellbinding solo, mixing elements of Charlie Parker, John Coltrane, and Afro-Cuban rhythms, Lundvall sits straight up in his seat, eyes wide open, the exhaustion of the trip washing right out of him as D'Rivera blows and blows and the audience of aficionados cheers him on. This is what Lundvall's come for, all right. Paquito D'Rivera is going to be recording for Columbia Records.

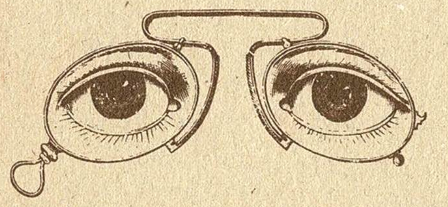
I'd seen Bruce Lundvall pull this kind of thing before. One night a few years earlier, he'd strongly suggested to several CBS vice-presidents and other bigwigs that they might want to accompany him to a basement jazz club in midtown New York to hear a tenor saxophonist named Dexter Gordon. Dexter was the master saxophonist in the most demanding modern jazz idiom, bebop, but he had never made commercial concessions, never diluted his music or jumped on any trendy bandwagons, and as a result he'd spent the past decade living in Europe, where unvarnished and straight-ahead jazz has a large and knowledgeable following. He'd made a few records in Europe, almost none in the U.S., since he'd become an expatriate.

"Who the hell is Dexter Gordon?" a CBS executive whispered to me before the set started. "I mean, can you explain to me who he is and what he's doing, like in twenty-five words or less?" I tried. Then Dexter Gordon came out, counted off a brisk tempo, and improvised a barreling, broad-toned, absolutely magisterial solo. The club went wild, and Lundvall turned to his underlings and beamed. Dexter Gordon was going to be recording for Columbia.

DAVID GAHR

Paquito D'Rivera: spellbinding jazz from Cuba via New York.

In a record industry increasingly dominated by accountants and merchandisers, Bruce Lundvall was an anomaly. He was the only major-label president who seemed to know a lot about and passionately care about *any* kind of music, and certainly the only one with an affection for jazz. And he put his



money where his mouth was. When he became president of the company in the mid-seventies, CBS was recording only a handful of jazz artists, and almost all of them were making commercially oriented jazz-rock or "fusion" albums. Bruce Lundvall changed all that. He made Columbia records a haven for musicians who were playing the genuine article, pure jazz. He signed Dexter, Woody Shaw, Freddie Hubbard, Arthur Blythe, Bobby Hutcherson, the Heath Brothers, and, yes, Paquito D'Rivera, who defected while the Cuban group he played with was touring Europe; he eventually made it to New York, with Lundvall's help. None of these artists made records that sold as well as Columbia's rock acts, but Lundvall didn't care. Let the rock biggies subsidize the master jazzmen. That's the way record companies should work.

But running CBS Records kept Lundvall running to rock clubs and receptions and posing for photos with visiting British megastars and taking care of a lot of details a jazz fan like Bruce Lundvall just wouldn't be very interested in. So it wasn't really surprising when he abruptly left CBS earlier this year to start his own jazz label, Musician Records, to be distributed by one of Columbia's major rivals, Elektra, a part of the huge Warner/Elektra/Atlantic combine.

He announced that he hoped to record "lasting contributions to the musical language of our time," music of "consistently high quality." And jazz musicians flocked to the label. Dexter Gordon, Woody Shaw, Freddie Hubbard, Billy Cobham, and several others were able to wiggle out of their Columbia contracts and sign with Musician, and several more Columbia jazz stars let it be known that they were going to follow suit as soon as their longer-running CBS contracts permitted. By fall of 1982, Musician had already issued sixteen albums plus two specially priced sampler collections. And eight more albums were expected before the end of the year.

A perfect setup for Lundvall, you might think. Well, not exactly. At Columbia, he didn't have to worry about selling lots of jazz albums as long as his rock acts made money. The Musician label doesn't have that cushion. It has to support itself, and in his first year of business, Lundvall has attempted to steer a middle course, balancing hard-core jazz releases with slick pop-jazz and jazz-rock albums that are expected to sell well enough to keep the company afloat. Although jazz is more popular than ever now, the jazz records that sell the most are still the ones that sound like hip Muzak.

DAVID REDFERN/RETNA

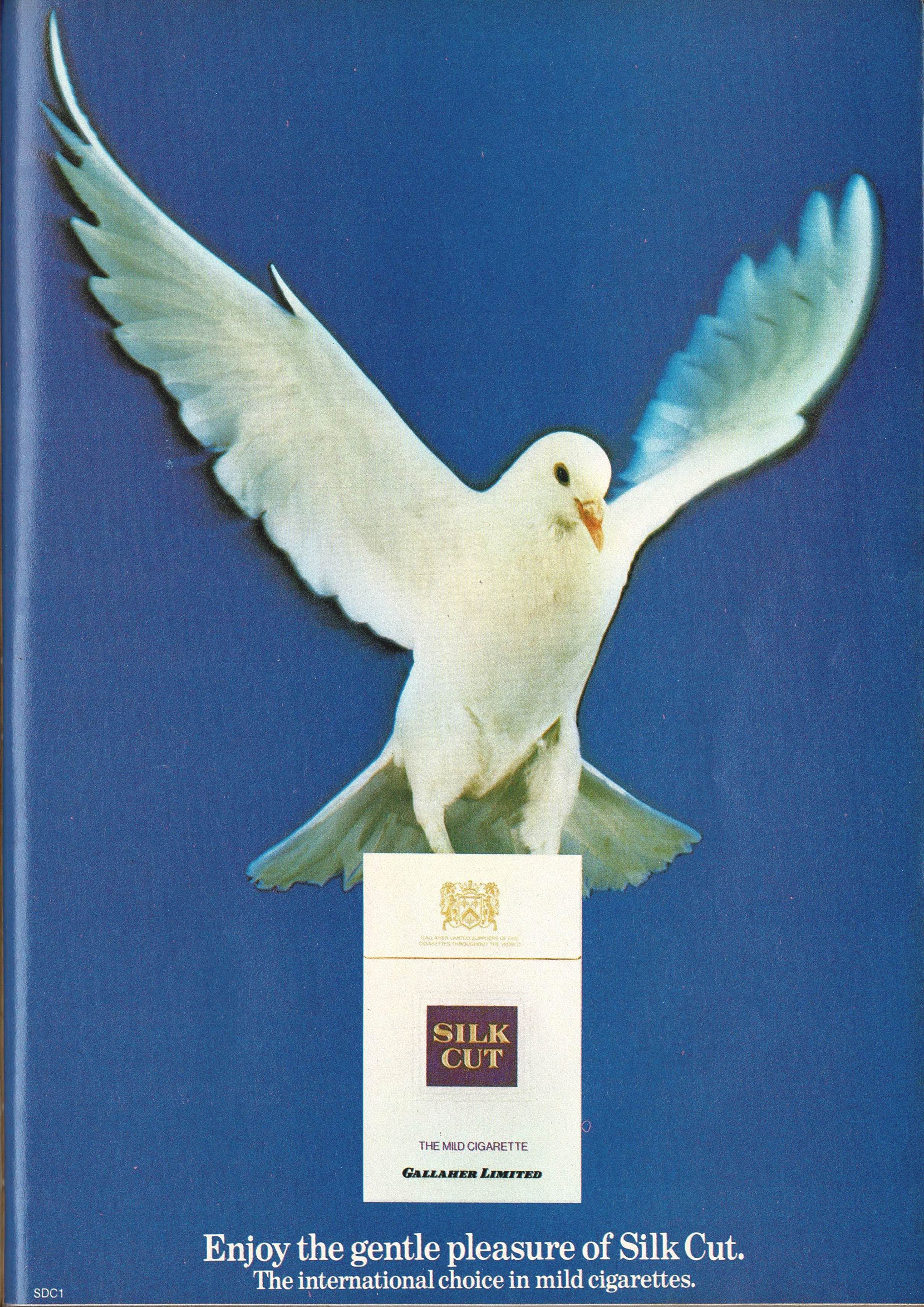
Dexter Gordon cuts a record for the new jazz label Musician.

Musician's first releases by guitarists Eric Gale *(Blue Horizon)* and Lee Ritenour *(Rio)* wouldn't ruffle any feathers if you piped them into an elevator. But most of the label's catalog consists of sturdier stuff. On *The Griffith Park Collection*, five first-rank jazz musicians who have been involved in more than a few crassly commercial and/or lackluster recording projects get down to business. The musicians are Freddie Hubbard (blowing the mightiest, most inventive trumpet I've heard from him in years), saxophonist Joe Henderson, pianist Chick Corea, bassist Stanley Clarke (playing acoustic bass and forgoing his rock-star poses), and drummer Lenny White, and their album is one of the most inspired and effectively atmospheric excursions since the mid-sixties heyday of the old Blue Note label.

Trumpeter Woody Shaw's first Musician album, *Master of the Art*, finds Shaw's working band in peak form, playing for a sympathetic New York audience just after returning from an extensive and successful Japanese tour. Dexter Gordon's *American Classic* finds the tenor's main man in two settings: a gutsy tenor-and-organ combo with Shirley Scott at the Hammond B-3 console (side one) and a sensitive piano-bass-drums ensemble (side two). Mose Allison, the Mississippi-born poet-philosopher and down-home-modern piano tickler, has made a superb album for Musician, his first in eight years. It's called *Middle Class White Boy*, and the title track, along with numbers like "How Does It Feel (To Be Good Looking)?," "I Don't Want Much," and "Hello There, Universe," finds Mose the songwriter at his wryly pungent best. In a more adventurous vein, *Memory Serves*, by the new fusion band Material, introduces the cream of New York's jazz underground (including pioneering free-jazz guitarist Sonny Sharrock) to a rock-solid young rhythm section for a lesson in how to integrate creative playing and dance grooves without insulting anyone's intelligence.

When Lundvall was still at Columbia, he unearthed a number of historic recordings by master jazzmen of the 1940s and 1950s, and his Musician label has already come up with three previously unissued gems in this vein. The best of the batch is *Pure Genius*, a live session from the legendary mid-fifties quintet that was co-led by trumpeter Clifford Brown and drummer Max Roach and featured Sonny Rollins on tenor sax. The record is on fire from beginning to end. *Charlie Parker With the Orchestra* finds the most brilliant alto saxophonist in jazz history sailing through some shappy big-band charts at a 1953 Washington, D.C., concert. Parker's contemporary and frequent collaborator Bud Powell played in the same city the same year, with Charlie Mingus on bass and Roy Haynes on drums. The album from this session, *Inner Fires*, isn't Bud's best, but it's a welcome addition to his relatively slim body of recorded work.

One of the Musician label's innovations is having musicians write the notes on the backs of the albums. This doesn't always work out. Chick Corea suggests that "if you pop your head up through the membrane of space and time, you can peek into an ever present swarming sea of artistic concepts"—an interesting idea, maybe, but it doesn't tell us much about the ostensible subject of the essay, Bud Powell. But what the hell. It's the music that counts, and musically speaking, Musician records is off to a very impressive start.—*Robert Palmer*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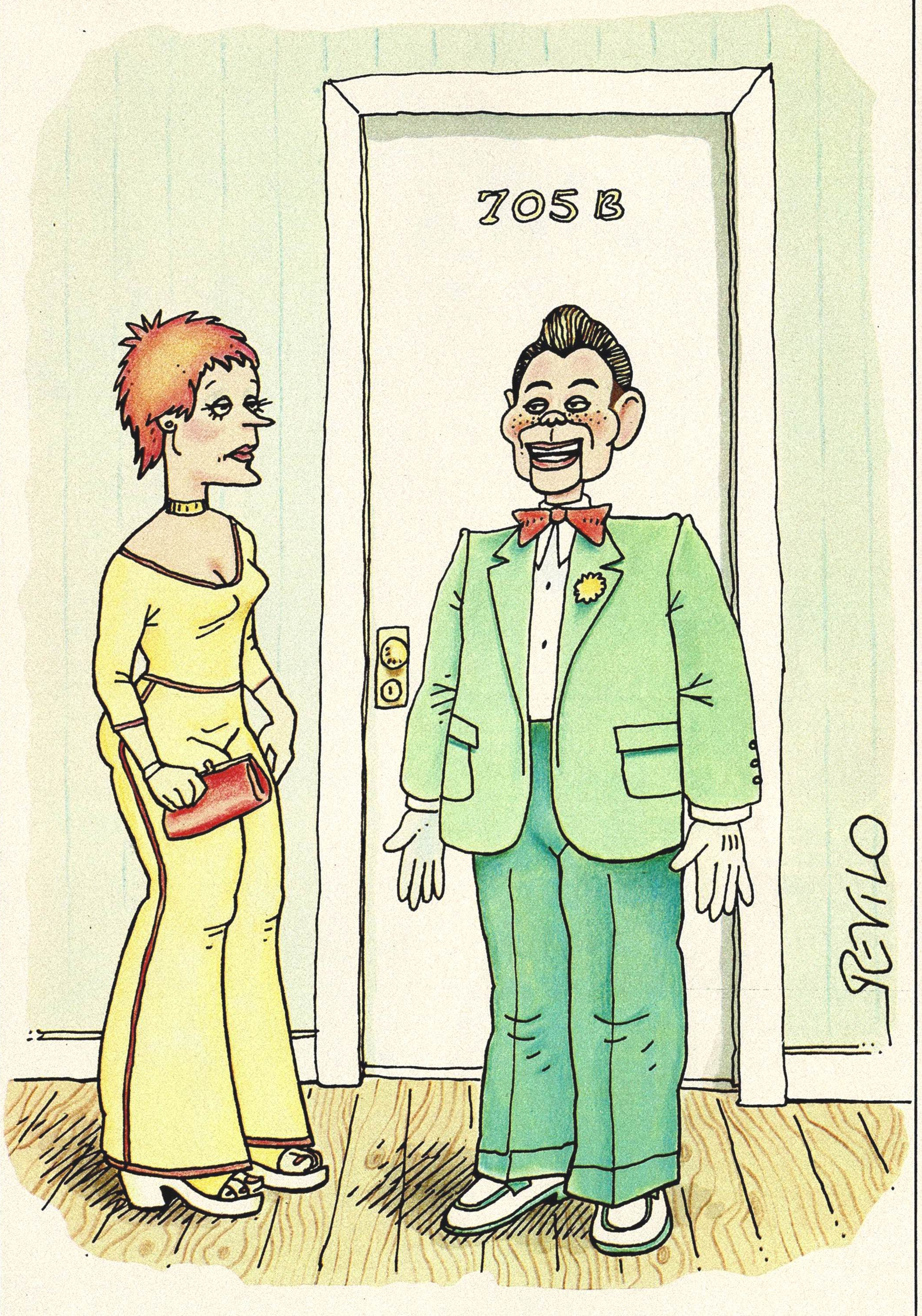


"Forget it, lady! Danny the Dummy never paid for a piece of ass in his life!"

SCHOOL
CIGARS

A shocking, firsthand report
on the drug epidemic that is killing
increasing numbers of our
children—at increasingly young ages.

TWELVE YEARS OLD AND FEELING NO PAIN

BY ALLAN SONNENSCHEIN

Saturday night, sometime after midnight, a telephone is ringing inside a New York City drug outreach and rehabilitation center. The storefront refuge for young drug abusers and addicts is deserted, but the automatic telephone-answering device records a hysterical and desperate child's plea for help:

"I'm a drug addict. I'm twelve years old, and I'm going to throw up fast. I need somebody to talk to. I need help. What's the use? I'm going to take two more pills, and I'm going to kill myself. Damn the whole world!"

A continent away, inside a bleak and small cell at San Diego's Juvenile Hall, a teenager named John recounts a drug history beginning when he was eleven years old. A visitor listens quietly as John recites the litany of drugs he has either ingested or injected into his system ("crystal meth, coke, pills, pot"), and the many criminal acts he has committed to support his habits that have made him no stranger to Southern California juvenile jails, when John abruptly pauses in mid-sentence:

"You know, I would really have gotten away from drugs if they [his parents] had asked me, but nobody had ever asked me to stop. Oh yeah," John fights to keep his voice from breaking, "I would have went away from it."

There is a childhood disease in America called drug abuse, and in the last several years it has reached epidemic proportions. Each year, as the statistics from all over the country will reveal, the onset of the disease begins at a younger and younger age. Dr. G. Thomas Gitchoff, criminologist, who holds a clinical professorship in psychiatry at the University of California, San Diego, and a professorship of criminal-justice administration at San Diego State University, told *Penthouse*: "The amount of serious substance abuse among preteens and early adolescents is underreported and vir-

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID KENNEDY

tually an invisible offense, similar to what incest and child abuse were ten years ago."

Drug-abuse expert Dr. Joel Henderson, assistant professor at San Diego State University, revealed similar findings: "Where escape through mind- and mood-altering substances is not uncommon, fifth- and sixth-graders are known to emulate their parents' drug-abusing habits. The opportunity and availability to use marijuana, 'Sherms' (angel dust), amphetamines, and alcohol is as common today as was the surreptitious smoking of Lucky Strikes twenty-five years ago."

The statistics and testimonies from drug experts across the nation lend support to Henderson's conclusion. In a 1980 survey of San Diego drug clinics, almost 30 percent of all admissions reported first using illegal drugs before they turned sixteen. Over 15 percent of all those admitted for heroin abuse said they began using the drug when they were fifteen years old or younger. Marijuana was the primary drug used by over 82 percent of the minors admitted to San Diego clinics.

In 1978 New York State's Division of Substance Abuse Services studied the drug habits of the state's 1.8 million public and parochial students in grades seven through twelve, approximately twelve to seventeen years of age. The results were staggering and frightening: 960,000, or more than 50 percent of New York's junior- and senior-high schoolers, acknowledged marijuana use. Dr. Mitchell S. Rosenthal, president of Phoenix House Foundation, estimated that nearly a third of the students had experimented with the drug by the time they were thirteen.

Another 275,000 students admitted to experimenting and using deadly PCP (angel dust). As we will see, many of these angel-dust abusers are found among the youngest students.

As cocaine abuse has become more widespread among adults over the last several years, indeed becoming the so-called social drug, its use has increased among younger members of society. The New York State survey revealed that more than 155,000 of the 1.8 million students had varying degrees of involvement with cocaine. The most dangerous trend observed in the New York State survey was the increase of poly-drug abuse. Nearly 360,000 of the youngsters acknowledged using between two and four different substances. About 47,000 of them were using heroin.

New York State is not exceptional when it comes to children and drugs. A nationwide drug epidemic among the young was found in the 1979 drug survey conducted by the National Institute on Drug Abuse (NIDA). Of the over 7 million twelve- to seventeen-year-olds who have admitted marijuana smoking, over 2 million of them had indulged in the drug before their sixteenth birthday.

The 1979 NIDA study showed a dramatic and alarming increase in drug abuse by twelve- to seventeen-year-olds in this country. Since 1972, the number of youths who had used marijuana or cocaine during the past month more than doubled, as did the abuse of inhalants such as glue and varnish. LSD, mescaline, and other hallucinogens were ingested during the past month by 57 percent more youths than reported doing so seven years earlier. As alarming as these figures are, persons involved in the drug world—abusers, police, counselors, and psychologists—all agree that the drug problem among the young is even worse than the statistics indicate.

Carmen could easily pass for sixteen years of age—petite, brown-eyed, with long black hair, and attractive. Carmen, however, is in her mid-twenties and quite articulate about drug abuse among teenagers in the Los Angeles area. Carmen is also an undercover narcotics officer assigned to the city's juvenile narcotics division. These officers spend a good part of their day in the bleak world of drugs, and they believe that drug abuse among the young is epidemic.

> "I'm a drug addict.
> I'm twelve years old and I'm
> going to throw up
> fast . . . take two more pills
> and I'm going to kill
> myself. Damn the whole world."

When asked if the National Institute on Drug Abuse underestimates the problem with youngsters, one of the officers chuckles sadly and says, "Very much so." Carmen and other L.A. undercover narcotics officers are of the opinion that "about 80 percent" of the city's youth are smoking marijuana. However, marijuana may be the least of the drug problem.

Carmen reports, "I had an incident where I went and purchased heroin from a fifteen-year-old. It took place on the high-school campus. He was also a user, and I thought that was pretty alarming. He never said how long he had been using heroin, but he had track marks. I saw them, and thought he'd been using it maybe a year or so. He was getting pretty heavy into it. He was dealing heroin right in the school, and I knew of at least three others who were using the drug."

After telling us how the fifteen-year-old was arrested, the attractive undercover cop shook her head in disgust. "Parents don't keep their kids under hand too much. They let them get loose, and they fall into the wrong hands. They're very vulnerable. I think that there is some peer pressure, if they are weak, but I think that the parents should keep a real good eye on them. They should come in and try to help them when they are weak. Every kid experiments with drugs, but some kids get to like it, and there they go.

"I think that they should have more classes in the schools to tell them what happens when they use drugs. Classes that they have to take, are required to take. Some are just not aware of what drugs will do to them. Oh, it will get them high, they know, but they don't know what it will do to their bodies. They don't know."

Lt. Don LaGuardia at first appearances is the stereotypical cop: big and beefy, with short hair and a weary face that reveals the horrors he wishes he had not seen in the more than twenty-five years he has served on the police force. But Don LaGuardia is not anyone's stereotypical cop. He has a soft-spoken compassion for the thousands of unfortunate juveniles who come through his doors at the juvenile narcotics division he oversees.

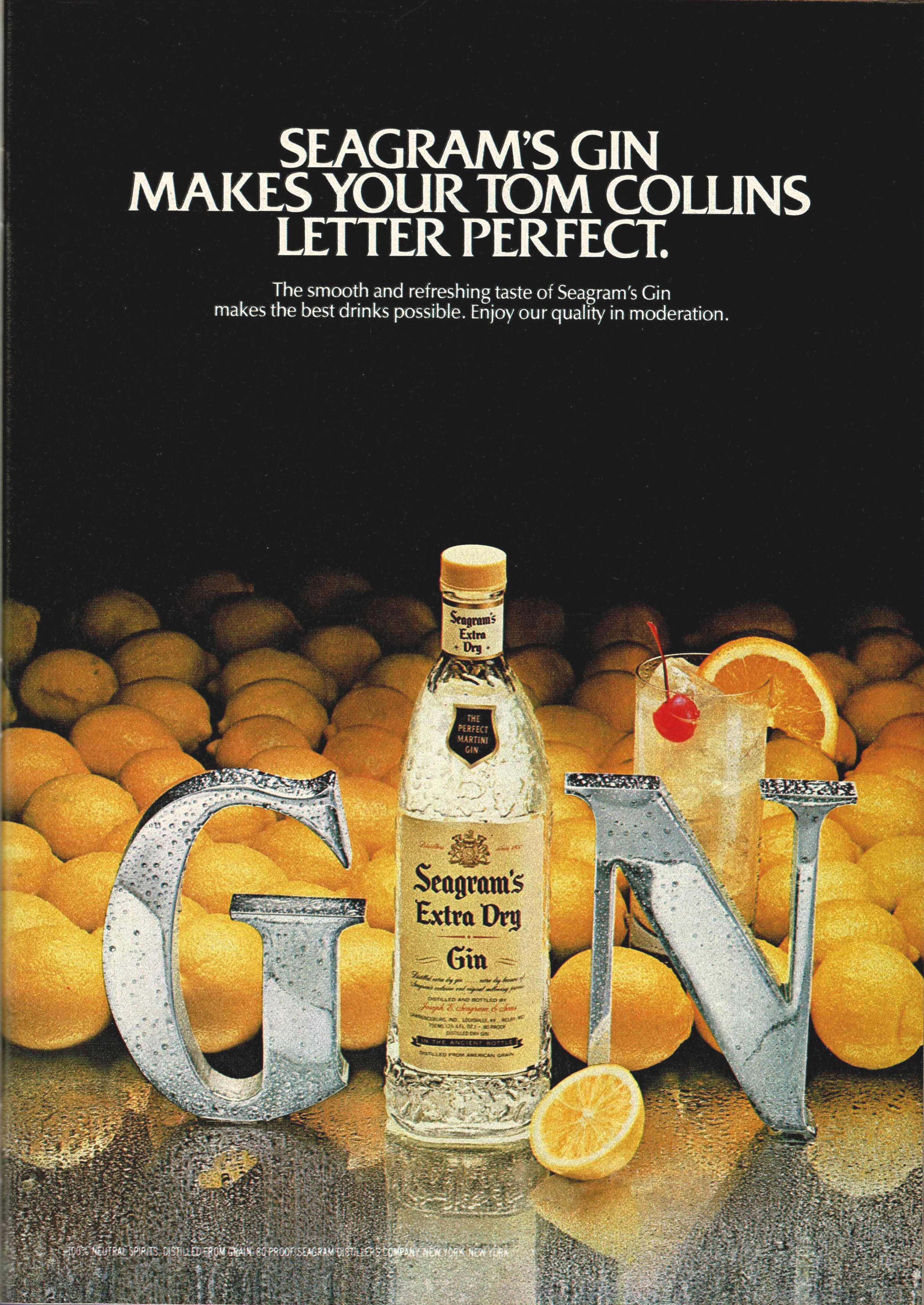
Los Angeles is the only major city that has a separate, specialized juvenile narcotics detail. "We are interested in any child who has a drug problem," LaGuardia said. "Whether he's caught with one joint, a pill—whatever he's caught with, that's the kid we're interested in."

LaGuardia and his narcotics officers are not seeking to throw children into jail, but when youngsters are arrested, the officers spend time talking to them and their parents. What LaGuardia and his team are interested in is the drug dealer—those who are selling drugs in junior- and senior-high schools. Since his program began in 1974, more than 2,000 dealers of drugs to adolescents have been arrested. Unfortunately, most of them have been youngsters themselves.

On a recent afternoon in Los Angeles, inside his small office, LaGuardia explained the drug situation in his city as it applies to the young: "In a nutshell, the problem is marijuana. When you're talking about juvenile drug abuse, you're talking about marijuana. Probably 90 percent of the time the problem is marijuana."

LaGuardia shook his head in frustration to a question about marijuana not being so dangerous. "It's a whole subculture. For one thing, the side effects, the harmful side effects," he emphasized, "have only become known in the last few years. It's a devastating drug. It's cumulative in the body's fatty cells. It stays with you. They know that it causes damage to the brain cells. They know that it causes some chromosome damage. It's just a bad, bad drug."

Of greatest concern to the Los Angeles narcotics officer has been the age of earliest drug experimentation. "I'll do a little drug survey. What's the first drug you have used and how old were you? Invariably, 99.9 percent of the time it is marijua-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na. However, the age of first use has been dropping. It has been dropping steadily every time we do the survey. We had been doing it every six months, but we haven't done it for a year now. The last time we did do it, the starting age for marijuana was 12.3 years of age." LaGuardia readily agreed that some of the kids could be as young as eight, nine, or ten years old.

That younger children are getting involved with drugs was borne out to *Penthouse* by Paco, Sal, Morty, and Patty, four New York City undercover narcotics officers. While not limited to juvenile narcotics offenders, their recent encounters included many with younger children. Paco recalled a recent drug bust: "We were by the Long Island Railroad, where the older guys hang out in the streets. You know, about eighteen- and nineteen-year-olds. Because they already know our guys and cars and they don't want to get busted, here's what they do. My sergeant wanted me to go out and purchase a nickel bag [five dollars' worth] of marijuana. So I went out and met three guys. I asked them for marijuana. One of them directed me to go around the corner. Lo and behold, there is this kid who was kneeling down against the wall. I'm going by, and I don't see anyone. I'm just shaking my head. The kid says, 'Are you looking for some smoke?' I said, 'Yeah, who has it?'

"Well, I'm looking at him, and he looks like he's twelve years old. So I said, 'Do you have anything?' and he says, 'Yeah.' I just looked at him, and said I had someplace else to go. I got on my radio to tell my supervisor about it. He couldn't believe it, so he sent out Hernandez just to check it out. And they checked it out. When they came back, they said, 'No, the kid's not twelve, he's ten.' "

If drug users are getting younger, they are also getting more reckless. It would be difficult to find a more dangerous and harmful drug than PCP, and despite all the publicized warnings about the substance, greater numbers of children are making it their drug of choice. Sal, a New York City undercover narcotics officer, expressed alarm over the increased use of angel dust.

"They're white, middle-class kids, twelve and thirteen years old. A lot of it isn't printed, but in the emergency wards is where you find out what happens to PCP takers. You can go out on any given day and arrest the sellers, and they're back out or somebody else has taken their spots right after they've been busted."

If there is one expert about angel dust and the kids who subject themselves to its horrors, it is Father Coleman Costello. Father Costello has been dubbed "the angel-dust priest" of New York, and could easily be mistaken for a character out of central casting in an updated version of the movie *Boys Town.* A bear of a man, well over six feet tall and 200 pounds, only the brightest of blue eyes contradicting his rough exterior and thick New York City accent, Father Coleman has spent more than a decade saving children from drugs. Angel-dust victims are his special concern.

Father Costello runs a drug outreach center in Queens, N.Y., a borough that is called the "angel-dust capital of the world" by a young drug abuser. Rather than sit behind a desk in his cluttered and cramped office, Father Costello spends most of his time out in the streets with the drug dealers and users who have come to trust him over the years. He does not preach to them, but lets them know that he is available when they need help. And, more times than not, they do come for help. As the angel-dust priest is fond of saying, "You pay for it now, or you pay for it later."

Father Costello explained: "Angel dust is an animal tranquilizer. It is used by a person for God knows whatever reason, especially when he sees what the effects are on his brothers and sisters. I have had kids say to me many times that they don't know why they do it. They seem unable to control themselves in regard to this particular drug. It is one of the only drugs that can be absorbed anywhere there is an opening in the body. It can be used in suppository form, smoked, snorted, or injected. That kids will use anything like that, you can only question why. If you ask them why, they can't give you an answer. As a matter of fact, when they start to use it they lose control. They get very depressed and have suicidal ideation. If you try to talk to a kid like that and use confrontation, you can't do it, because they don't respond to it. I'll give you an example.

"I had a kid whose parents were very well educated, very nice, very concerned. Their son was arrested in a stolen car. The kid was 'dusted,' and didn't know where he was when arrested. We went to court, and the judge gave us the kid. The condition of his release was that he place himself in a drug program. The judge said, 'I want you to go home, and I want you in that program at six o'clock tonight. Get your clothes now.' At ten after five the kid called me up, and said, 'Father, could I go to the drug program tomorrow?' I said no, that the judge wanted him there at six o'clock that night. The kid then says, 'Father, could I go to the drug program tomorrow?' I repeated that he had to be at the program that night. He then said, 'Father, can I go to the drug program tomorrow?'

"In other words, there is no memory of prior conversation [by angel-dust users]. That is why it is so difficult to deal with a person who does angel dust. As a matter of fact, a lot of programs aren't prepared to deal with an individual who is out of control like that. It is only after a kid gets arrested and spends a week or two in jail, coming down from the effects of the drug, that we are able to get him to realize that he doesn't have much of a choice."

Sal's and Father Costello's alarm over

CONTINUED ON PAGE 144

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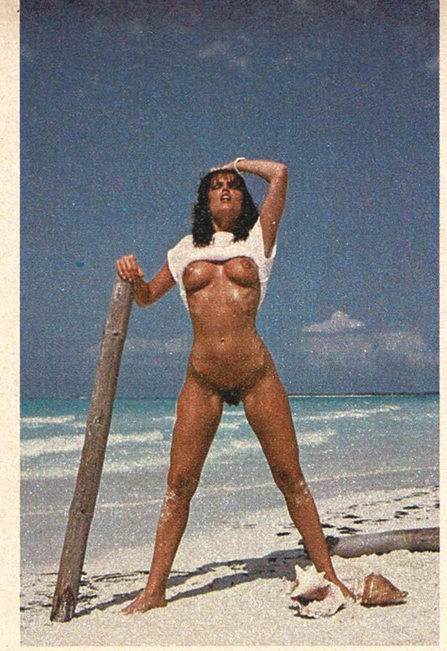
CASTLE IN THE SAND

British-born and-bred Carol Simpson has one prevailing passion: she absolutely worships the sun. Though she works in London as a much sought-after model, her life there is much too tame. It's the French Riviera sunshine that turns her on—turns her into something of a sand devil.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHEL MOREAU

Naturally—as the hottest beach front property around—Carol has to stay wet to cool down. At right, she relaxes after a round of volleyball; frankly, we'd prefer a sedentary sport for two.

Like burying Carol in the sand—using a teaspoon for a shovel! *She* prefers simply floating in the ocean alone, wearing nothing but her inner tube...



One drawback, though: she's always attacked by sharks—the kind wearing snorkels and swim trunks. Though frankly fond of her astonishing 37-24-36 assets, our castle in the sand does feel they detract from her other hidden talents. She can tap-dance up a sandstorm, for one thing. And sing nearly as well as her idol, Pat Benatar.

Her fantasy is to star in a musical-comedy film, with the likes of Mick Jagger or Rod Stewart vying for her hand. Okay with us. We'll settle, however sadly, for the rest of her!

When it comes to
extracurricular erotica, boys
will *always* be boys

10
GREATEST COLLEGE SEX SCANDALS

BY RICHARD O'CONNOR

1. North Carolina: Xmas With the Zets
Around eight o'clock on the evening of December 2, 1979, in the white, colonial-styled frat house of Zeta Psi near the campus of the University of North Carolina, the Zets were getting ready for their annual Christmas party.

By all accounts, the Zets were legendary revelers. But their Yuletide extravaganzas transcended ordinary blasts. It was said to be a nonstop music-booze-and-sex jamboree. In other words, it was a fucking free-for-all. All of which explains why the Zets' charter had been revoked for “excessive rowdiness” the previous year.

Be that as it may, the Zets were back in action, and they had invited the sisters of Duke University's Alpha Omicron Pi sorority to the Christmas festivities. In the crowded annals of collegiate horror shows, this would be a night to remember.

“We were a new sorority,” recalls Kathy Rauth, then Alpha Omicron president. “In fact, we had just colonized that September. As it turned out, one of the sisters knew some of the Zets. So when

PAINTING BY JEAN-MARIE POUMEYROL

they called about the party, telling us they were going to have a Santa Claus and a tree, we thought, why not? It was a non-Duke frat and, besides, it sounded very nice. In truth, we expected them to be in shirts and ties."

But hadn't the sisters heard of the Zet's reputation?

"No, we really hadn't," says Rauth. "And that's because we were new and from Duke. Unfortunately, we found out firsthand."

The Christmas tree was the totem and the taboo. The assorted crazies at Zets had decked their evergreen with sanitary napkins dipped in ketchup, condoms filled with crushed cucumber, and lurid centerfolds from various girlie magazines. Under the tree they tastefully arrayed boxes of Kotex; on the walls were boxer shorts with carved cucumbers protruding from the middle and dripping white, gooey stuff.

Around ten o'clock the sisters arrived. Wide smiles. Yuletide greetings. Putting on the airs of Eddie Haskell, the brothers politely took the women's coats, offered them drinks (Hawaiian Punch spiked with grain alcohol), and directed them toward the tree. Upon seeing this crude spectacle the women's eyes grew larger than basketballs. "It was gross, disgusting," recalls Rauth. "But we didn't leave, because they had seemed so nice and polite at the door. Besides, we figured we could take a dirty joke."

For about an hour or so, the fifty-odd partygoers sat around, shooting the breeze and downing tubfuls of "punch." Then Santa Claus appeared. He sat down and began dispensing presents. To one brother he gave a condom the size of a duffel bag. To another, he gave a penis extender. To still another, he gave a Barbie Doll that the brother began rubbing and grinding against his crotch.

Near the end of the gift giving, Santa presented the house food manager with a bag of manure wrapped in cellophane. Hooting and howling, the brothers started tossing the bag around the room until it finally landed on the lap of one of the women.

By then, the sisters of Alpha Omicron had had enough. They stood up in a group and insisted on leaving. But they couldn't find their coats. Even worse, they couldn't exit because doorknobs had been removed.

Then all hell broke loose. "It was pandemonium, bedlam," says Rauth. The music was blaring. The brothers were howling. And the girls were screaming for their coats. But instead of handing over the coats, the brothers hosed them down with water. In minutes, everything was soaking wet, and the brothers were "hydroplaning"—sliding along the floor atop vinyl seat cushions—throughout the house. The sisters, according to Rauth, were knocked about like bowling pins.

Meanwhile, a Zet, eyes aflame from whiskey, came boogeying down the stairs, wearing only tennis sneakers and a down vest. He made a diving leap at a coed. The two crashed to the floor. The brother grinded against the girl's body as the girl writhed and wriggled to get free. Fortunately, some other brothers raced over and pulled him off. But nearby, according to Rauth, another crazy bastard dropped his drawers, flopped out his dingus, and roared, "Here, babe, suck this." As he lunged at his unlucky victim, she backed up and fell down the stairs.

"At that point I was really fearful," says Rauth. "I wasn't afraid of being raped, but I was afraid someone was going to get seriously hurt."

In time, some of the sisters escaped down the fire escape. Others were freed when someone happened to come in through the front door. The women ran wildly to their cars and headed out of Chapel Hill.

"I got back on campus pretty late, but I was so upset that I called the deans at U.N.C. and Duke and got them both out of bed," says Rauth. "I told them what had happened and that I would not let the issue drop."

And Rauth didn't, though she received many—many—calls urging her to do so. Some Zets even paid an apology visit and asked her to let bygones be bygones. She adamantly refused.

"It was disgusting what they did to us," Rauth says now. Her voice rises. "Even now as I talk about it, I start to shake."

Eventually, an investigation was held, and in February U.N.C. announced that the relationship between the university and the Zets was terminated for at least three years. The fraternity lost access to counseling from the office of student affairs, the right to petition for student fees, the use of university facilities as a group, and, lastly, the right to represent themselves as having any connections with the university.

By all indications, Zeta Psi got off easy. "It was disgusting how they traumatized those girls and got away with it," says one professor. "It's an absolute outrage that the university didn't do more about it. But these were rich kids from affluent families, and you have to understand there is a good-ol'-boy aristocracy operating here."

Kathy Rauth couldn't agree more. "The whole thing was political," she says. "It was a matter of powerful alumni coming to the rescue of their sons. I guess they figured boys will be boys. It's a shame nothing was done about it, a real shame."

Of course, the brothers don't see it that way at all. As a matter of fact some of them feel the party wasn't wild at all. "In no way did the party live up to normal standards," remarks an unrepentant Zet. "Hell, compared to most years, that party was like a boy-scout meeting."

2. Naval Academy: Orgy Ahoy!

In the early morning of November 22,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 182

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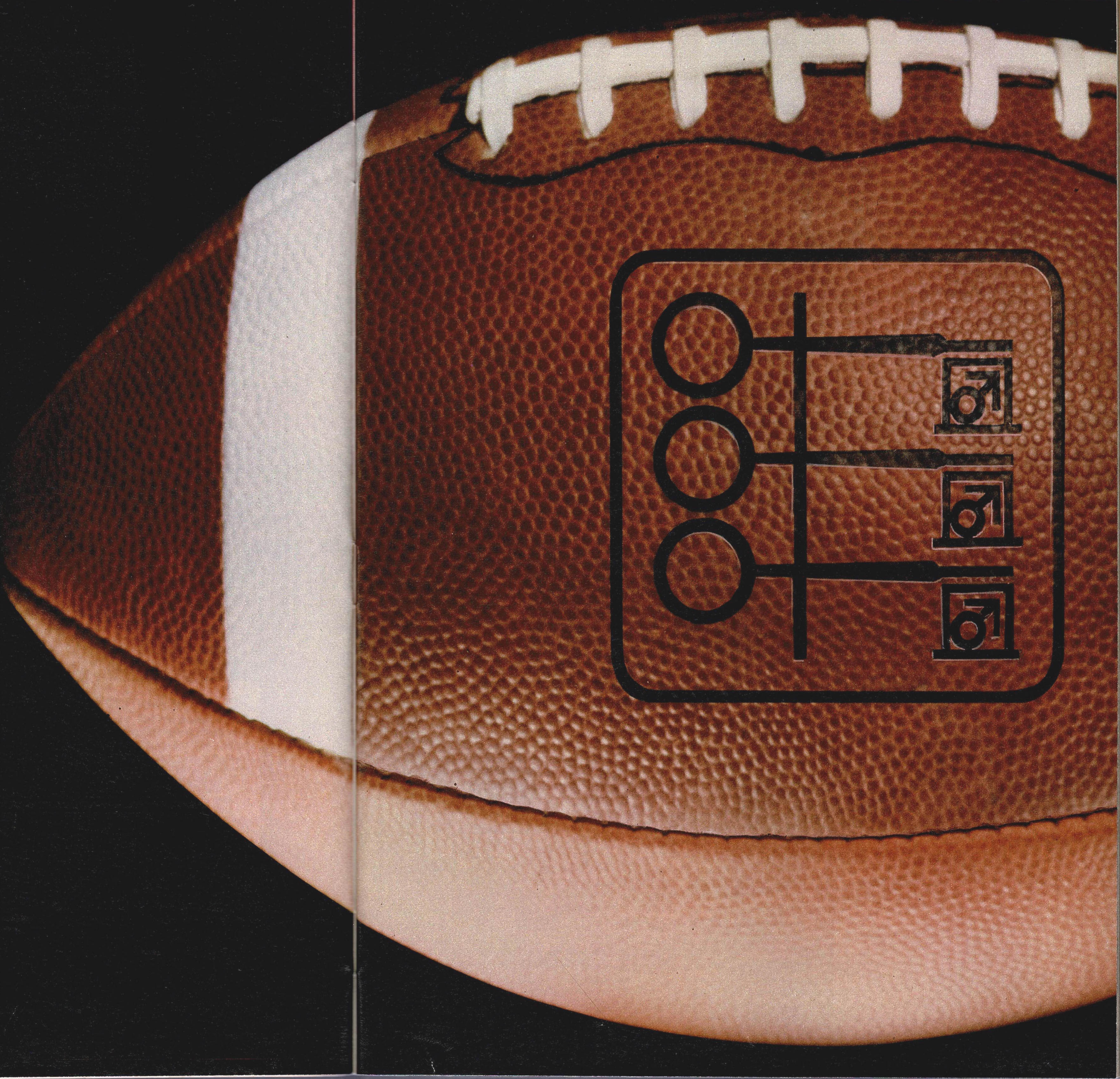
THE PENTHOUSE 20 WORST

COLLEGE FOOTBALL TEAMS OF 1982-83.

BY LARRY LINDERMAN

Before I reveal the identities of this year's sorriest college football teams, I'd like to clear up a controversy that's been raging for some time now. Almost everybody has an opinion about the purpose of a college education, but why they debate the issue es-

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN FIRMAN



capes me, for the answer is self-evident: the purpose of America's mainstream colleges is to produce winning football teams.

Just as there are many theories to prove the existence of a Jerry Falwell, I'd like to give you mine concerning football's paramount place in higher education. Since money is the best measure of value, my proofs are exclusively financial.

To begin with, major colleges annually spend more than a million dollars each year—and some spend twice that—on their football programs. If you've heard of any that spend a million on their English departments, let me know. Some universities build luxury dorms for their football teams; none has ever built one for a debating team. Football players often are introduced to alumni who subsequently furnish them with complete wardrobes; sociology majors (who need one most) can't even get a free T-shirt. Although the NCAA frowns upon it, many football players are provided with brand-new cars; the rest of the student body is prohibited from roller-skating on campus.

I've saved the most clear-cut example for last. The president of a government or a corporation—its highest-ranking executive—invariably is its highest-paid employee. At more and more colleges, however, the highest-paid employee is not the school's president.

It's the football coach.

Last winter, Texas A&M made history of a sort when it spirited coach Jackie Sherrill away from the University of Pittsburgh by offering him a six-year seven-figure contract. Sherrill's annual base salary of $240,000 is the highest ever paid to a college coach, but that doesn't make him the top money-man in NCAA coaching circles. Counting perks and endorsements, Alabama's Bear Bryant pulls down $450,000 a year, while Oklahoma's Barry Switzer, in second place, earns an annual $270,000. Sherrill is just ahead of Arkansas's Lou Holtz ($226,000), with the number-five spot occupied by Jerry Claiborne ($156,000), whose Kentucky Wildcats have a berth in this year's Worst Twenty.

The fact that football coaches earn more than college presidents has caused a great hue and cry, but not among people who know college football best. Peerless pigskin prognosticator Danny Sheridan says, "If a college has a good coach, it'll have a good football program. Winning teams make money and also convince alumni to reach for their checkbooks."

Jerry McCoin, who publishes the Athlon series of college football previews, agrees with Sheridan. "A lot of people are upset that Sherrill is making twice as much as A&M's president," he says, "but the school knew what it was doing: football pays the bills for all its other sports. Sherrill is also A&M's athletic director, so he's doing two jobs for the price of one. It's probably money well spent."

Joseph Del Popolo, editor-publisher of the annual GamePlan college and pro previews, has a slightly different slant on all this. "It's a matter of supply and demand," he observes. "I can't criticize the money made by coaches like Bryant, Switzer, and Sherrill, because they're the best in their field. They do a lot for their players and there's also a profit motive involved, so they're worth what they get. At the same time, what do you say to a teacher with a master's degree who can't start out for more than $12,500 a year? That our society isn't really interested in attracting and keeping the best possible people to teach our kids?"

That's *exactly* what you say, because it's the truth. I'm not so rash as to think teachers should earn as much as the coaches, but they ought to be paid as well as the players. Some months back, Notre Dame basketball coach Digger Phelps reported that many college basketball and football players receive hefty amounts of under-the-table cash, and that a decent college running back is worth $25,000 a year. Maybe *that's* why the salaries of football coaches have soared so high: it is, after all, hard to retain authority over undergraduates who make more money than you do.

On to this year's list of losers:

NORTHWESTERN

(1) NORTHWESTERN For the second year in a row—and the third time in four seasons—Northwestern will field the very worst college football team in America. In the last six years, the Wildcats have compiled an ineradicably inept record of 2 wins, 1 tie, and 64 defeats. In '81, the Purple and White was a perfect 0-11, thereby establishing a new NCAA losing streak of 31 in a row. That record probably will be extended to 42 when the current season is over, for the Wildcats are gluttons for punishment. Last season, with a veteran defense, they gave up a mind-boggling 505 points. The numbers weren't pretty, sports fans. Northwestern was wiped out by such scores as 70-6, 64-0, 61-14, 52-0, and 42-0. This year's Wildcat defenders are younger and less experienced, but it's hard to see how they can be more maladroit than their '81 counterparts. In its own way, Northwestern's offense was even worse. The Wildcats scored only 82 points despite a passing attack that netted nearly 200 yards a game. They won't be nearly so potent this fall, for starting quarterback Mike Kerrigan has graduated, as have six other starters from the offensive unit. To have any hope at all, the Wildcats will have to generate some kind of running attack, but don't hold your breath. Last year's ground game accounted for a pitiful 44.8 yards a game, and that was with the aid of a seasoned offensive line. How can the Wildcats begin winning? If they remain in the Big Ten and don't begin lowering their academic requirements, they can't.

(2) COLORADO STATE Last fall, Colorado State stunned the sports world by becoming the first college ever to finish a football season with a record of 0-12. That was enough for the school to hand coach Sarkis Arslanian his walking papers and to put out a call for a new sacrificial lamb. The incoming coach's name is Leon Fuller, and he inherits a truly lousy football team. Fuller comes to Fort Collins after spending five years as defensive coordinator at the University of Texas, and he certainly has his work cut out for him. In '81, the Rams gave up an average of 41 points per game in the course of being routed almost every time out. Fuller is installing a four-three defense while also slotting in six new defensive starters, and at this point nothing except his résumé presages a more intractable defense. CSU's offense, meanwhile, will remain a lost cause. Last year the Green and Gold rushed for less than 57 yards a game, and unless freshman running back Scott Ward can pick up the slack, CSU will go nowhere on the ground. For that matter, the Rams don't figure to go very far in the air. Junior quarterbacks Terry Nugent and Tom Thenell are both sub-50-percent passers, which is no surprise when you consider that opposing teams don't have to worry about the run. Welcome to hard times, Leon.

PENNSYLVANIA

(3) PENNSYLVANIA Pennsylvania's football program is like a thoroughbred with four shattered legs: destroying it would be an act of kindness. Penn was 1-9 last year and again would have finished last in the Ivy League if Columbia (which beat the Quakers 20-9) hadn't caught last-minute bad breaks in several encounters. This fall Penn will be back in the Ivy cellar, mostly because its defense is about as menacing as TV's Richard Simmons. In '81, the Red and Blue allowed opponents 32.8 points per game, and there's every reason to believe that on defense, the Quakers will continue to play like wimps. Their offense is nothing to write home about either. Penn broke into double figures only four times last fall. Steve Rubin, the team's leading rusher and second-leading receiver, returns for his final season, and coach Jerry Berndt appears to have another legitimate running back in sophomore Steve Ortman, who averaged 4.8 yards a carry for Penn's freshmen. Karl Hall, who caught 38 passes in '81, will also be back, and if

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quarterbacks Gary Vura and John Papenfuss can improve their throwing accuracy, Hall will do even better. But that won't matter much in the long run, for Pennsylvania doesn't have the manpower to compete successfully with its Ivy League colleagues. The Quakers are awfully tough at Scrabble, however.

THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS AT EL PASO
UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS
EL PASO

(4) U.T.E.P. Danny Sheridan, the football maven from Mobile, this year picks the University of Texas at El Paso as the worst team in the entire Southwest. Sheridan's report:

"It's long been rumored that U.T.E.P.'s football program is secretly funded by the rest of the schools in the Western Athletic Conference. I don't know if that's true, but I do know that every WAC school just *loves* to get its hands on the Miners. In the last seven years, U.T.E.P. has won only 3 conference games while losing 44. Brigham Young University seems to delight in dismantling the Miners; in their last five meetings B.Y.U. has outscored U.T.E.P. 291-41. The Miners have gone through five coaches in the last ten years, but apparently some things never change. During that time U.T.E.P.'s record was 14-98, and they'll be up to their usual tricks this fall. First-year coach Bill Yung welcomes back (if that's the term for it) a defense that gave up more than 40 points a game last year, and more abuse is in the offing. The best that can be said about U.T.E.P.'s defensive players is that they're the same size as their opponents. Things will go better on offense this year, mostly because junior quarterback Brad McEachern is a 63-percent passer and has five good receivers to throw to. Naturally, Yung has brought in a small army of junior-college transfers, and let's hope a few of them pan out for the Miners. Las Vegas odds-makers don't think they will."

OREGON STATE

(5) OREGON STATE Since taking over at Oregon State two years ago, coach Joe Avezzano has racked up exactly one win, but since the victim was Fresno State, it doesn't really count. The Pac-Ten's living doormat, O.S.U. doesn't really belong on the same football field as most of its conference foes. The Beavers' main accomplishment last year was inadvertently to prove the efficacy of supply-side economics. They did that by perfecting their now famous trickle-down offense: after running up five-touchdown leads, opponents would send in their clowns, thus allowing the Beavers to produce a few touchdowns of their own. Unfortunately, Reaganomics offers no cure for a defense that gave up better than six touchdowns a game. The Beavers' only hope of keeping scores respectable will be to play ball control. Senior quarterback Ed Singler is a nifty passer (118 completions out of 220 attempts last year), but his two leading receivers have graduated, and unless several newcomers work out O.S.U.'s air show could turn into a horror show. The running game will again be paced by durable fullback Randy Holmes, and early reports indicate that Avezzano may have a future star in all-American high-school running back A. J. Ross. He'll help, but not nearly enough to keep the Beavers from getting their tails shot off.

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA 1819
VIRGINIA

(6) VIRGINIA Fresh from the playing fields of Annapolis, incoming head coach George Welsh has predicted that his University of Virginia football team will win more often than it loses. Brave talk, George, but that's all it is. Unfortunately for Welsh, he takes over a motley crew that went 1-10 in '81, and all signs point to a similar showing this season. Virginia has a capable quarterback in senior Gordie Whitehead, who'll again be throwing to tight end Kevin Riccio and flanker Henry Johnson, but that's about all the offense Welsh can count on. Last year's Cavaliers rushed for only three touchdowns, which says less about their ballcarriers than it does about their impotent offensive line. Still, if oft-injured tailback Quentin Walker can remain ambulatory—and if freshman running back Charles McDaniel lives up to his press clippings—the Orange and Blue will upgrade its '81 scoring pace of 10 points a game. That, such as it is, is the good news. The bad news is that all-American end Stuart Anderson and six other defensive starters have graduated, and coming up with adequate replacements for them this year is a little too much to hope for. The Cavaliers were blown out of only two games in '81, but they won't be nearly so formidable this time around. Hush, hush, sweet Charlottesville.

EASTERN
MICHIGAN

(7) EASTERN MICHIGAN The rest of the Mid-American Conference gets stronger every year, but at Eastern Michigan, things remain the same: horrible. In '81 the Hurons were 0 for 11, and don't expect much improvement this season. Eastern Michigan's entire defensive platoon returns intact, but that's not saying a lot. The Hurons gave up more than four touchdowns a game last fall, and their defense is in dire need of fresh blood. Linebackers David Marshall and Joe Iliano were the team's leading tacklers in '81, and if coach Mike Stock had a few more like them he could feel more secure in his job. The Huron offense loses only one starter, split end Jeff Dackin, but he was the school's leading receiver during the last two seasons. Dackin will be missed, because EMU's offense needs all the help it can get: in '81, the Hurons averaged just eight points a game. The team's top scoring threats are quarterback J. F. Green, a 58-percent passer, and tailback Ricky Calhoun, but that's about all the talent Stock can count on. Last season Calhoun rushed for 971 yards; the rest of E.M.U.'s running backs gained 61 yards. The Hurons will be lucky to hold on to their hair.

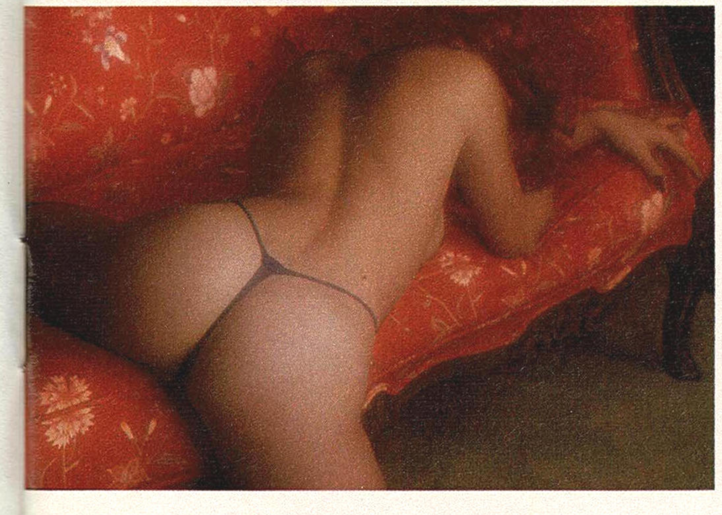
RUTGERS
UNIVERSITY

(8) RUTGERS Rutgers is the Diana Barrymore of college football: its schedule is a classic example of too much, too soon. A few years back, the school's athletic department decided that Rutgers quickly could become a national gridiron power, and the Scarlet Knights of New Brunswick, N.J., are now paying for that presumption. In '81, Rutgers finished 5-6, its first losing season in more than a decade. (Did anyone seriously expect them to hang tough against Alabama?) The Scarlet Knights are about to bite the bullet again, and only because they're in over their heads. Coach Frank Burns has assembled a rugged enough crew, but his boys will be overmatched against the likes of Auburn, Penn State, Pittsburgh, and West Virginia—and they'll probably continue to lose to Boston College and Temple as well. On offense, Rutgers will very much miss departed quarterback Ralph Leek, three-time rushing leader Albert Ray, and tight end Steve Pfirman. On defense, the team's front four (with two new starters) seems shaky. It will seem nonexistent if 265-pound tackle Bill Pickel, one of the best in the East, doesn't recover from the back problems that forced him out of action after six games last season. Before he sat down, the team had given up only 59 points; without Pickel, the defense was picked on for 149 points in five contests. Even with him, however, the Scarlet Knights just aren't ready to joust with giants.

US AIR FORCE
ACADEMY

(9) AIR FORCE ACADEMY As usual, the Air Force football team is looking good. The Falcons have beautiful silver-and-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 164



LAURIE

❛I really like my bottom. It's a buffer zone between me and the world of hard knocks . . .❜

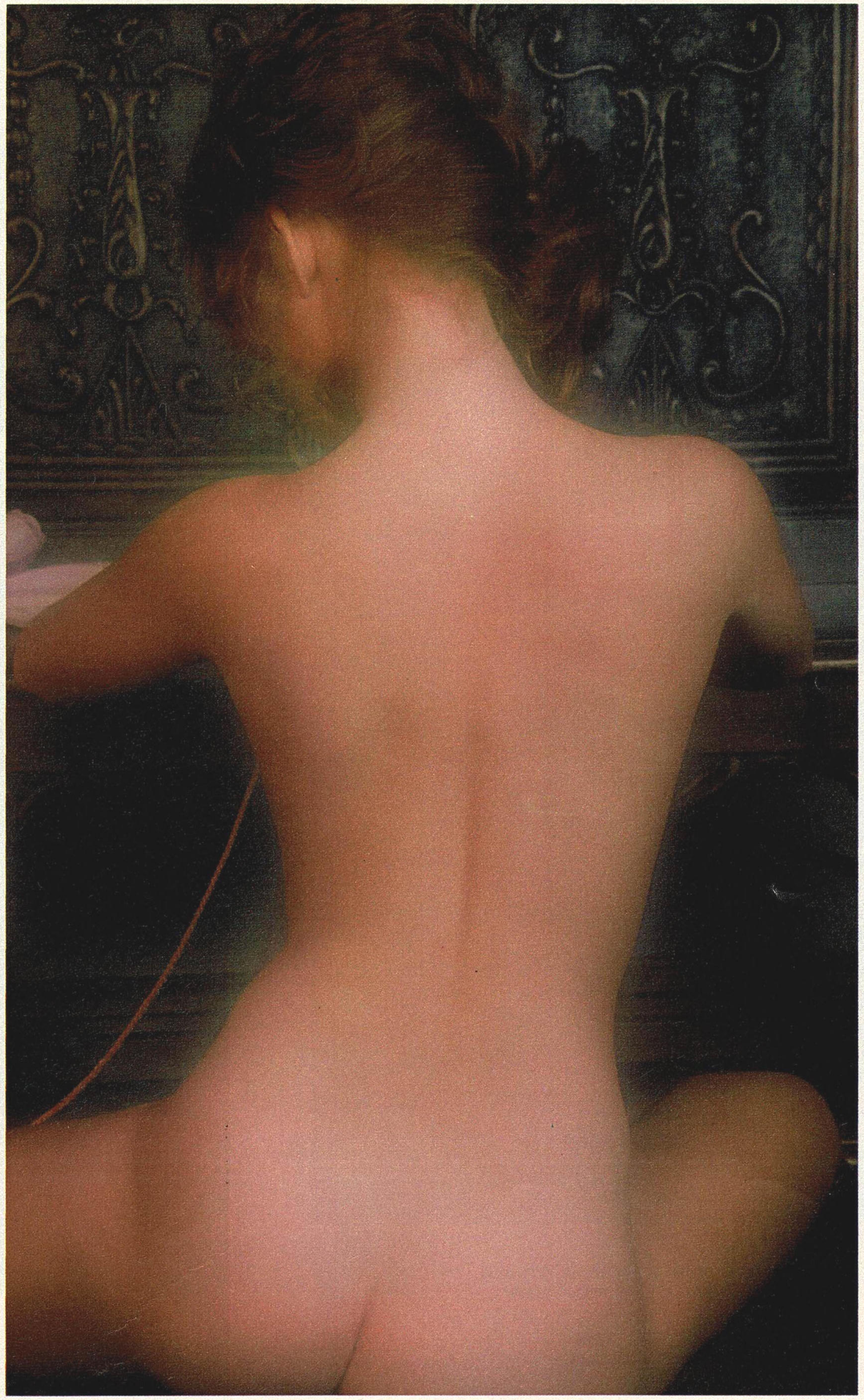
REDHEADED STRANGER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARL WACHTER

Making a good living is a snap—literally—for October Pet of the Month Laurie L'Oranger. "I work in Vegas night spots taking Polaroids of customers. They get service with a smile, and tip accordingly." Even if you haven't been to Vegas, you may recognize Laurie as our June 1982 cover girl. True, riveted by her lissome 35-23-35 inches, you may have overlooked her ravishing red hair . . .

Makeup and hair by Steve Reiley

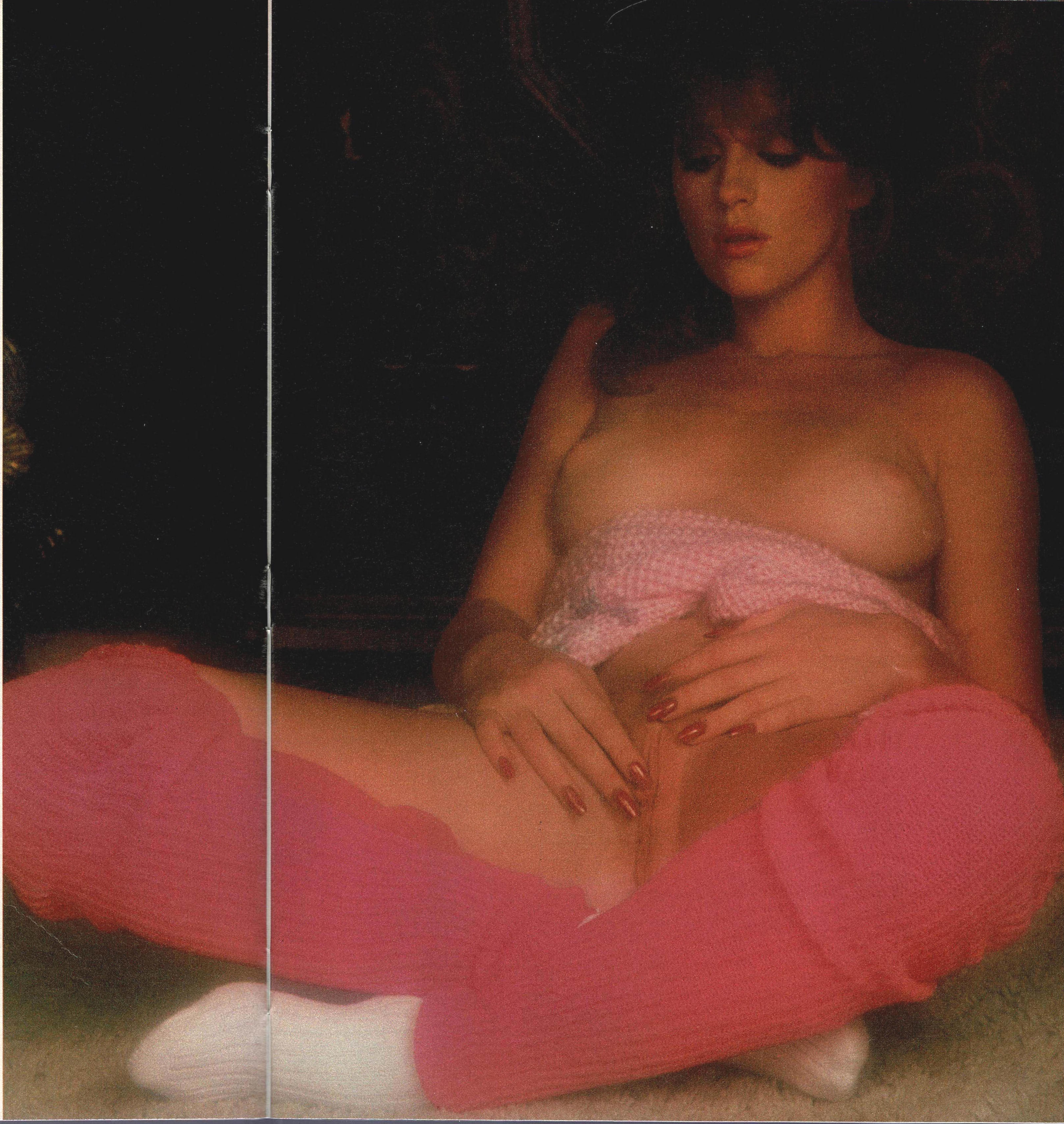
Or missed the slanting green eyes, the moist, pouting mouth, the. . . "Oh, stop it!" she blushes, embarrassed. "I was a homely, skinny, frizzy-haired carrot-top in grade school. My ears stuck out so much the kids called me Dumbo and asked if I could fly."

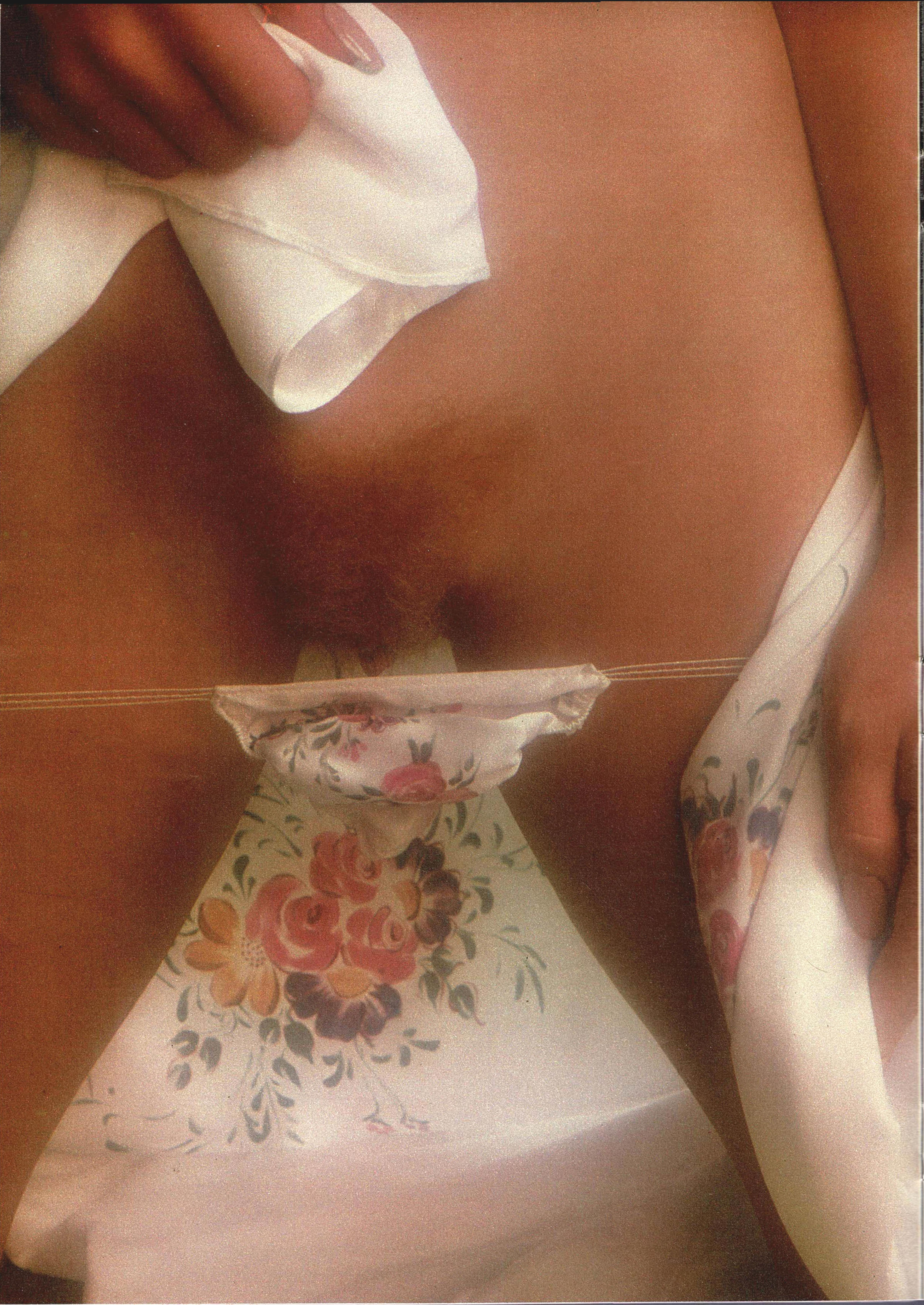


They probably wanted to fly away home with her, we conjecture, hinting broadly. "Maybe for a visit," she warns, "but I'd never let a man stay long."

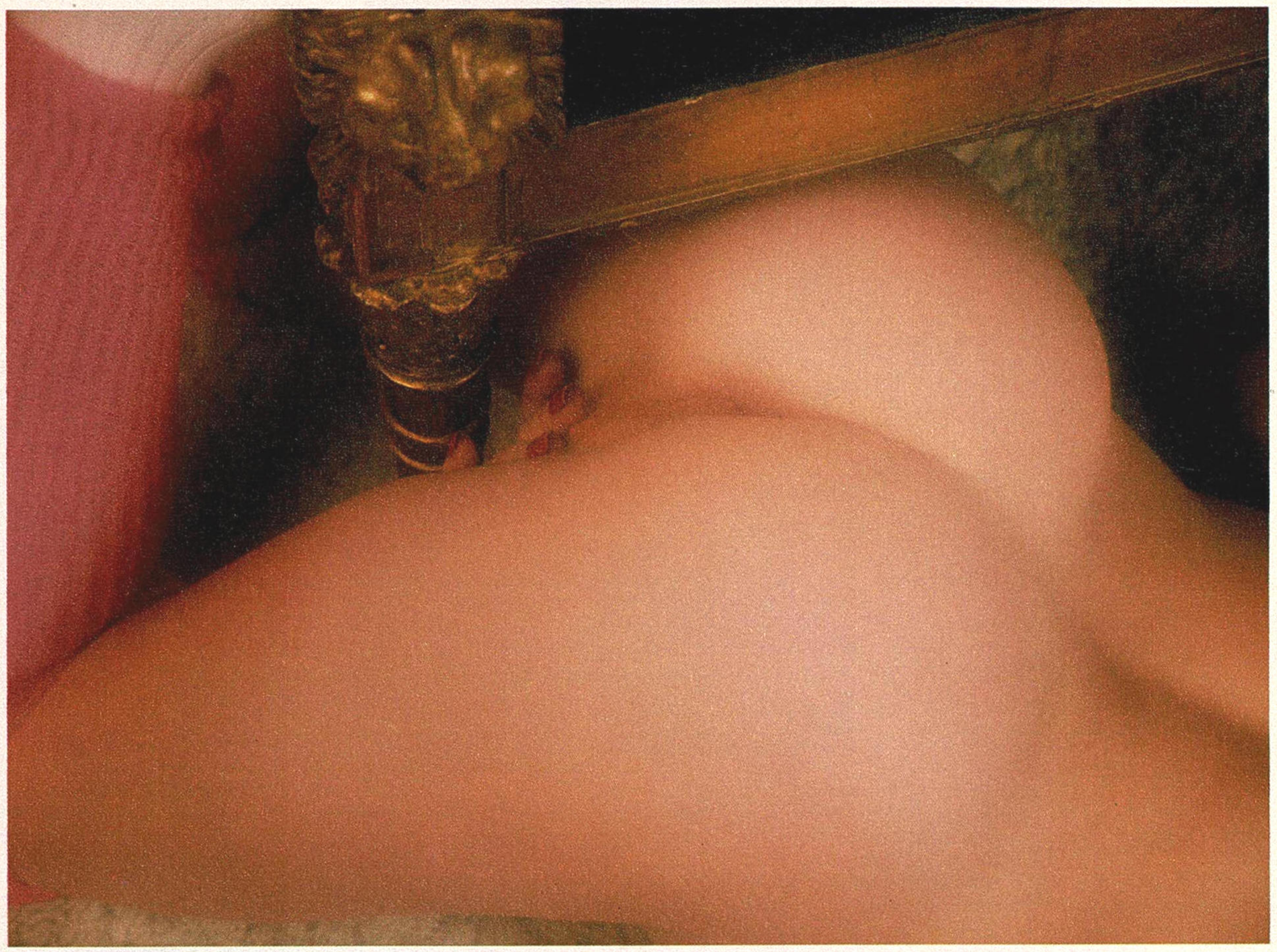
Lingerie courtesy of Jezebel Designer Lingerie Boutique, Las Vegas, Nev.

Since Laurie ran away from home as a
teenager, she's treasured her
personal freedom. What else does she
value most, we coax. "Oh,
I really like my bottom," she smiles.





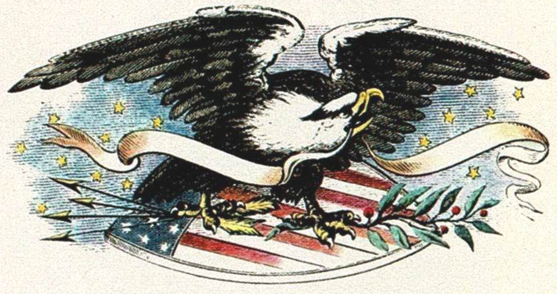
It's a buffer zone between Laurie and the world of hard knocks, so to speak–though she claims, in a dreamy, faraway voice, that the world's been surprisingly kind to such a vulnerable wayfaring stranger. "I traveled all around after leaving home, working on shrimp boats, as a roofer, as a nurse's aide."



"I've even worked my way through Europe doing odd jobs, and–amazingly–nothing has ever happened to me." An innocent abroad, we muse, feeling guilty for our evil thoughts.

Though she swears she'll always live alone, our twenty-one-year-old temptress does entertain occasional visitors in her upstairs sauna. "That's when it gets double steamy in there," she laughs. "I'm still not ready for love with a capital *L*, but I *am* warming up . . ." And so, lovely Laurie, are we!

MISS LAURIE L'ORANGER/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

In this mixed-up, somewhat wacky election year, Congress sounds like a Tower of Babel. Amidst talk of burgeoning future budget deficits, bankruptcy of the Social Security system, curtailment of benefit programs, etc., little has been heard about the commitment of the nation to the needs and problems of its veterans. Part of this may be due to the congressional penchant for putting off problems that pose difficult political choices, especially during an election year. It's also due to the fact that veterans' issues are complex and have to be completely and systematically thought through if any system of providing benefits and services to veterans is to survive.

In previous years, veterans organizations have tried to beat off government attempts to chip away pieces of veterans' benefits and entitlement programs. And this year the Reagan administration has proposed a whole new array of cuts for the Veterans Administration budget. It would like to restrict allowances for veterans' dependants to cases where the vet is 50 percent disabled or more. The administration has also proposed eliminating an increase in subsistence allowances to service-connected disabled veterans participating in the Veteráns Administration Vocational Rehabilitation Program. Furthermore, according to the Disabled American Veterans, the House Budget Committee seems all intent on out-Reaganing Reagan by reducing the fiscal-year medical account by $350 million more than the president requested. This overzealous budget-cutting would close down the equivalent of seven 600-bed hospitals; reduce medical-care personnel by more than 13,000; relocate thousands of patients and employees, and at considerable expense; and cancel seventy-six new projects already scheduled (including replacement hospitals and desperately needed nursing-home care units) in fifty-six Veterans Administration medical facilities.

> "An attack on the VA's medical care and delivery system strikes at the very heart of our national security. What volunteers will go off and fight in the future without the guarantee of care upon their return?"

Egregious though these examples are, we believe that they are only the tip of the iceberg. For fiscal year 1983, all signs point to a major restructuring of and reduction in the entire system of veterans' benefits and services. If veterans think that their benefits and services are part of the president's "safety net," they had best take another look.

We believe the attack will take place on two critical fronts. The first is the medical care and delivery system, which is already inadequately funded and unable to deliver on the promise of providing quality health care. Obviously, more money would help upgrade the VA medical care and delivery system, but that's not in the fiscal cards. In our judgment, the solution most likely to be pursued will be one designed to shrink the system by redefining the term "veteran." Today, one can define a veteran in terms of the cliché: "Once a veteran, always a veteran." In the future, we suspect that, in terms of being eligible for medical care and services, a veteran will cease being a veteran when he or she reaches the age of sixty-five. The ostensible rationale for this redefinition will be that Medicare and Medicaid are more "cost effective."

This solution also gets around the legal classification of any medical problem of a veteran sixty-five years or over as being "service-connected." Service connection is a very illusive status (as some 80,000 Vietnam veterans who have sought it without success in connection with their exposure to Agent Orange already know). With it comes guaranteed medical care and the possibility of a disability pension. Without it, most veterans are forced to go to the end of the line in a VA hospital, and have only a scant chance of being admitted for treatment or surgery.

The implications of such an attack on the VA's medical care and delivery system go far beyond those associated with the clamor for balanced budgets. They raise questions that strike at the very heart of our national security. What all-volunteer force will go off and fight without the guarantee of care, if needed—for as long as needed—upon their return?

We expect the second major attack to be directed against the VA's disability and pension program. It seems most likely that the next phase will bring a purging from the rolls of the disabled of those deemed "able to work." This is already under way on a massive scale in the Social Security disability program, and we envision a similar expansion of the effort against those covered by the VA.

We also anticipate a two-pronged effort to reduce further the costs of VA disability pensions and benefits—the first being the elimination of tax-exempt status for those pensions, the second being a "cap" on a veteran's combined pension and personal income. That is, if the cap were set at $30,000, for example, and a veteran's personal income were $30,000, he would not receive any pension from the VA. Those numbers are only illustrative, but the concept behind them is very much alive in the minds of those who think and say, "All veterans want is a free ride."—*William R. Corson*

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MERIT
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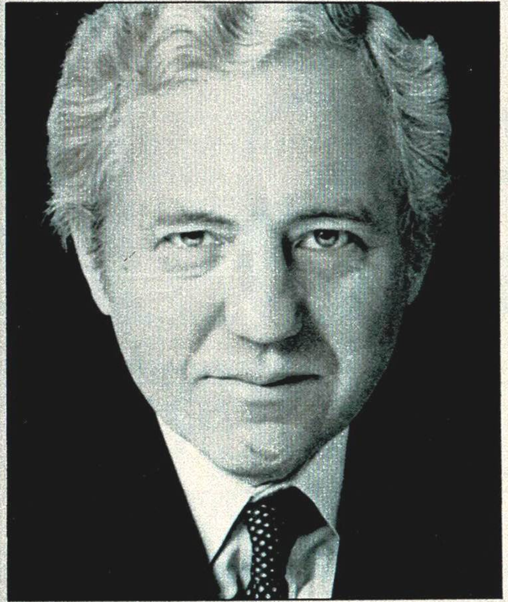
ADVISE & DISSENT
OPINION


CBS News

BY FRED GRAHAM

The author is the law correspondent for CBS News. He was formerly the Supreme Court correspondent for the *New York Times,* a Tennessee lawyer, and a marine lieutenant. He has received three Emmy Awards and the George Foster Peabody Award; and he has written three books, the latest being *The Alias Program.*

HAS THE PAPER CHASE BECOME A MONEY RUSH?

Although it's always dangerous to try to sum up an era with a single phrase, I think it's relatively safe to assume that the attitude of today's law students was captured succinctly by a former anchorwoman who was the editor of the *Law Review* at the University of California at Berkeley. It was not surprising to me that the smartest student in the class was the quintessential woman television reporter—blond, bouncy, and bright. As a television correspondent on leave, lecturing at the Berkeley Law School, I was pleased that a television reporter had demonstrated to academia that there is more to some of us than just a pretty face. And with all that she had going for her, I had assumed that she would be headed for the kind of law career traditionally reserved for the specially blessed. Media law, perhaps. Or criminal trials. Or poverty law. Or maybe a run for Congress.

But no.

"Corporate law," she told me. And she gave the Willie Sutton explanation—it's where the money is, an answer not intended, and not taken by me, as a cynical one. The fact is that most of the top graduates of the Berkeley Law School (known as Boalt Hall to the initiated) are steering toward a career with one of the well-heeled law factories that provide high-priced legal services for very large corporations. And while corporate-law practice has always been the Rolls-Royce of legal careers, the golden rut that many young law graduates eagerly groove into, the current drift toward the big firms is becoming a troubling trend.

When I graduated from law school, just before the election of John Kennedy, the cream of the law class often had more adventurous ideas. Some of us became judges' clerks, then spent a few years as Justice Department hotshots before going into private practice; others started at the public defender's office, then moved on to teaching law with a practice on the side; and still others opened new law firms with classmates, then ran for the state legislature to gain exposure. (I chose a year at Oxford, three years as a trial lawyer, then moved to Washington as chief counsel to one of Senator Kefauver's subcommittees.) Most of our career blueprints included work with a law firm at some time in the future, perhaps even as an eventual professional home base. But the basic image of a law career was more than just a safe, cushy living; it was exciting, it was fun, it was (and we didn't blush to say it then) public service.

It has become a cliché to observe that university campuses have become havens of conformity these days. There's nothing startling about that. But it was surprising to find that Berkeley, the symbol and birthplace of the great campus unheavals of the 1960s and 1970s, had become indistinguishable from so many other universities in America. You do see an occasional overaged hippie, and you steer around a few babbling junkies, but in general the campus atmosphere is earnest, well scrubbed, and preppie. This is the way it was at Yale when I was there in the fifties (except that Berkeley is warmer), and it was eerie to witness such familiar tranquility at the scene of so much past rebellion.

But as it was reflected at the law school, the prevailing conservatism of Berkeley left me with a particular sense of unease. It seemed strange that in the give-and-take between the middle-aged teacher and the students of the country's supposedly most radical university, I was the one who usually emerged as the bomb thrower. I was the one who railed at the excesses of government bureaucrats, sputtered over cover-ups by the CIA, and fumed at the arrogance of the judiciary.

This discrepancy came most clearly into focus on the subject of the First Amendment. On this, it's not surprising that my views run toward "man the barricades": I believe that the freedom to speak and print is the core of democracy, and that freedom of expression is being undercut by false gods of "national security," "fair trial," and "privacy." My instincts run toward don't-give-an-inch. But although my students understood in principle the Constitution's preference for free expression over other values, they waffled when free speech impinged on someone's personal comfort. Is it really necessary, they asked, to permit the publication of stories that embarrass people, hurt their feelings, violate their privacy? The students were very bright, always polite, and in firm control of their sense of outrage. They were well-meaning but mostly oriented toward private values. They were the "me" generation of the future, and something seemed to be missing.

A self-oriented approach to learning is expected in undergraduate school—the purpose is, after all, to produce educated minds—but our law schools have always played a more public role. In them, a sense of idealism and concern with public issues has traditionally been a central theme. De Tocqueville spotted it a century and a half ago; he observed that the American government is uniquely molded by courts and legalisms, and that our leaders are predominantly drawn from the ranks of lawyers. The result has been a tradition of public service among lawyers that has shaped the image of what the legal career at its finest is expected to be.

That image was reinforced by the cadres of young lawyers who came to Washington to help put the country on its feet in the early days of the New Deal. These men—Clark Clifford, Thomas Corcoran, Abe Fortas, William O. Douglas, and James Rowe among them—were lawyers who moved in and out of public life, doing good (as the saying goes) while in the process of doing well. It's an important tradition.

I found concern among the Berkeley law faculty that most of their top graduates do not view their future careers in any such public perspective. These teachers were put off by the prime starting salaries being paid by the major law firms to lure their brightest graduates into corporate law. Wall Street firms are offering up to $47,000 to smart kids who take their first jobs, earning more than some of the professors who taught them. The same point had been raised early this year by the chief counsel of New York City. He had sent letters to Wall Street law firms asking them to scale down the prime salaries they were offering blue-chip law graduates. He said the city could pay only half as much, and thereby was losing the services of the promising young lawyers who routinely used to put in a few years of government service.

None of those who expressed concern about these young lawyers' high salaries begrudged them the money—they were first-round draft choices, and they had a right to the premium rate. But the resulting effect on the career plans of many of these excellent students threatens to erode both the tradition of the lawyer as a public person and the quality of those who will occupy public positions in the future. Who, in the next generation, will pass the laws, prosecute the lawless, teach jurisprudence, and defend the accused—and who will bring giant corporations to justice when *they* break the laws?

Of course, there will always be lawyers to perform these tasks. But if they are no longer the very best of our people, then obviously something important will have been lost. And if the universities have narrowed their purpose primarily to become places where comfortable people prepare for their private lives, then something precious will have been lost there, too. If the prevailing campus complacency of the 1980s is as corrosive to public idealism as it seems to be, then the most melancholy sight of all is to see it at Berkeley—a school for which I have had only the highest respect and admiration.

It's true that these things come in cycles, that the "me" generation on the campuses of today was preceded a while back by the "silent" generation, that the tradition of public service managed to survive. But if, even after the lamentations of this article, I am someday invited back to Berkeley, it would be sweet to find there the early stirrings of a public-oriented "we" generation. ⊶

> “The law students I met were very bright, always polite, and in firm control of their sense of outrage. They were mostly oriented toward private values. They were the "me" generation of the future, and something seemed to be missing.”

A ROOM OF THEIR OWN

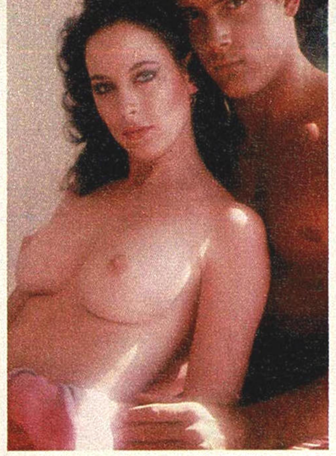
PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID SCHOEN

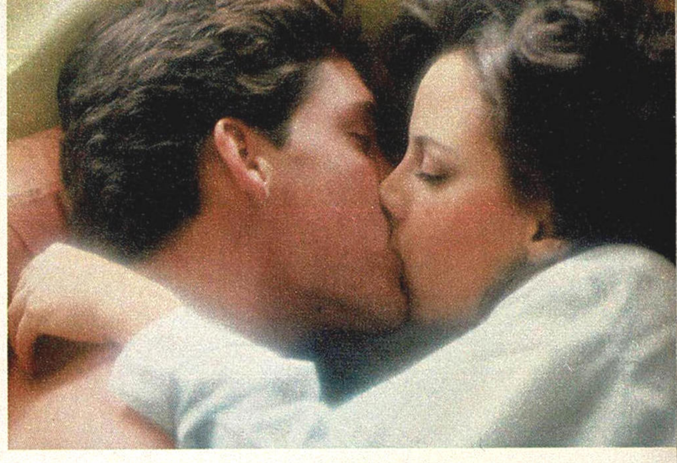
As always, they meet in secret; only the shadows know what they've found with each other. Their happiness is scarcely contained by four bare walls, in a room where they pay to be free . . . Locking the door behind him, he shuts out the past and approaches her in silence. Both are left speechless . . . so many things to say . . .too many feelings to name. Strong-veined hands brush the filmy blouse aside . . .no resistance offered. His eyes blaze into hers as his hands caress the yielding softness of her breasts, the skin like polished marble. Sliding his lips and tongue along her throat, he feels her bosom swell in the palm of his hand . . . As she presses against him, his manhood swells in response. The urgent heat of his body disturbs her composure. It's her coolness, not the fever, that breaks . . .

The shutters are closed against the dull and disapproving world; tenderly he rests his hand on her deep-bowed head, seeming to bestow a blessing on their unsanctioned love. "I worship you," he whispers, though she's the one who's kneeling . . .

Drifting in an endless embrace,
they pull away slightly, startled by an unexpected sound from the world outside.
A false alarm, they decide, as she leans
back and sighs with relief . . .

Making believe makes it so: the couch becomes an opulent love nest for the mating of kindred spirits. He draws her closer in a frenzy, causing her to catch her breath . . .

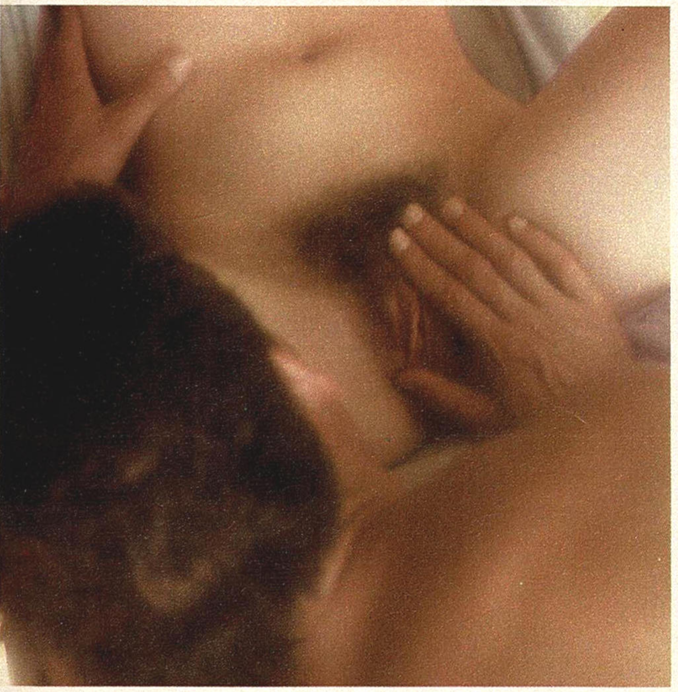




Eyes are shut tight against the mounting flood of pleasure. The sterile, barren walls enclose a lush, fertile Eden, a paradise of promise created by their senses alone . . .

Bored with his obligations, depleted by his everyday routines, he finds himself each time renewed by her soft, quiescent beauty. Because she makes no demands, he demands to please her . . .

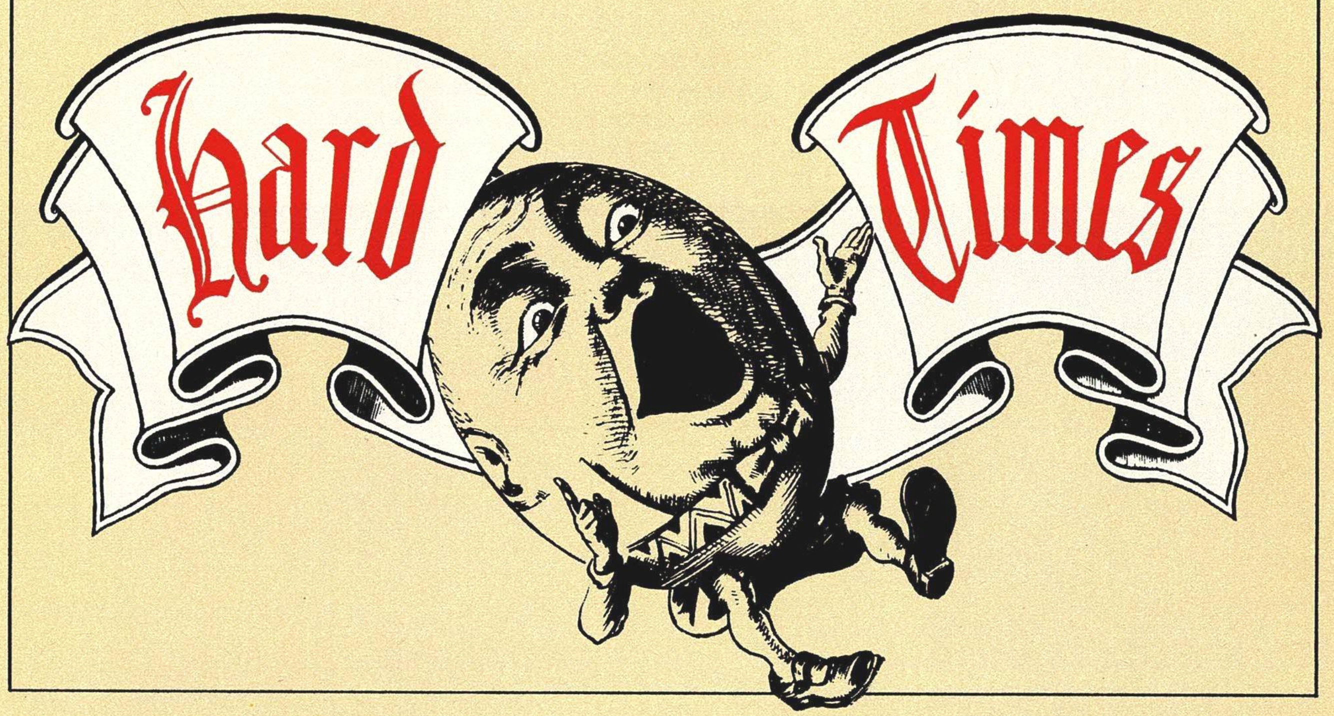
Her emptiness is filled at last; his satisfaction is complete. Once deeply discontented with their lot, the lovers rejoice at the respite. For here in this small and simple place, they find no room for improvement . . .



EXTRA

A compendium of bizarre, idiotic,
lurid, and ofttimes witless driblets of information
culled from the nation's press

EXTRA



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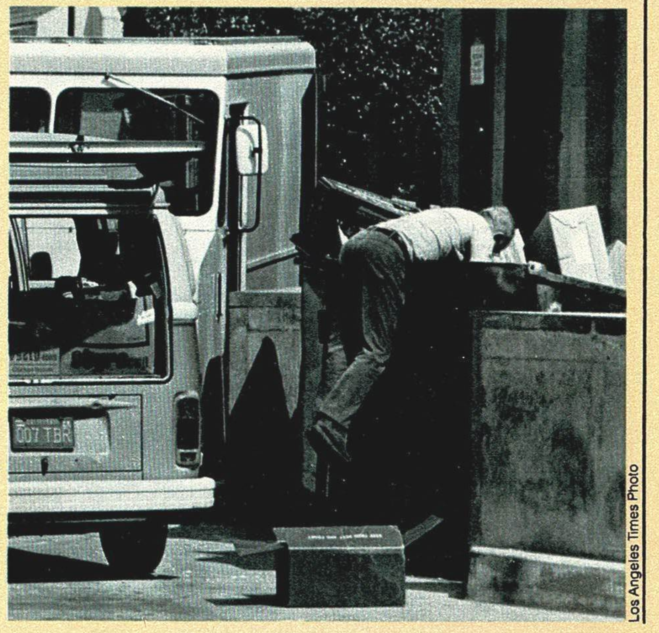
HE BEATS HARD TIMES BY LIVING OUT OF TRASH CANS

Thrifty Conrad Casler is a rag-picking professor who lives out of garbage cans. And the litter lover swears that even if he strikes it rich some day, he'll still be a junk junkie–because it's so much fun to treasure hunt through trash!

The Claremont, Calif., professor teaches journalism parttime and spends the rest of his day making the rounds to dumpsters behind delicatessens and supermarkets in his neighborhood. He scavenges his food, furniture and appliances from trash bins.

"I feed myself, a friend and three dogs on $10 a week," said 52-year-old Casler. "I have more than I need–I've even considered having a garage sale to get rid of the extra things."

Casler got his start in trashing a year ago when he was laid off from his full-time job as a newspaper reporter and editor. Saddled with enormous medical bills from his late wife's illness, Casler found that his part-time professorship wouldn't cover his expenses. He was afraid he'd have to apply for government aid when a friend who had been raiding dumpsters for years showed him the ropes. Now the rubbish rustler's stomach is full and his home is packed with gleanings from his oddball hobby. *(Weekly World News)*


Los Angeles Times Photo

Pet Rock Murder

A spinster was found beaten to death with a Pet Rock that was given to her by her boyfriend, who is now the target of a police manhunt.

Gwen Jackson, a 62-year-old Sydney, Australian woman was found dead in her bed. Police said she died from a blow to the head from the Pet Rock, a wacky novelty that sold by the millions a few years ago. *(Weekly World News)*

Perfect Preacher Was on the Run from FBI

Folks in Colorado City, Texas, thought they had the perfect small town preacher in Pastor Clifton Feathers–until the FBI arrested him for murder.

Feathers, 53, pastor of the Payne Chapel Methodist Church for two years, was a generous man who did charity work and supplemented his meager income working at the courthouse.

But he was also on the run from police in San Bernardino, California, where he's suspected of murdering his son David Clifton Feathers, Jr., to collect insurance money. "I was shocked," declared County Judge Bill Carter. "I still can't accept it. The Rev. Feathers was a pillar of the community and a hardworking old boy.

"He set a lot of good examples in this town. He had a wonderful attitude and disposition towards life. No job was too hard for him.

"And who would have thought that a man on the run from the law would have sought a job at a courthouse?"

Feathers' 24-year-old son was found in the California desert in July 1978, a bullet in his head.

An arrest warrant was issued for his father, who was a schoolteacher.

But they didn't know about that in Colorado City when he turned up with his second wife, Blanche, and two stepchildren.

Though unordained, Feathers convinced officials of the independent church that he was the man to be their $30-a-week minister.

He joined the Lions Club and was soon well-known around town.

"No one had any reason to suspect he was a man with a past," says Police Chief Jimmy Roundtree.

"There was no reason to check him out–not so much as a traffic ticket."

The FBI learned Feathers' whereabouts from an anonymous source, but San Bernardino police say he made little effort to hide his tracks.

They say he changed his Social Security number and reversed his given names from David Clifton to Clifton David.

"But the best cover of all was his job as a local preacher," says San Bernardino detective Larry Malmberg.

"I don't blame the law officials in Colorado City for not running a check on him. His conduct as a citizen was impeccable.

"And if you can't trust your local preacher, who can you trust?" *(Globe)*

PRODIGAL SON RETURNED AS A WOMAN

Dear Sarah: My son ran away from home four years ago when he was 17. He recently got in touch with me and said he would like to correct his mistake and discuss something very important. Well, after a lot of thinking, I agreed.

When the doorbell rang I went to let him in. Standing there was a beautiful woman, or so I thought. It was my son, looking as if he/she had won the Miss America contest. I started crying and didn't know what to do. Should I take him back to live with me?
–Depressed.

Dear Depressed: It's a wonder you didn't pass out when you opened the door. What a crazy way to say, "Hi, Mom, I'm home." Crazy or cruel or sick.

You don't give me much information, but unless your son is in desperate need, don't consider a reunion. You need time to recover from the blow.

He has lived on his own for four years: it won't hurt him to go on that way. Tell him you'll get in touch again when and if you feel you can handle it. (*Globe*)

You know … don't call us, we'll call you.—Editor

She (91) Sues to Divorce Him (79)

Frank Castoral/N.Y. Daily News
Nick Sorrentino/N.Y. Daily News

Matilde Wirth in Supreme Court in New York after filing suit to divorce her husband, Rudolph. Matilde charged that Rudolph has been fooling around with a younger woman–of 70. Couple, who live in Woodside, Queens, have been married 52 years. *(New York Daily News)*

EDITOR'S NOTE:

We welcome your contributions for future "Hard Times" columns, and we will give a free one-year subscription to *Penthouse* to each reader whose item is printed. Send clippings to: Hard Times, c/o Penthouse, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Please include the name of the newspaper and the date the clipping was published.

As the South Vietnamese capital crumbled around him, Joseph Sherman raced to locate his granddaughter. Only one man could help him—the mysterious prisoner in the white room who hadn't uttered a single word during his eight years in captivity.

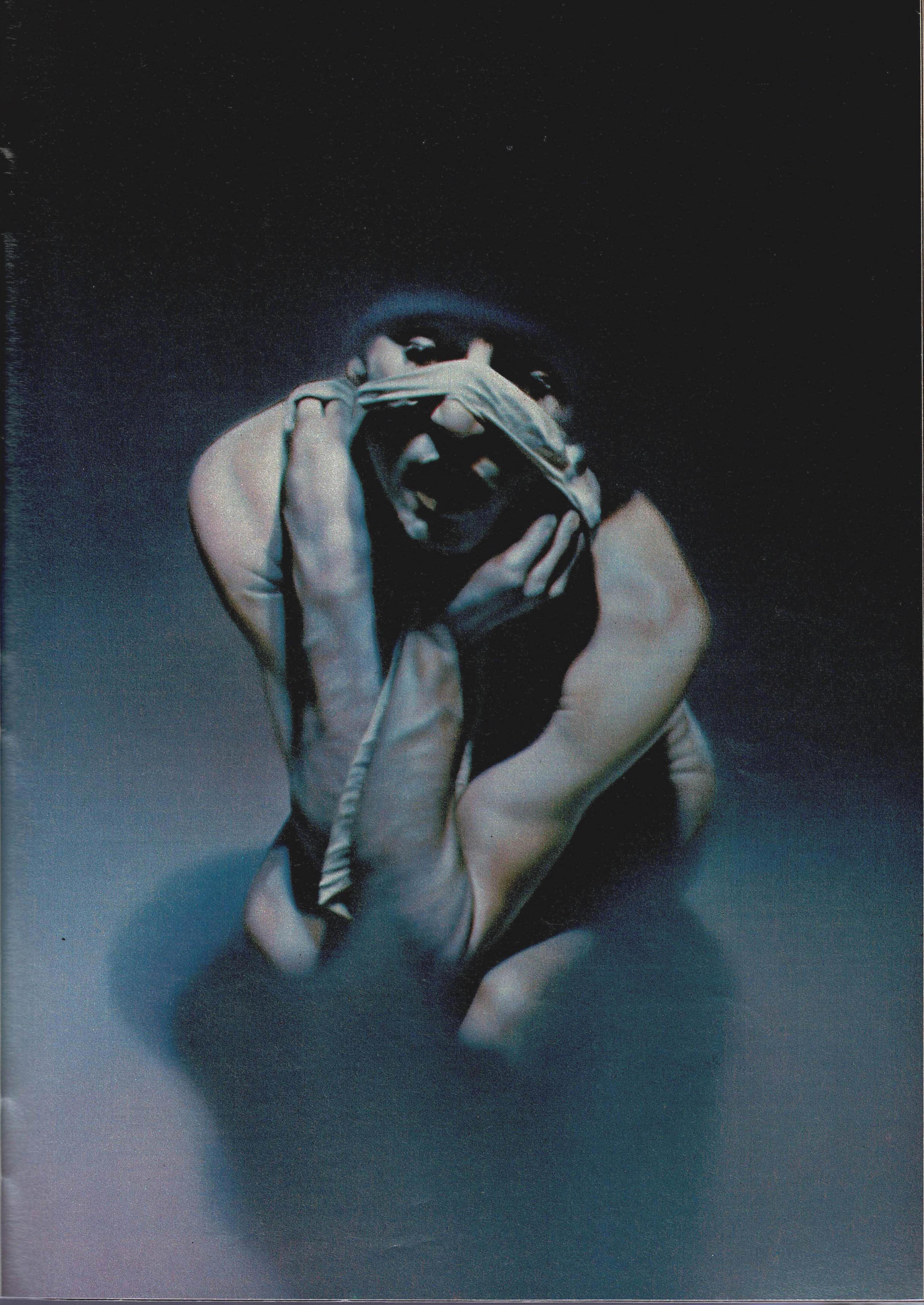
SAIGON

FICTION BY ANTHONY GREY

On the afternoon of Monday, April 28, 1975, a heavy pall of saturated air blanketed the capital of South Vietnam. The ominously dark clouds that heralded the first monsoon downpour of the new wet season had been growing blacker hour by hour since dawn, but although it seemed constantly to be on the point of explosion, the gathering storm stubbornly refused to break. As a result, an electric tension descended on the streets, and in the luminous, gray light three and a half million people caught fast in the tightening circle of Communist armor were able to see clearly the telltale lines of fear etched deep into one another's faces. Hurrying on foot through the heart of the city towards the Doc Lap Palace, Joseph Sherman could hear the distant rumble of an artillery barrage being laid down on the main South Vietnamese air base of Bien Hoa, eighteen miles away.

After weeks of growing apprehension, the people trapped in Saigon had become openly fearful, because they knew that with twenty-one Communist divisions ringing the city, the single remaining division of disciplined government troops would have no hope of defending them. Faced with this hopeless military situation, South Vietnam's tottering government was preparing to swear in its second new president in the space of six days in the hope that he might prove more acceptable to the Communists; but rumors of the move had already spread through the streets, and few who'd heard them held out much hope that this last, desperate political gamble would succeed in saving the city. Hanoi's leaders had maneuvered their forces into position with slow deliberation during the second half of April so as to give themselves time to destroy South Vietnam's political leadership beyond repair. To ensure that President Thieu didn't flee abroad and set up a government in exile that might compromise their eventual control of the south, they had given hints through their Camp Davis representatives at Tan Son Nhut that they might accept a negotiated settlement if he stepped down formally from the presidency. But after

PAINTING BY ETIENNE SANDORFI



tricking Washington into forcing him to resign, they had immediately made new demands, insisting that the vice-president who succeeded him should in turn be replaced by the neutralist figure, Gen. Duong Van Minh; and because this seemed to offer a slender hope of preventing the total destruction of Saigon, the South Vietnamese had hastily agreed.

"You must have realized that the situation is very critical," Minh began, speaking in a voice that cracked frequently with emotion. "Tragic things are occurring minute by minute, second by second, in our country and we're paying dearly for our mistakes with our blood. I'm deeply distressed by these events and I feel a responsibility now to seek a ceasefire and bring peace on the basis of the Paris agreements. . . ."

At that moment the whole palace was shaken by an elemental explosion; brilliant flashes lit the sky outside and curtained doors leading to the patios were blown open. A great rush of wind lashed water into the chamber as the monsoon broke with great violence and began deluging the streets around the palace with rain. Aides scuttled to secure the flapping doors, and President Minh had to raise his voice to make himself heard above the continuing crash of thunder.

As the gathering began to break up, Naomi moved to Joseph's side and squeezed his arm consolingly; his face was drawn and he raised his shoulders in a resigned shrug. Many times since his arrival he had quizzed Naomi about the message she had received from the French journalist and she had gone over it patiently again and again for him; Trinh had contacted the Agence France Presse representative in Hanoi to tell him of Quoc Van Kim's disgrace and death in a car crash after his dismissal from the Politburo. In exchange for the information, she had asked that he contact Joseph Sherman in confidence and say that her great uncle had before his death arranged for her to be infiltrated south as a cadre of the Provisional Revolutionary Government; she feared for her future in the North, she had said, with Kim in disgrace; and as the North Vietnamese army was likely to win victory in the South any day, she had felt she would have no future there either—that was why she wanted Joseph to help her get out of Vietnam.

"Please don't look so worried, Joseph," said Naomi quietly. "Perhaps Trinh's been delayed on the journey south. There's probably a fair amount of chaos on the roads in the Communist areas too."

Joseph didn't answer. He was staring over her shoulder at the crowd of National Assembly delegates milling beneath the great chandeliers, discussing Minh's speech.

"What is it?" she asked turning to follow his gaze.

"Quoc Van Tam! Look there, chatting with the new prime minister. Still the perfect political chameleon! Somehow he must have managed to make the transition from Thieu's regime to the neutralists." Joseph hurried over to the Vietnamese, and when Tam turned to find him at his elbow he immediately offered his hand.

"So you've come to witness the final act of our national tragedy, Joseph, have you?" He spoke quietly, so that his voice did not carry to those around him, and smiled sadly.

Joseph nodded. "But what about your personal plans, Tam? Will you be among those answering the call to stay and accept the fate of God?"

The Vietnamese giggled nervously and glanced around him again before answering. "I'd like to respond patriotically, but like many others I'm afraid of what the Communists will do. I've already taken the precaution of sending my wife and family out of the country to Thailand."

"And how do you plan to get out yourself? The chaos is growing at the airport."

> "There's no need to worry, Comrade. The American CIA provided your special accommodations for the past eight years and they've given instructions about how your imprisonment shall end."

"Your ambassador has always been a good friend to me." Tam's face creased into a calculated smile. "I've always done my best, you see, to give him my independent view of the affairs of our government. As a token of his gratitude he's offered to guarantee me a seat on one of his helicopters if a sudden evacuation becomes necessary."

Tam allowed himself another smile. "But tell me, are you writing another book? Is that what's brought you back to Saigon again at this dangerous time?"

Joseph shook his head. "No, Tam. As a matter of fact, I came because your brother Kim died in Hanoi. I was sorry to hear the news."

Tam sighed. "The circumstances of his death were very strange. But I don't understand how it affects you."

"Perhaps you didn't know, but Tuyet and her son were killed in the 1972 Christmas bombing. Only her daughter Trinh survived. Your brother Kim was her only relative, and now that he's dead and disgraced she's alone and frightened. Kim told her how to get a message to me through a French journalist in Hanoi, and before he died your brother gave her papers so that she could be infiltrated into Saigon as Vietcong cadre."

Tam's eyes widened. "And you've come here to try to find her and take her out of Vietnam?"

Joseph nodded grimly. "But I can't find her, Tam. I've tried all the contacts I know. There's no trace of her." An edge of desperation had entered his voice. "Do you know anybody on the other side who might help me?"

A defensive expression came suddenly into the eyes of the Vietnamese. "I don't think so—I'm very sorry. Like many others I have affairs of my own still to arrange."

Tam made as if to move off but Joseph seized him by the shoulders and swung him around. "Trinh's your flesh and blood too, Tam! A man like you must have private contacts with the Vietcong." Joseph paused and his expression hardened suddenly. "Maybe I should mention that to the ambassador and have him cancel your helicopter seat!"

Tam's face turned pale and he laughed nervously. For a moment he stared at Joseph in alarm. Then his face brightened. "Why don't you consult your friend in the white room?"

Joseph stared at Tam, thunderstruck. "What do you know about the man in the white room?"

"Your brother Guy told me he took you to the cell to try to identify him. He thought you recognized him from the old days in Tonking but refused to reveal what you knew."

Joseph shook his head in a little gesture of disbelief; seven years had passed since he had visited that blinding white cell where the shivering skeleton of Lung Van Lat had been incarcerated. "Is he still there?" he asked in an incredulous voice.

Tam nodded. "Yes, and still his will hasn't been broken—they gave up interrogating him long ago. He's never divulged anything about the Liberation Front's organization, but now that the end is near

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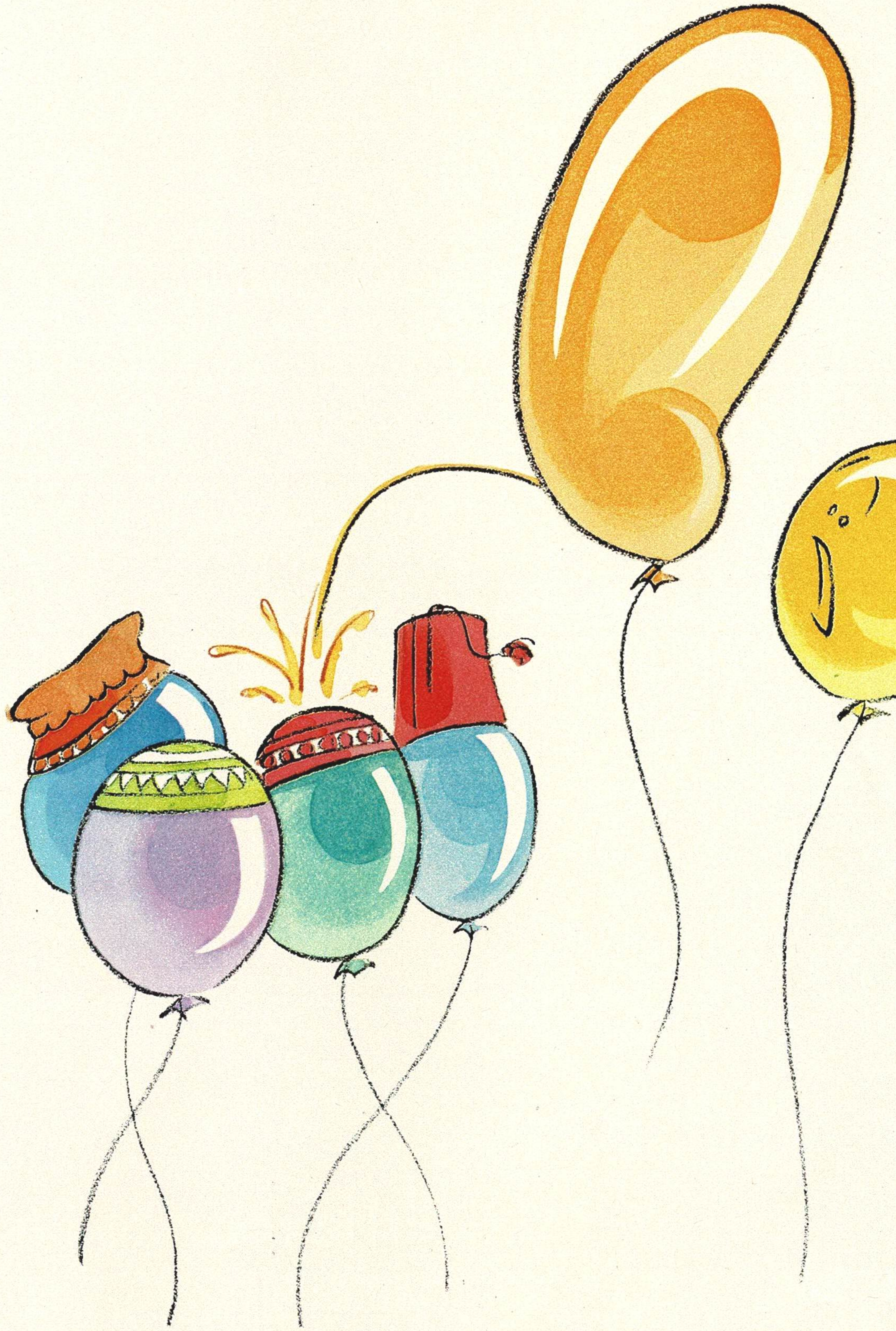

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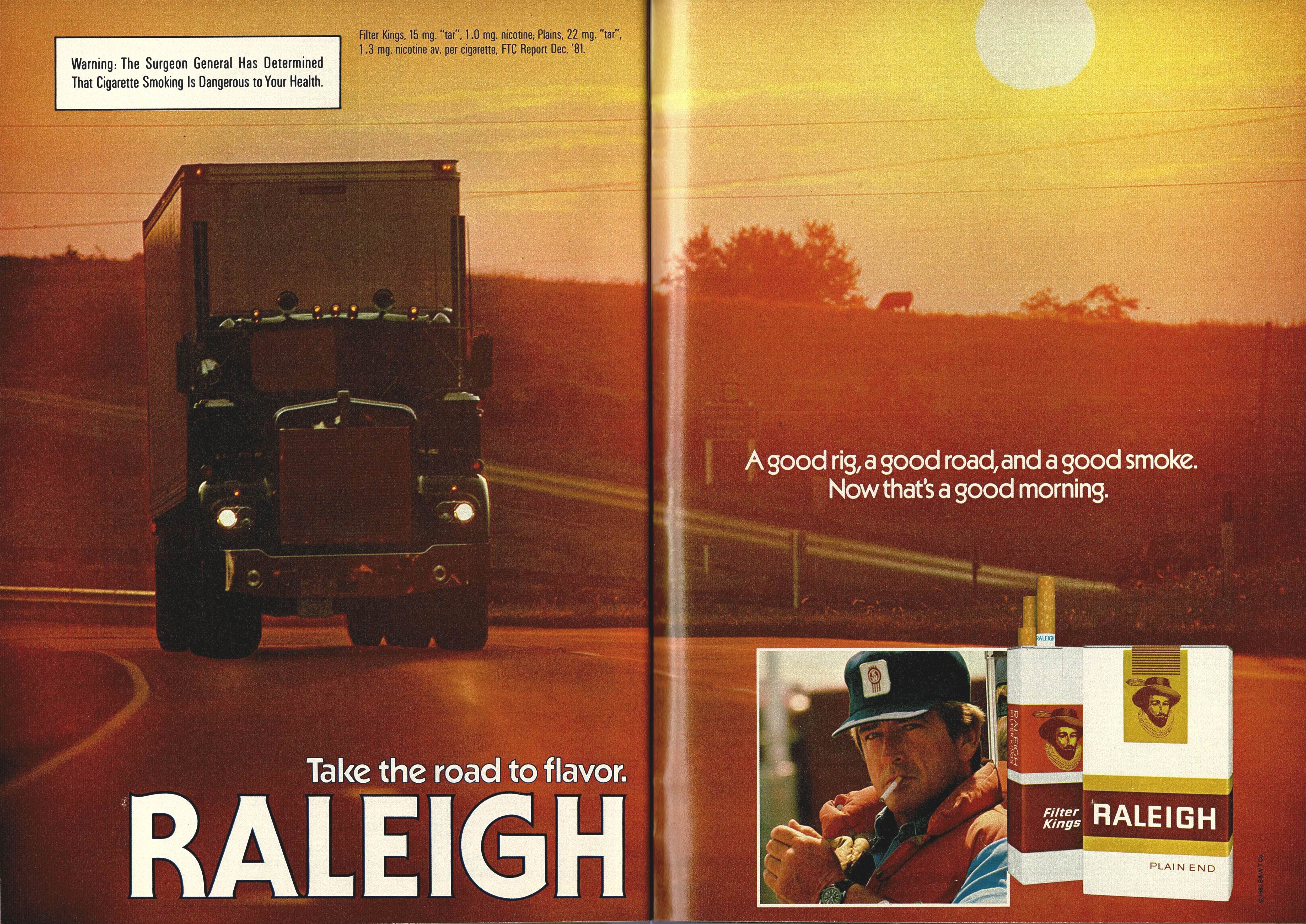

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perhaps he might make an exception—for an old comrade-in-arms who showed him loyalty in the past."

"It's worth trying!" Joseph grasped Tam fiercely by the shoulders. "Arrange with your security people for me to visit him—with the cameras and microphones switched off."

Tam nodded quickly. "I'll make some telephone calls at once. Please wait at your hotel until you hear from me."

Twenty-four hours later in the early evening of Tuesday, April 29, Joseph was squatting on his heels beside the white stool in the center of the white room, staring with increasing desperation into the face of the shrunken skeleton that its prisoner had become. The skin on Lat's face and body seemed to have contracted during the long years in the chilled atmosphere, drawing itself tight across his bones and making his face skull-like. His hair had turned white like everything else in the room, his eyes were unnaturally large and luminous in their hollow sockets, and he leaned forward at the waist, hugging himself with his sticklike arms, just as he had done when Joseph had last seen him in 1968. He still wore only a ragged pair of shorts, and his wasted body seemed to have barely enough flesh on it to sustain life. But, as before, he seemed totally oblivious to his suffering and sat unmoving and incurious on his stool, his gaze fixed blankly on the white wall in front of him.

"Please listen to me, Lat. The war's almost over," said Joseph patiently, repeating himself for the second time. "The microphones have already been switched off, and you and all the other political prisoners are going to be set free later this evening by President Minh. Your forces are certain to win total victory within twenty-four hours. They're approaching the outskirts of Saigon already—but you must help me before they get here!"

Joseph sat back on his haunches to study Lat's face again, but the Vietnamese gave no sign that he had heard anything of what had been said. He continued to stare straight in front of him, his eyes unblinking, and Joseph wondered with a stab of alarm if he had lost his reason entirely.

"Your nephew Quoc Van Kim is dead, Lat." Joseph leaned closer, straining every nerve in his body to break the trancelike state into which the Vietnamese seemed to have sunk. "He was dismissed in disgrace from the Politburo and died in a car crash a week ago. That's why I need your help." He tugged from his pocket again the photographs of Tuyet as a young girl that he'd held up twice already before Lat's eyes. "I fell in love with Kim's sister Lan—your niece—in the thirties. We had a daughter, Tuyet. She grew up to become Tuyet Luong, who served your cause well in the Delta. Maybe you never knew she was related to you—but look, here she is, standing with me outside her school in Saigon!"

Joseph again pushed the photographs in front of Lat's eyes and waited. He had shown him the pictures of himself with Ho and Vo Nguyen Giap as soon as he arrived and had recalled how they themselves had first met in Hue in 1925. He had reminded the Vietnamese how he had poled him downriver on a raft to the Pac Bo caves after his Tomahawk had crashed. But Lat still had betrayed not the slightest sign of comprehension.

"Tuyet Luong was killed in the Christmas bombing of Hanoi three years ago," continued Joseph, speaking slowly, as though to a child, "but she had a daughter Trinh, who survived—you're Trinh's great-great-uncle. Kim cared for her after her mother was killed, but now that Kim's dead she has nobody to care for her. She's asked me to help her. She wants to leave Vietnam with me but I haven't been able to trace her. Before Kim died, he arranged for her to be infiltrated into Saigon as a cadre of the Liberation Front but I need the name of the Front's security chief so that I can ask him to trace her for me. Can't you help me?"

> The embassy's like a madhouse. Somebody told me the White House and Kissinger are screaming for the ambassador to wind up the evacuation by midnight.

Joseph gazed imploringly into Lat's face as he finished speaking, but the Vietnamese remained motionless on his stool as though he were alone in the cell, and Joseph stood up suddenly with a snort of exasperation. Glancing at his watch, he saw that it was already after six o'clock, and forgetting for a moment that the cell was soundproofed, he strained his ears to hear the engines of the American helicopters from the Seventh Fleet that had begun their massive, final evacuation operation at midday.

It was while he was pacing back and forth across the dazzling room, fighting down his growing despair, that Lat spoke for the first time. He didn't raise his head or change the attitude of his hunched body and he uttered the words so softly that Joseph wondered at first whether he had imagined hearing them.

"Even if Tuyet Luong was your daughter, why should I help you?"

At the sound of his voice, Joseph turned and rushed to squat at Lat's side. For a long moment he gazed at him, at a loss for words. Then he gripped his arm gently. "I was brought here to identify you seven years ago, Lat. Don't you remember? I recognized you at once and you recognized me. But because the paths of our lives had crossed long ago, I found I couldn't speak. You saved me from the Tomahawk crash and my OSS medic was able to save the life of Ho Chi Minh—we'd been comrades-in-arms together for a while, and it's hard to forget that." Joseph tightened his grip on the scrawny arm of the silent prisoner. "But that's all behind us now. Soon you'll be free. Your cause has triumphed. Saigon will be yours within a few hours, and I've got no way of forcing you to help me. But Lat, I'm asking you for the sake of a young girl's life. Trinh's the daughter of *my* daughter, Tuyet—and she's your flesh and blood, too!"

To Joseph's astonishment the eyes of the Vietnamese moistened suddenly and he turned his head and looked directly into Joseph's face for the first time. "Is what you say really true?" he asked in a cracked voice. "Are the forces of the people really on the verge of victory today?"

Joseph nodded anxiously. "Yes, Lat, what I'm telling you is the truth."

The ravaged face of the Vietnamese suddenly relaxed, and as he turned away again his mouth opened wide to reveal toothless gums. He sat like this for a long time before Joseph recognized the expression as a smile, but he said nothing more, and in desperation Joseph grabbed his arm again and shook it. "Lat, who can help me find Trinh? You must tell me now," he demanded in a fierce whisper.

The fixed, half-demented smile did not waver. "Go to 15 Xuan Binh Street, Cholon. There is a Chinese merchant who calls himself Wang. Say there that you've spoken with Tran Van Khoi—the Swallow Who Brings Death. Say that I command him to help you find Comrade Quoc Thi Trinh."

Joseph seized one of Lat's skeletal hands and held it fast in his own for a moment. Then he rose and ran from the cell. Even after Joseph's departure Lat continued sitting motionless on the stool, the features of his skull-like head frozen in the same unchanging grimace of triumph.

It was dark when Joseph arrived at Xuan Binh, a narrow, unpaved alley that the rain had turned into a sea of mud; and because the strain of the past few days had brought him to the brink of exhaustion, he stumbled frequently in the gloom and it took him some time to discover that number fifteen was a dingy, two-story villa from which the stucco was peeling. His knock was answered immediately by a scowling Vietnamese youth, who led him wordlessly into a shadowy, candlelit room where the air was heavy with the scent of burning joss sticks, and he was left alone there for several minutes before an unsmiling, white-haired Chinese appeared silently in the doorway. Joseph launched immediately into his story and his listener heard

CONTINUED ON PAGE 172

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PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

> “I think that introducing torture into
> this country as a legal process would have a
> marvelously bracing influence on our
> culture and raise our moral level enormously. . . .
> I should add that I think in certain cases
> torturing children would be perfectly permissible.”

PROF. MICHAEL LEVIN

Michael Levin is five feet nine inches, bespectacled, balding, and has a most unthreatening voice. He has a wife, a very young son (second baby coming in February), and lives on Manhattan's Upper West Side, an area of artists, eggheads, writers, and fellow-traveling kinfolk whose idea of a political reactionary is former Congressman John B. Anderson, who ran for the presidency last election as an independent. Michael Levin is friendly and gracious, and possesses that special, absentminded energy that is the specific mark of the college professor. Which, in fact, is what our subject is—a tenured professor of philosophy at the City College of New York, still a seat of higher education for New York's working class. But Michael Levin is a teacher with a difference: his philosophy examines and embraces the torturing, in special circumstances, of men, women, and children.

Not the torture of anyone, as he would be the first to say. Only terrorists and criminals need apply for the privilege of the rack on the bones, the cattle prod on the testicles, and the electrode on the breast. And if those inducements do not convince the terrorist to tell where he or she has hidden (in Levin's scenario) the atom bomb that's going to blow up New York unless . . . (fill in your own favorite demands here), Professor Levin has a further stratagem: torture the terrorist's child. It's okay to do this, Levin is convinced, because what you would be getting for devastating an innocent child is the rescue of innocent lives—hostages, many hostages, entire cities—being held ransom.

Levin has been saying and writing controversial things like that for some time now. From the essay pages of *Newsweek*, *Commentary*, and *Fortune* (among other magazines), he has declaimed for torture and against the women's movement (passage of the proposed ERA, he avers, "would have been the end of the world"), for a national budget that would be 90 percent earmarked for the Pentagon, but strongly against the nuclear-disarmament movement ("Communist-inspired," Levin is convinced).

Now thirty-nine and from a rather traditional background, Levin has become, in his own words, "probably the most conservative philosopher in America." His father was a short-order cook; his immigrant grandfather sold fish. Levin managed to do his undergraduate study at Michigan State University and took his doctorate in philosophy from Columbia University in New York. At Columbia from 1964 to 1969, he witnessed the student protest against the Vietnam War (at one point parts of Columbia were taken over by students, who then proceeded to seal the faculty in their offices or lock them out), and that helped Levin begin to see the light to the right, although he voted for McGovern for president in 1972. It was, Levin said, a "last hurrah for my squishy, mindless liberalism."

He led a quiet life as an academic until 1980, when he published a blast against feminism in *Commentary*, the magazine of record for former left-wing thinkers (and it helps to be Jewish) who now find their bread buttered on the right. He hasn't looked back since.

Somewhat less exciting than watching President Reagan chop wood on his ranch are the sorts of things that involve Levin in his role as teacher of logic and social philosophy, which he defines as "the abstract theory behind the things I've been saying in this *Penthouse* interview."

And what led him to philosophy? "Well, I was always very interested in mathematics, and mathematics and philosophy both put a premium on extreme abstraction and the enjoyment of dealing with abstractions." To be more specific: "The kind of question I deal with in class is, How do we know that the world didn't come into existence five minutes ago equipped with false memories?"

What about his political views at City College, where he has been teaching since 1969? "I keep my political preferences "hidden under a bush," he responds.

There came the moment when *Penthouse* asked Levin how many books he had read on torture, and when Levin said none, we visited our local library. There is torture and there is torture. The torture of ecstasy? Read the Marquis de Sade and the classic contemporary French novel *Story of O.* For a treatise on political torture, leaf through *Amnesty International's Report on Torture,* published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux. And for an intimate introduction to this dark discipline you might acquaint yourself with Jacobo Timerman's narrative of his torture at the hands of the Argentine authorities, *Prisoner Without a Name, Cell Without a Number,* published by Alfred A. Knopf. Timerman gave the highlights of that experience in an interview with Anthony Lewis for *Penthouse,* November 1981.

Our legal system draws heavily on English law, so we had a look at the history of torture there. And quite a history it was: torture not abolished in England until 1640 (somewhat farsighted, actually, considering it was legal in France until 1798, in Russia until 1801, and in Germany until 1831). In these countries and elsewhere, torture was elevated to the status of craft, and one can read the excited reactions of practitioners returning from their travels. From a report on a meeting of the English Privy Council held August 7, 1684: "Spence is again tortured and his thumbs crushed with thumbikins. It is a new invention . . . used in Muscovy [Moscow]." (From *The History of Torture in England,* by I. A. Parry, published by Patterson Smith.) And as late as the 1830s it was quite common, according to the English poet Samuel Rogers, to see "a cartload of young girls in dresses of various colours on their way to be hanged at Tyburn Tree."

But hanging was a blessing; consider the fate of a preacher in Scotland by the name of Leighton, who dared to criticize his government, church, and king. Leighton was informed that by the goodness of King Charles he would not be charged with high treason but, as lesser punishment, would pay a fine of 10,000 pounds; be set in the pillory in Westminster, there to be whipped; have one of his ears cut off, his nose slit, and be branded on the face with the letters "SS" ("sower of sedition"); be brought back to the pillory, again whipped, and have his other ear cut off; and then be imprisoned for life. And that's just what was done.

As Levin spoke about torture and other issues, he gave the impression, reports interviewer Joe Spieler, "that he was having fun. Levin readily admits that he likes being outrageous, and I had the feeling that he could easily learn to thrive on it. At one point I asked him about the philosophical underpinnings of some of his ideas; he said there were none. His views, he insisted, derived not from philosophical searches and speculations but from the common sense inherent in all human beings.

"I did the interviewing at Levin's apartment on several gray and rainy days in June. We dined on coffee and cake brought to us by his wife, Margarita, his former student and now a doctoral candidate in the philosophy of mathematics. Our dialogue on this grim subject was sometimes pleasantly punctured by the offstage cries of Levin's two-year-old son, Mark, who later showed up in person to say good-bye to me."

Penthouse: What led you to write about torture for *Newsweek*?

Levin: Initially it was just an intellectual exercise to take a seemingly indefensible position and see if I could defend it. At a deeper level, I suppose it was a response to the idea one hears about more and more nowadays—that the rights of the wrongdoer have come to outweigh the rights of his victims. I defended torture to test how far we can go in the other direction in order to balance the rights of the innocent.

Penthouse: Where do you see evidence that the pendulum has swung so far in support of the criminal?

Levin: The virtual absence of the death penalty, for one. And then all those absurd cases in which an obvious murderer or even a confessed murderer has been let go on an absurd technicality. The existence of plea bargaining. The statistics about the number of convicted felons who actually spend any significant amount of time behind bars. I don't think you can deny the shift in favor of the wrongdoer.

Penthouse: When do you think this began?

Levin: I guess in the early sixties, when the Supreme Court required that the exclusionary rule be observed by state courts, which rules out the use of perfectly good evidence. The pendulum swing in favor of criminals here has also been good for terrorism, which has become popular and tolerated because of the widespread opinion that capitalism is an evil thing. Of course, to a large extent, terrorism is simply sponsored by the Soviet Union. Certainly in this country we have enough domestic true believers, so the Russians don't really have to work very hard. We believe we're bad, so we're unwilling to defend ourselves against our enemies.

Penthouse: In what situations do you think torture is justifiable?

Levin: Well, the basic one is if a terrorist planted an atom bomb in a large city and refused to divulge its location and we had only a couple of hours before it was supposed to go off. In this case, what alternative can there be except to use any means possible to make the terrorist talk?

Penthouse: So torture is justified when it leads to the rescue of a city? Exactly how many saved lives justify the use of torture?

Levin: Once you admit that it's all right to use torture to save millions of lives, I guess it's all right to save hundreds of thousands of lives, and then thousands, and then a few hundred, and I myself don't see where one can draw the line. In certain circumstances—hijacked airplanes, for example—we must do whatever we can to save the innocent, even if it's only one innocent life.

Penthouse: In what situation would you condone torture in order to save one life?

Levin: Say a kidnapper—not a terrorist this time, but a confessed kidnapper—has buried a child underground but won't say where. The child has only a day to live. I think in this case it's really incumbent upon us to do what we can to make him talk. I do believe, by the way, that if sodium Pentothal or some kind of truth serum is more effective, it should be used. There's no point in gratuitous pain. But if pain is what will make him talk, then it's obvious we must use torture.

Penthouse: Would you say that torture has been practiced in this country on an informal, nonjudicial basis?

Levin: No, I wouldn't. Do you mean, do police sometimes beat up a suspect? Sure. But I don't think that's torture. Police simply know that these miscreants will escape punishment when they're brought in according to the rules. So the police feel that if they don't dish it out, then nobody will and the criminal will just go scot-free. I do suppose the "third degree" has been used on suspected criminals. But it would be much better if there were some sort of recognized legal mechanism for inflicting pain.

Penthouse: What do you think about reports that various government agencies—the U.S. Army, for one—have developed some sophisticated principles of torture for export? There was the case of Dan Mitrione, who was killed by the Tupamaros.

Levin: Yes, I saw that in some Costa-Gavras movie [*State of Siege*]. I don't know firsthand whether that's true. I'm somewhat skeptical, since, according to reports, our government is supposed to be the source of all evil in the world, but I suppose it depends upon the internal domestic situation of the country. If a foreign country is being overrun by terrorists, if people are being shot in the streets every day, if diplomats can't come and go safely—I suppose the government must take extreme measures to stop it. If it calls upon its allies to help develop techniques, I still don't see what's wrong with that.

Penthouse: So you're really calling for the institutionalization of torture in this country?

Levin: I wouldn't be averse to it. I recognize there are problems in creating laws from abstract moral principles, but I don't see insuperable difficulties.

Penthouse: What are the potential problems?

Levin: Well, there's the obvious one. When you leave something as potent as torture to the discretion of police, the power can be abused.

Penthouse: And how might that be prevented?

Levin: It's difficult to say. Somebody suggested to me that we have a public torturer who is trained in law and who, incidentally, is equipped with a fast car to get around the city. Whenever a suspect is caught, immediately the public torturer looks at the situation and determines whether in this case torture must be applied. Or you could get lawyers, who are, after all, expert in the rules of evidence, to develop the guidelines of what evidence must be present before torture can be invoked.

Penthouse: How could we be sure that the person to be tortured really should be tortured?

Levin: I would restrict the use of torture to the cases where the criminal has announced his destructive intentions or his guilt. This will very often be a terrorist, because publicity is mostly what they're after. You can't strike a blow for the Armenian Liberation Front by killing an innocent person unless you announce that it's the Armenian Liberation Front that's done it.

Penthouse: What if the terrorist didn't make himself personally available to be tortured? He could just make an anonymous call to announce what his Armenian Liberation Front has just done.

Levin: I think that that would take away the point of a lot of terrorist activities. They wouldn't get the proper attention doing that. But suppose that sort of thing does happen. The terrorist commits his act and then tries to escape. So then we break into his headquarters and catch him or them. If there is enough presumptive evidence, I think the public torturer could determine that these people are guilty.

Penthouse: What is presumptive evidence?

Levin: Well, I'm not a lawyer, but I suppose if the room were filled with explosives, guns, literature, etc., for the movement—this would be presumptive evidence.

Penthouse: Couldn't you foresee situations where one group would try to set another group up?

Levin: Normally you try to set someone up for punishment, not for torture. And in the case I've just described, it's hard to see how you could be set up if you just happen to find yourself in a room full of dynamite, guns, and so on, with your signature on things, unless you intended to be there. But then again, if we could get terrorist organizations to start knocking each other off, that would be the best thing that could ever happen.

The general problem with determining guilt is that you must have stringent standards so that the innocent are not harmed. On the other hand, if the standards are too stringent, then everybody is innocent and the guilty are let go. So you have to balance it.

Penthouse: So you could see that in certain situations an innocent person might be tortured by mistake?

Levin: Yes, it could happen.

Penthouse: But you're saying that this is the price paid for the greater good?

Levin: Right. In *any* system of punishment, somebody innocent will suffer because of it. The only way to avoid mistakenly hurting innocent people is simply to throw up our hands and decide never to inflict pain for the purpose of protecting the social order.

Penthouse: A large part of our modern legal code is based on the assumption that it's better to let a guilty person go free than to imprison or execute an innocent man.

Levin: I think that's just foolish. Suppose we say it's better to let 500,000 guilty go free rather than one innocent be punished. That seems absurd. At some point we draw the line. Maybe we will exchange one for one, but ten for one or one hundred for one?

Penthouse: But how do you draw the line and still maintain a just system of law?

Levin: Well, I'd really like to hand it over to the lawyers. After all, there are a lot of lawyers around; they must be good for something. Have them work on it. Give them gainful employment for a change.

Penthouse: But you must have thought about it. *You* wrote the essay . . .

Levin: Actually I wrote the piece before the General Dozier case in Italy, the American general kidnapped by the Red Brigades. Now, many of their members are behind bars and they are always making public announcements. They announce there will be reprisals in their name, and then more of them are caught and *they* join their fellows in jail and announce they're going to make an escape, and then they do. That has stuck in my mind as a case in which there can be no question of who is decent and who is promising to create more havoc.

Penthouse: Say this torture system is now all set up. And you have 15,000 people who are clamoring to be the public torturer—

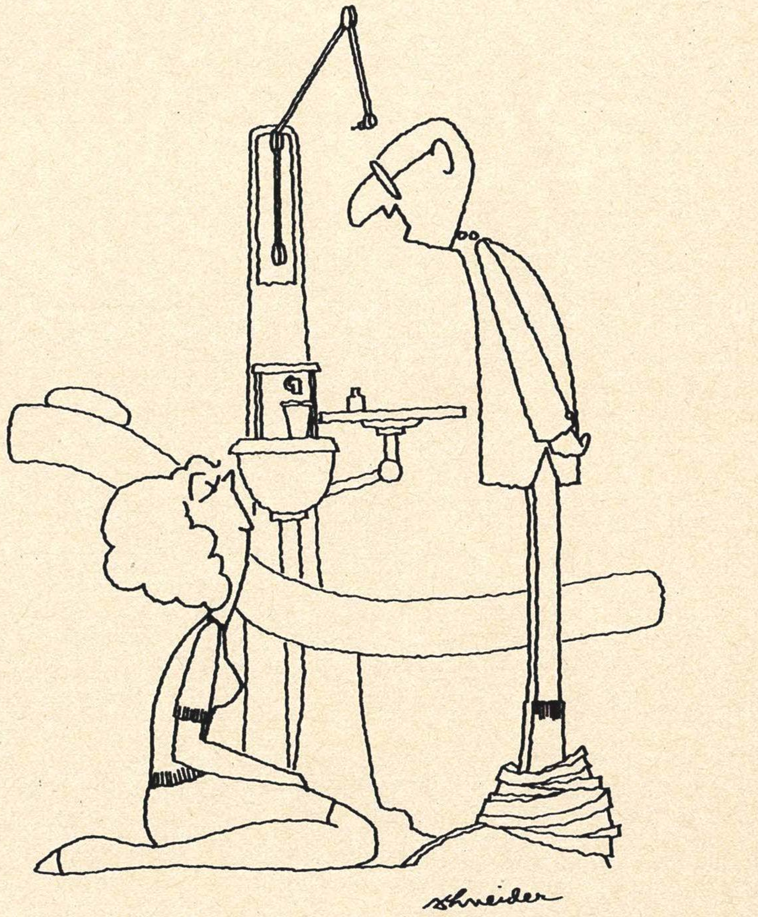
Levin: Do you really think there would be that many? It's not a savory job.

Penthouse: There are a lot of people who like to inflict pain on others.

Levin: I suppose the first thing you do is rule all of these people out, because the idea is, after all, to keep it honest. It's not to satisfy the sadistic whims of the torturer but part of a method of prevention of harm. As such, it is to be treated with the same solemnity as the rest of the judicial system.

Penthouse: Who would be in charge of the actual torture?

Levin: It would be up to medical scientists to develop reliable techniques, and I suppose it would fall to the police to administer them, because they're usually in charge of interrogation. And I guess they'd have to go for special training. The FBI requires their agents to be lawyers, I believe. Well, we might require the police to have completed medical school and then some kind of special training before they could become the torture sergeants.



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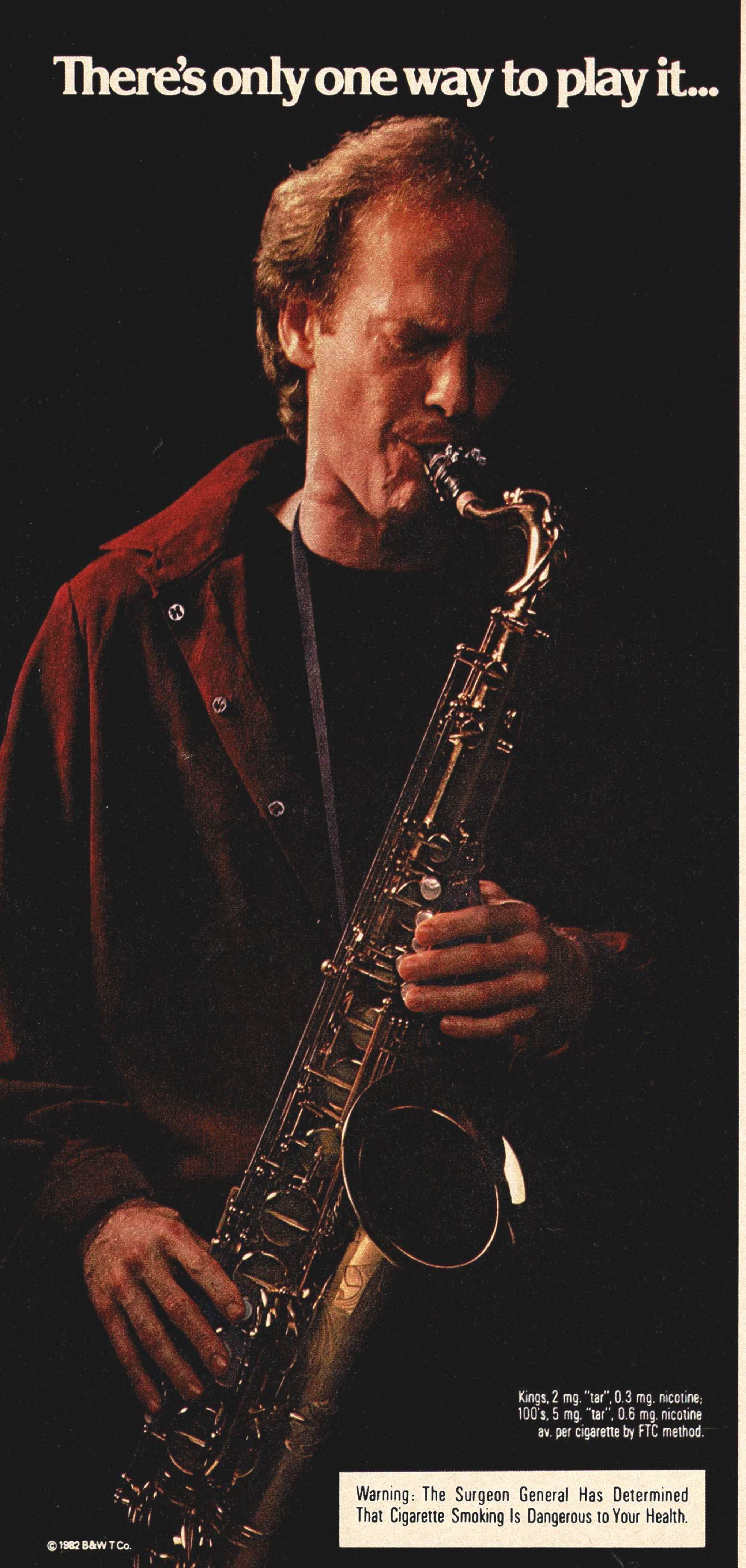
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Penthouse: Have you ever tortured somebody?

Levin: No.

Penthouse: Have you ever been tortured?

Levin: No.

Penthouse: Have you ever known anyone who has tortured someone?

Levin: No.

Penthouse: What do you think about the torture that takes place in countries such as Argentina?

Levin: It depends on the situation. If you have, as I gather to be the case in Argentina, political assassinations going on, ten a day, hundreds a year—and the gangs are very frank about taking credit for them—you would have to use extraordinary means.

Penthouse: A lot of innocent people are swept up in mass arrests and tortured in a situation like this. It is common for whole families—with children—to be tortured together.

Levin: I would want some very stringent rules to prevent that from happening. For example, hearsay would not be a basis for torturing anybody. I should add that I think in certain cases torturing children would be perfectly permissible.

Penthouse: What?

Levin: To torture a child.

Penthouse: In what case would you torture a child?

Levin: Well, say we've caught the terrorist and he won't talk, but we get his eight-year-old son. It sounds incredibly brutal, but you have to ask which is more important: the boy's well-being or that of the hundreds of thousands of people the terrorist has put at risk.

I know that I originally justified my view by saying it's the innocent people whose lives could be saved by torture; now I seem to be slopping over into torturing the innocent.

Penthouse: And what is your answer to this?

Levin: I really don't know, except to say that everybody must ask himself this question, namely, of being in a position of having to torture an eight-year-old to save a million lives. Isn't it barbaric to let a million people die because you can't bring yourself to torture a child?

Penthouse: What about sexual torture? Rape, genital shock . . .

Levin: If genital shock proves to be the most efficacious means, fine. I don't see rape as being very effective. The ideal torture would be one that goes directly to the pain centers of the brain and stimulates them so that you don't have to worry about what parts of the body you're dealing with.

Penthouse: Do you think you could become a torturer?

Levin: No.

Penthouse: Why not?

Levin: I'm too sentimental.

Penthouse: What do you mean?

Levin: I don't think I could personally inflict enough pain to make anybody talk.

Penthouse: So what would be the difference between you and someone who could?

Levin: Maybe a greater sense of duty.

Penthouse: Does it matter to you whether torture would leave any lasting mental or physical damage?

Levin: I don't think it *would* matter. If somebody is willing—for whatever purpose—to risk hundreds of lives or threaten to kill hundreds of people, I don't think it matters whether he ends up scarred or not because we're trying to save the innocents. Whatever is the most efficient way to get him to talk is the way we have to go.

Penthouse: Do you think that introducing torture into our country as a legal process would have an influence on our culture?

Levin: Yes, I think it would have a marvelously bracing influence on our culture and raise our moral level enormously. That may sound paradoxical, but right now we indulge in barbarous behavior to an intolerable degree. And that doesn't speak very well for us morally. We don't look out for the interests of old people, who are not safe to go out in the streets. Is it a moral society that doesn't take care of its elderly? Wouldn't morality mean being stern in the protection of the innocent? Torture would reaffirm our commitment to good human values.

Penthouse: You don't think there would be vigilante torturers, as there is vigilante justice?

Levin: No. First, I don't see much sign of vigilantism in this country. And that confirms that there is a basic willingness of Americans to obey constitutional law. Second, what would be the point of vigilante torture?

Penthouse: On the individual level, a person could say, "Hey, my country tortures. Why can't I?"

Levin: I'd like to think that the symbolic value of instituting torture would be to put the government's stamp of approval on the *value of innocent lives* and on the principle that you cannot do just anything and expect society to let you get away with it. After all, crime is very demoralizing to the average citizen. It cheapens the sense of the value of life when you read that the murder rate is going up and that murderers are freed on absurd technicalities—because the cop's tie was askew, so he wasn't in uniform, or something like that. This kind of thing puts the government stamp of approval on all the absurd arguments about the murderer's not being responsible, about crime being somehow *our* fault. "Pity the poor murderer," we say. The murderer has more rights than his victim! The government stamp of approval is now on those very perverted values.

With torture, the government would be saying, "All right, we've let barbarous behavior go far enough. We're now going to hit back." This would be reaffirming the importance of innocent victims, the rights of the innocent majority.

Penthouse: Suspected criminals aren't really freed because the arresting officer's tie was askew.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 178

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MIRRORS OF MAJESTY

BY REGGIE JACKSON

Two sublime sedans—the
Mercedes 380SEL and the BMW 733i—vie for ultimate
luxury honors. And the winner is . . .

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERIC MEOLA

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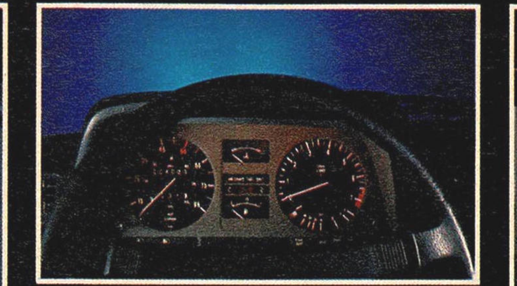

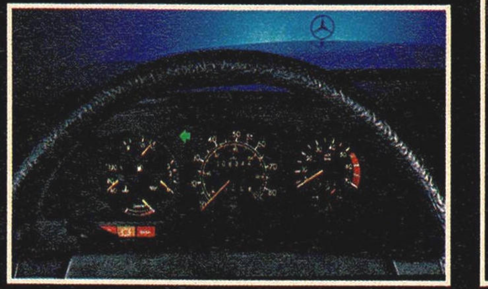

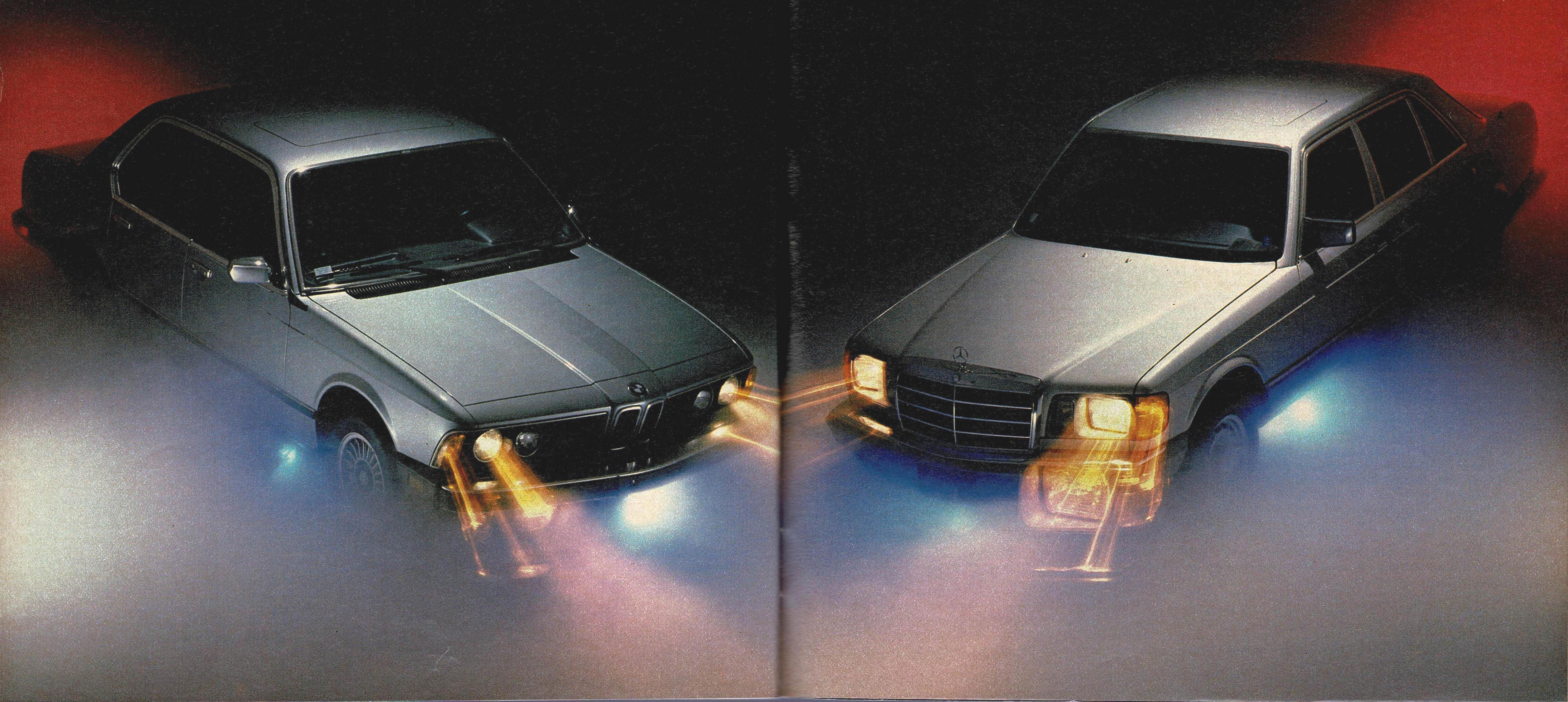

Consider yourself lucky if you're in the market for a luxury four-door sedan. Two outstanding cars merit your attention. The more obvious choice, naturally, is the Mercedes 380SEL, Daimler-Benz's successor to the 450SEL—considered by many to be the greatest sedan in the world. Lighter and more fuel efficient, the extraordinary 380SEL is a worthy addition in the Mercedes tradition of ultimate class and performance. But for several reasons, the discriminating buyer may opt for the BMW 733i. Let's take a look.

Both BMW and Mercedes offer the benefits of what I feel is superb German engineering, a precise mating of style and performance. For example, the Mercedes boasts a remarkable 0.36 drag coefficient—in plainer terms, the measure of how successfully a car cuts through air. With their unusual aerodynamic profiles, the 380SEL and 733i are slick, sleek cars to drive, but don't expect terrific gas mileage.

Make no mistake about it: these are big luxury cars, with a magnificent ride to prove it. I felt totally comfortable with these automobiles' solid, secure feel. Even on rough roads the ride is extremely smooth—but never approaches the unpleasant, boatlike feel of some big American luxury cars.

Both BMW and Mercedes are loaded with top-notch safety features, ranging from "crashworthy" construction to passenger-side mirrors that can be electronically controlled from the driver's seat (How many times does a lazy driver fail to readjust the right-side mirror after a previous driver, a car wash, or an accidental nudge?) Four-wheel disk brakes provide terrific stopping response; in a "panic" stop at 70 mph, both the BMW and Mercedes held to their own tracks and didn't slide from side to side. The back end never came around. With plenty of windows and no significant blind spots, visibility was excellent.

In terms of interior comfort, I'd have to give the slight edge to Mercedes. At 208 inches, the Mercedes is less than a foot longer than the BMW 733i, but it does feel like a more spacious, roomier automobile. Some of this may be visual; compared with the 450SEL, the 380 has a much more raked and streamlined design. I was impressed with both cars' inside appointments and was fascinated by the eight-way, power-controlled Mercedes seat, which is operated by pressing on a three-dimensional miniature model. It's the best seat I've ever been in. The BMW seat is largely electronic, but also has some manual positioning—which I find unacceptable in a luxury car at these prices.

What about performance? As an owner of several 450s, I did notice that the smaller 380 engine (3.8 liters displacement instead of 4.5) provides appreciably less power, and I was somewhat disappointed in the car's passing-gear and uphill response. If you're looking for acceleration, the nod has got to go to the five-speed BMW. Naturally, the 733i wasn't a car intended for hot-rodding, but it does have enough power to chirp the tires in first and second. It digs out pretty good, and you can compete with any car but a performance car. Both BMW and Mercedes, naturally, are outstanding in terms of handling, very agile, with crisp and precise steering. I did find that the BMW handles just slightly better when cornering or on high-speed turns. Again: it is just a bit shorter and lighter than the Mercedes.

Because both of these cars are top-line luxury driving machines, you can and should expect the ultimate in assorted comforts. Both, for instance, have outstanding electronic push-button sunroofs; on the BMW there's a second flip-up position that creates a very quiet refreshing air flow.

Typical of BMW's thoughtfulness is a tiny light in the door key that eliminates fumbling to find the keyhole at night. Trunk space is equally impressive. I found both cars fit six to seven suitcases very comfortably, nor did that load affect the ride. Trunks were also clean, not cluttered by spares and jacks. Radios on both cars are extraordinary. The BMW quadraphonic stereo is the best I've ever heard. Very seldom do you find a car that comes with such excellent speakers; you can blast the radio and still get great sound with no distortion.

> The BMW 733i wasn't a car intended for hot-rodding, but it does have enough power to chirp the tires in first and second. It digs out pretty good.

Both BMW and Mercedes have extremely well designed interiors in terms of instruments being easy to read and controls being accessible to one's reach. Such features are crucial to both comfort and safety. I did prefer the interior dashboard appointments of the Mercedes, primarily in terms of style. The BMW, for instance, lights its speedometer and tachometer from outside—they're not illuminated from within—and I didn't find the diffuse orange glow very attractive. My second complaint about the BMW is its much-touted "on-board" computer, a dashboard pad of buttons that monitors engine efficiency, distance remaining to travel, optimum speed, etc. The computer is simply too complex for the average person, myself included, to understand and operate without hiring a guide.

In summation, if you've got the money to spend on this class of automobile, neither BMW nor Mercedes will disappoint when it comes to luxury, performance, and style; both are magnificent feats of engineering. Only a Rolls-Royce, at considerably higher price, could be said to surpass these two outstanding automobiles. Quite simply, the 380SEL and 733i are the two best sub-$50,000 sedans available in the world. As an investment, the Mercedes can't be beat for holding its value; the car's reputation for excellence is well deserved. Particularly among the nouveaux riches who want the reliable prestige and ego-value that comes with an established brand name, Mercedes is the obvious choice.

BMW, on the other hand, connotes a slightly different image: that of a man who is less obviously flashy, perhaps more studious. To select a BMW, you've got to have done research; to get in the know, you've invested some time and insight in your purchase. You're not the kind of person who automatically, without reflection, adopts the old name and the old prestige. Nor are you the kind of man—or woman (I noticed many ladies driving the 733i)—who spends money just to flaunt your bank account. Remember: the Mercedes costs $44,000-plus. The BMW 733i—comparable in every way and superior in terms of quick response, tight cornering, and fuel economy—can be purchased for $33,000. In my view, it should be only a matter of time before BMW acquires the kind of prestige that now belongs exclusively to Mercedes.

(Previous page) Where there's smoke, there's fire—the two hottest sedans for luxury-car buyers seeking the ultimate in engineering majesty and techno-pampering. Both the BMW 733i (left) and the Mercedes 380SEL (right) are as lovely and lively to look at as they are to drive, the twin Teutonic titans of four-door fantasy with sleek, slippery outside aerodynamics and, inside (inset), awesomely efficient cockpits that boast matchless design and an unparalleled array of fingertip features: (clockwise, from left) BMW's "on-board" computer monitors outside temperature, warns of freezing conditions, computes gas mileage, and estimates time of arrival, while its four-digit code can be programmed in to keep thieves out (the wrong code entered three times cuts fuel supply and beeps horn); BMW's instrument panel displays gauges and central warning signals in an optically beneficent orange light; around and above Mercedes' four-speed automatic transmission, the center console carries forty-plus buttons—some for climate control, antenna, hazard lights, most for the all-electronic radio whose computer memory holds half a dozen preprogrammed stations; the 380SEL has the familiar 450SEL array of Mercedes instruments, all elegant, easy to read, and within comfortable reach.

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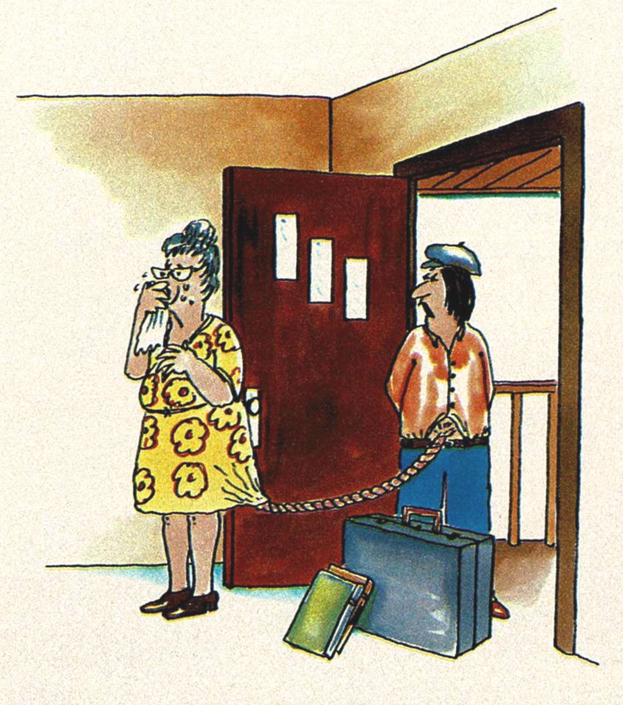
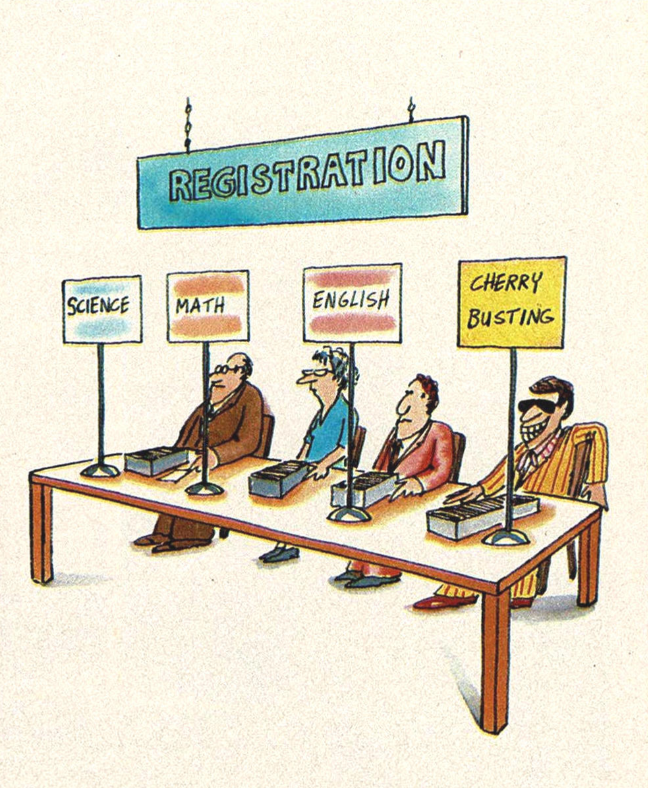
SICK-U

BY THOMAS CHENEY



"The cab is waiting, Mom…How about cutting the cord?"


REGISTRATION
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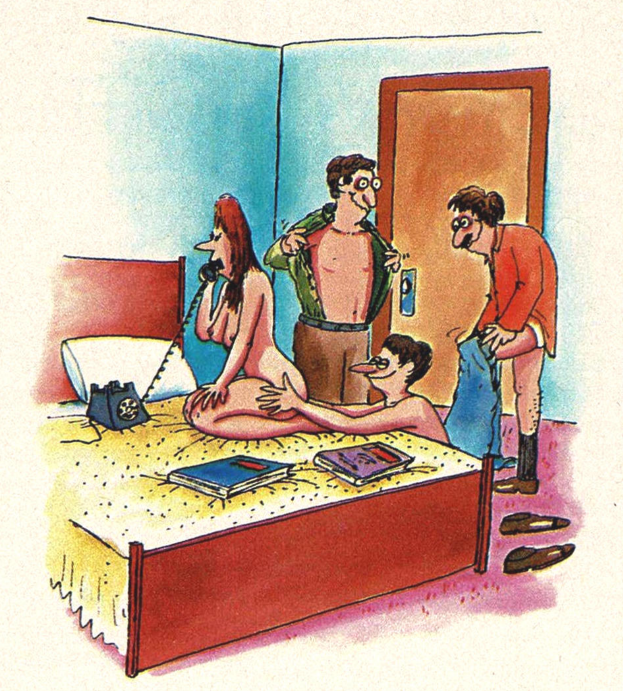
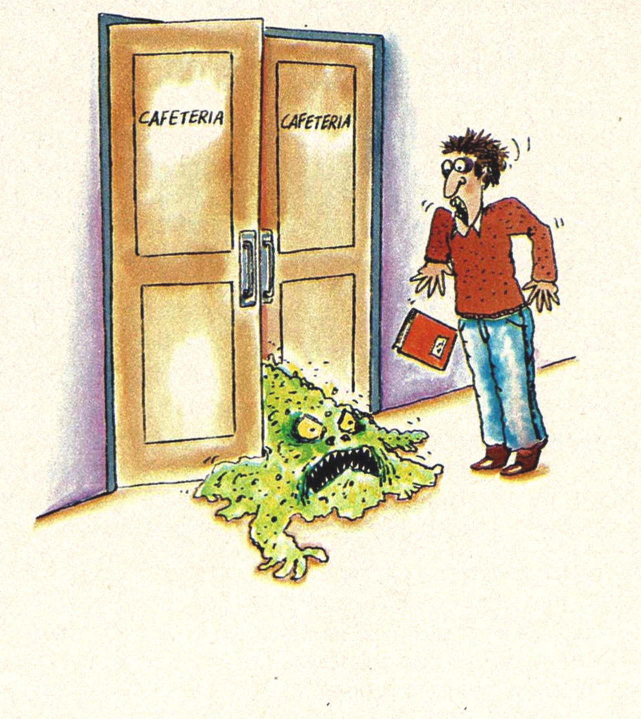
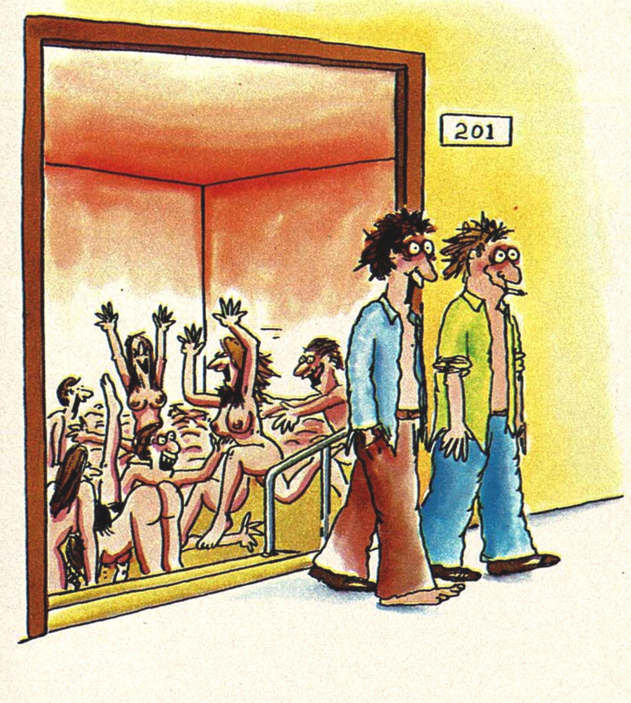


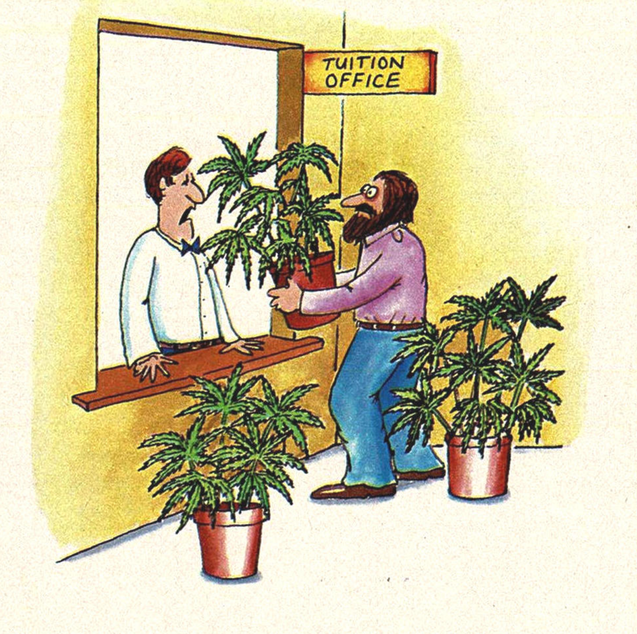
"I can't talk now, Mom…I've got to start cramming."


CAFETERIA
CAFETERIA

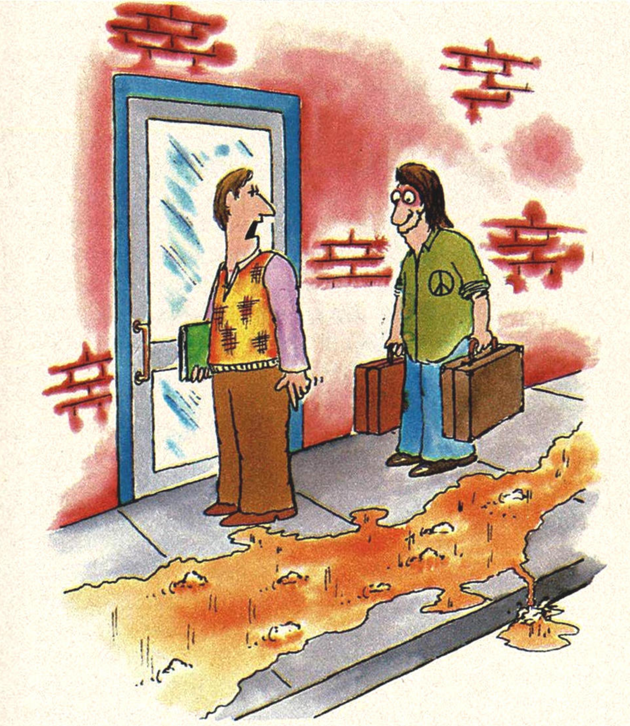
"You can't explain
school to a higher intelligence."
From the film E.T.



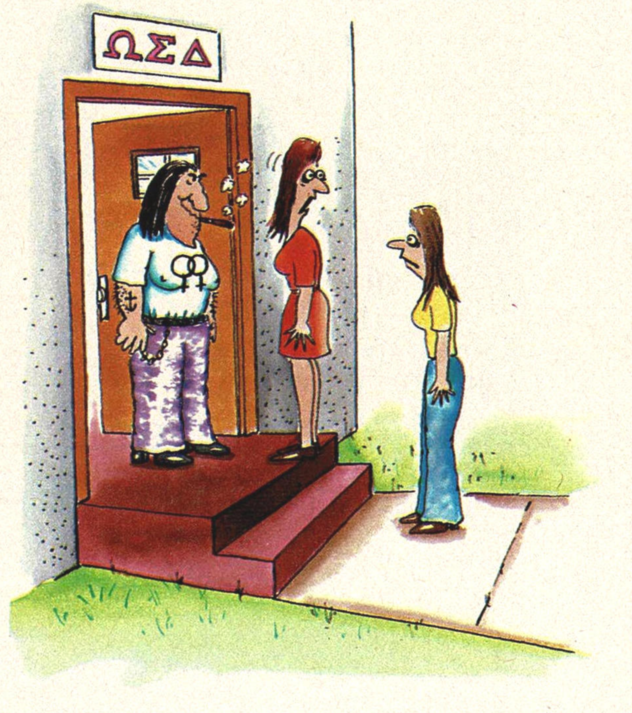
"At last…an orientation program that makes sense."


TUITION OFFICE

"Sorry, fella…cash only."



"The dorms? Just follow the beer upstream."



"Uh-oh…I think it's one of those sororities!"

NO PAIN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64

angel-dust use by youngsters cannot be exaggerated. In 1979, 14,000 adolescents had to visit hospital emergency rooms because of angel-dust use. In the same year, 260 deaths of adolescents were associated with their use of angel dust. Many of these users are preteens. Father Costello told *Penthouse* of a recent experience that took place in an upper-middle-class area of New York City.

"I had a kid who was eleven or twelve years old. We were over in Bayside doing outreach work, just breaking in new ground. I saw this little kid with a bunch of other kids who were smoking dust. All of a sudden he started to stagger back and forth. Now this was amazing. I got two of the dealers to help me get him in my car to get him home. He had fallen on the street and started to hit his head on the ground. What a struggle! Two big guys like myself and I had a heck of a struggle trying to get the kid to calm down. This was just a little kid, nothing but skin and bones.

"This is one of the other characteristics of angel-dust users. They are uncharacteristically strong. This kid was moving me forward in the car. They had him pinned down, but my only fear was that they were going to hurt him. I hoped he wasn't going to feel any pain.

"We couldn't take the kid to an emergency room without the permission of his parents. We were able to find out where he lived from kids in the neighborhood. We took him to his home, and his father and mother answered the door. We told them that their son was under the influence of angel dust, and we advised them to take him to the emergency room right away. I gave them my card, and told them that their son obviously had a problem with drugs. They never did contact us. I called the father up, and he told me that he would be able to deal with the problem. And that is the problem: the failure of people to deal early with the problem. They hope that the problem will go away, but it doesn't go away. You deal with it now, or you deal with it later."

This is sound advice. The purveyors of PCP are obviously aiming at a market of children, and the names it is known by in the streets and schools read like the names of bubble-gum rock groups: angel dust, crystal, supergrass, killer weed, embalming fluid, and rocket fuel. In 1978 Congress passed legislation prohibiting the manufacture of PCP with penalties more severe than for any other non-narcotic substance under the Controlled Substances Act: for a first offense, a term of imprisonment of up to ten years, a fine of up to $25,000, or both. The stiff penalties are understandable when the Drug Enforcement Administration explains what the drug does to children:

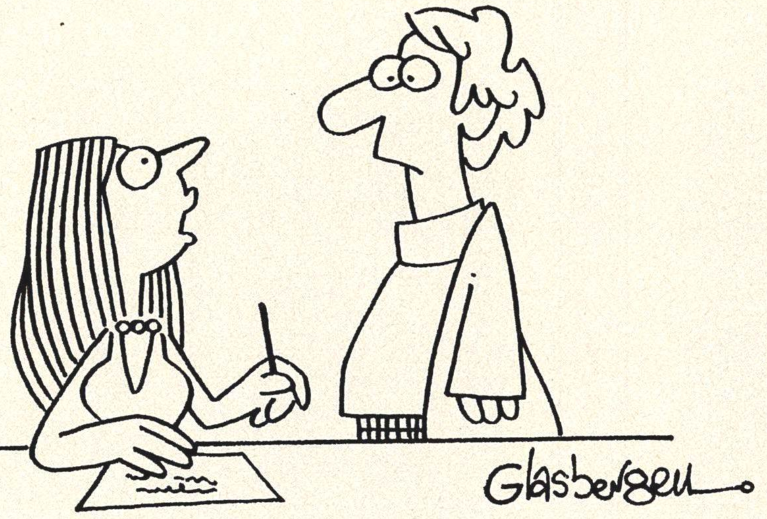
"A moderate amount often produces in the user a sense of detachment, distance, and estrangement from his surroundings. Numbness, slurred or blocked speech, and a loss of coordination may be accompanied by a sense of strength and invulnerability. . . . Auditory hallucinations, image distortion as in a fun-house mirror, and severe mood disorders may also occur, producing in some acute anxiety and a feeling of impending doom. In others, paranoia and violent hostility. PCP is unique among popular drugs of abuse in its power to produce psychoses indistinguishable from schizophrenia. . . ."

Many myths surround adolescent drug use. One such myth deals with heroin use by children. Federal and state surveys indicate that there is no widespread heroin abuse by youngsters. Unfortunately, what the surveys fail to include in their reports is that a youngster who is a heroin abuser or addict will not be attending school where the surveys are taken. While the National Institute on Drug Abuse states that there are only 100,000 heroin users in the country between the ages of twelve and seventeen, those who deal with drug abusers strongly disagree with the figure.

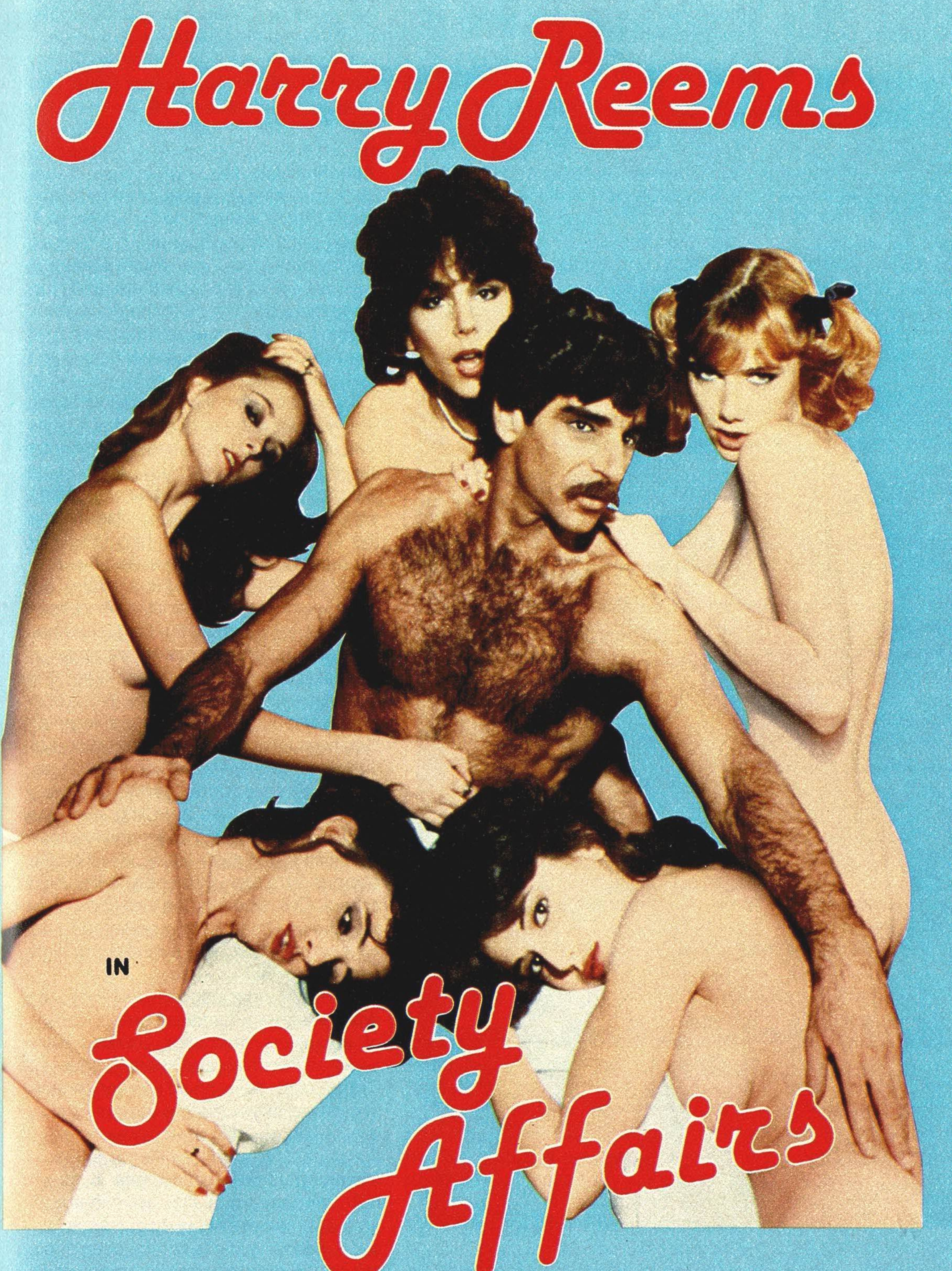
Ray Rodriguez administers a large drug-treatment center for adolescents at a New York City hospital. Ray, who had a severe drug problem himself as an adolescent, has interviewed and counseled over a thousand drug abusers over the last eight and a half years. The program that he administers is unique in that it will accept only the hardest of the hard-core drug abusers. One of its conditions for admission is that the heroin addict must have been using the drug for at least two years. As the program rarely accepts anybody younger than sixteen years of age, Ray pointed out to *Penthouse* that the adolescents coming into his heroin-rehabilitation center have been injecting themselves with the drug since they were as young as fourteen, many even younger.

Ray was asked to comment about there being no heroin problem among adolescents. "That's not true. That's not my experience. This clinic is living proof of that." Ray also offered another reason why the drug surveys do not indicate widespread heroin use by adolescents as compared with other drugs. "It's the age-old problem of denial. Some people sort of have it as recreational use, and some kids are not hurting enough yet to come in for treatment. When they're forced to come in here, they still won't admit it."

Ray Rodriguez smiled broadly when it was suggested to him that heroin abuse by youngsters is confined to city ghetto areas. "I get them from all over. They come through my doors from every borough in the city. I've got kids coming to me from New Jersey. The problem transcends every race, religion, and socioeconomic class." We will see that this is true for drug abuse in general. The disease knows no boundaries in claiming its young victims.



"I'm writing a poem to express the depth and scope of our love. What rhymes with 'rim-job'?"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Not even the futuristic and fantastic world of Space Invaders and Pac-Man can escape drugs. Few locations where children spend their hours and money are lacking in one of the dozens of electronic video games that swallow up millions of dollars in quarters. Arcades, game rooms, pizza parlors, and record stores are lit up and clanging with the sounds of these games. They are also locations where drugs are bought and sold by kids.

In 1982 New York State's Division of Substance Abuse Services suspected drug activity at locations where children congregated to play video games. Undercover operatives were sent to observe 102 such sites throughout New York City. Their suspicions were correct, as they observed widespread drug activity at 65 percent of the selected video-game sites. Marijuana was used or available at all of the latter sites. Cocaine and heroin were found at forty and twenty-five of the sites, respectively. The observers of the drug activity noted that "the vast majority of locations had participants who were males under the age of eighteen."

Don DesJarlais, a spokesman for the Division of Substance Abuse, told *Penthouse*: "About 15 percent of the kids looked to be twelve years old or younger. We didn't break down drug activity by age group, but one of our concerns is that kids between ten and twelve are mixing freely with older kids sixteen to twenty. Because of the age-mixing, we would like to have as little drug use [at video arcades] as possible."

While Pac-Man and Space Invaders are not responsible for drug abuse among children, the dark or psychedelically lit video-game establishments, often poorly supervised by proprietors, are attractive locations for clandestine drug activities for young people.

Danny is fourteen years old. His appearance is that of most adolescents his age: long blond hair, neatly and stylishly cut, and a surplus army-fatigue jacket and jeans. It is only when Danny tells his story that you know he is an inhabitant of the childhood drug world.

Danny's introduction to drugs came when he was ten years old, turned on to marijuana by an older buddy who was twelve. He told us about his progression in the drug world. "He turned me on and I liked it. Plus, where I was hanging out, everybody was partying. When they were partying, every time they lit up I was smoking. Right after I started smoking I got into mesc [mescaline]. After three weeks I wasn't really smoking that much, but I was experimenting with different drugs. Then I got into mesc. I was doing mescaline every week. I started doing acid, but I really never got into it. Everything I ever did I would stop and then go on to something else. Then I finally started doing dust." When Danny started using angel dust, things began to go awry in his life. Functioning in grade school was impossible.

"A lot of kids say, 'Well, if I smoke a joint, I am going to be able to pass this test,' but that's not true. I couldn't even think straight. . . . You know, when you're high, you don't even want to be there. You can't take it sitting down. You gotta be moving around. Me, I gotta be walking around, having a good time. I could never pass tests when I was high."

In the seventh grade Danny was kicked out of school. At twelve he was using drugs every day, and was in one of the several drug programs he was to attend. While in those programs Danny continued using more and more angel dust.

"I would smoke it. It was a drug I loved to do. I would get numbed out, be like nothin' bothered me. Like everything was all right. I'd be in a good mood. Once in a while you'd smoke too much, and you wouldn't know what the hell you were doin'. You can't remember, like you can't remember nothin'. You don't even know your name. Nothin'.

> "I purchased heroin from a fifteen-year-old," said a Los Angeles undercover narcotics officer. "He was also a user. He was dealing heroin right in the school."

"You feel no pain. Like one time this kid was punching me, and I was just standing there. I thought he was just kidding around, like I wasn't feeling any pain. But he was really punching me, and he gave me one punch and my head went like that. I started fighting back. Dust does make you very violent."

Danny spent much of his time searching for new ways to get higher. Alcohol upset his stomach, but pills like Tuinal and Quaaludes, for a period of time, gave him the feelings he was seeking. "Ludes and Tuinal always gave me an up head. I felt like I was drunk. I felt good, but I liked the dust head better."

As an eleven- and twelve-year-old Danny was spending at least twenty dollars a day for drugs, while dealer friends would treat him to another twenty dollars a day of drugs. Still, eleven-year-olds do not have twenty dollars a day to spend on drugs. Danny told us how he afforded his habit. "I'd tell my mom that I was taking a ten, then after I took ten dollars from her pocketbook, I'd go into my father's room and take ten dollars out of his pants. I didn't care. I mean, I knew they would find out money was missing, but I just didn't care."

Danny admitted that he was involved in robberies and house break-ins. All the money that he stole from his family and robberies went for drugs. By thirteen Danny was living in a fuzzy world of drug intoxication. His family was aware of this, but felt powerless to stop their son. As Danny said, "There was nothing they could have done to stop me."

It wasn't always a fun thing to do. Danny began to experience hallucinations and blackouts. "Once, me and my friend began to smoke. We smoked more, and I passed out in his house. When I woke up, I thought I was dreaming. I wasn't sure what was going on, and said I'd better get home. When I walked into the house, well, I don't remember what I did, but the next day my mother told me. When I walked in there were a lot of people there, and I just stood there holding on to the door. I was frozen. Finally I started walking and had to keep on holding on to everything, like I was going to fall down."

It was soon after the last incident, when Danny lost any memory of the day, that he was placed in a drug-rehabilitation center called A-Way Out, Inc. Here, for the past ten months, Danny has been spending eight hours a day attending classes and therapy sessions with thirty-five other youngsters. Danny states that the program does help him. He has lapses, but when we spoke with Danny he had been drug-free for a month, the longest he has been without drugs since he was ten.

What many parents are unaware of is that drugs are easily available. Whether in cities or suburbia, kids can get anything they want to ingest or inject into their system. It is sold on street corners, in arcades, pizza parlors, parks, and very often in school. An amazing film was made by Los Angeles undercover narcotics officers of activity taking place on the campus of a San Fernando Valley high school. The students did not know they were being filmed as they gathered for an hour lunch break. The film records sixty minutes of what took place.

As the camera panned a school area designated as a "smoking area," dozens of youngsters were seen smoking marijuana and hashish and snorting cocaine. Groups of students could be seen clustering around fellow student dealers or suppliers of drugs. Little attempt was made by the students to hide their illegal activities. Observing their behavior, one is struck with the impression that using drugs in school is an everyday occurrence. Indeed, nonparticipants can be seen strolling by the drug activity, including adults who may very well be school personnel, unfazed by what is going on. A Los Angeles police officer told us that it was a typical school day.

Every young drug abuser whom we talked with told us the same thing about the availability of "scoring" drugs. Whether it was marijuana, cocaine, or heroin, the youngsters claimed that all they would need would be the money. Police officers and drug counselors agreed that they were not making idle boasts; drug dealers who sell to kids are found everywhere. Often, the dealers are kids themselves.

Stan was a child drug dealer. The seventeen-year-old, well-groomed youth was nine years old when his cousin turned him on to drugs. Stan, not unlike Danny, comes from a middle-class family. He has enjoyed many of the material benefits, including private school, from his father's well-paying employment. There was little his parents could not afford in giving Stan a comfortable childhood. There was only one thing they could not afford, and that was his drug habit.

Before his tenth birthday, Stan had already experimented with marijuana and cocaine. He got into mescaline and an assortment of multicolored pills to take him up or get him down soon after. When you're ten or eleven, it is difficult to afford $150 a week for drugs. Stan couldn't take it out of his allowance, so he had to find other means. Stealing from his parents was but one way.

"I did a lot of dealing, you know. I was dealing dust for a while, and speed, and different pills. All the money went for drugs for myself." Most of Stan's waking hours were spent in drug activity. "If I wasn't dealing drugs, I was taking them."

Stan's counterpart on the West Coast is Marty. The son of wealthy Orange County parents, Marty was thirteen years old when he awoke one morning and realized that he had a forty-five- to fifty-dollar-a-day drug habit. To afford his habit, Marty broke into houses and sold drugs to classmates. He acknowledges breaking into sixty homes, including his own. Marty became so proficient in robbing houses that it became a habit: "I became addicted to robbing houses."

Dealing drugs at school and at home was both rewarding and detrimental for Marty. "When you're dealing, you always have a constant supply of money and drugs, but it becomes a hassle after a while. People kept coming around at odd hours, and I didn't like it." But Marty continued until about his sixteenth birthday. His life was caving in all around him. His parents were now aware of his drug habits and dealing, and he feared that the police were on to him for the break-ins. Marty had overdosed on a few occasions, and had already been placed in hospitals for his addiction. Finally, he was arrested for a car theft, and a condition of his probation was placement in Tustin Community Hospital's Positive Action Center for youthful drug offenders. Now, Marty is back at school and working in the afternoons. He no longer sells drugs, nor does he break into homes to steal. And, while Marty is not drug-free, "I've got it under control," he claimed. "In my mind I know. I can feel it. You know, when I was addicted to drugs, I knew it and it was a fucked feeling knowing that you had to have something. Now I can take it or leave it."

It may very well be easier for youngsters

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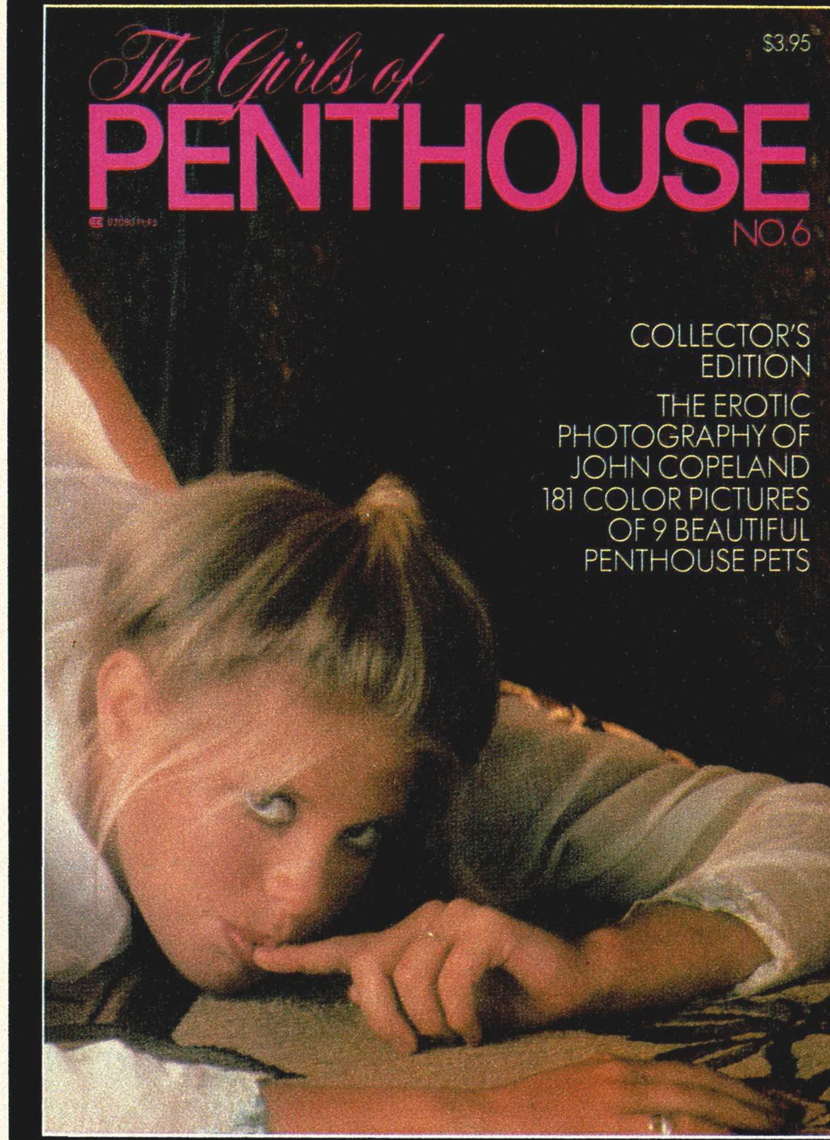
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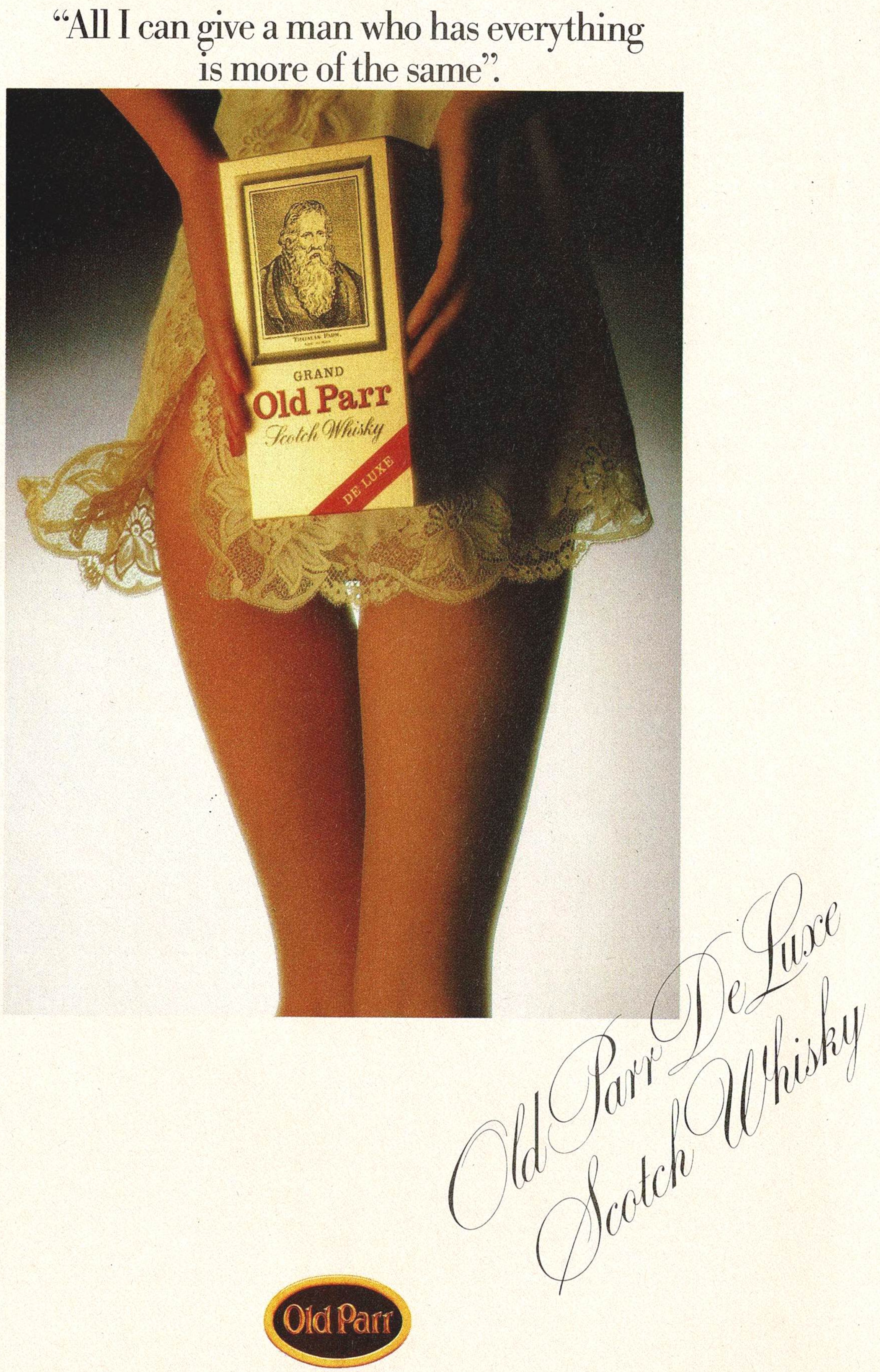
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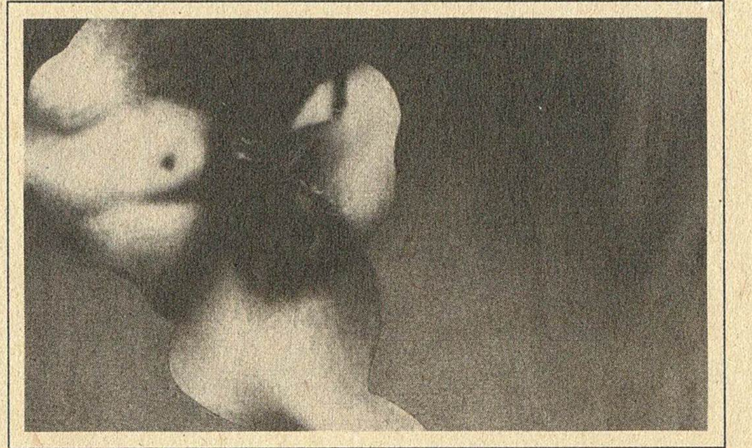
Dream Watch



ANALYSIS BY DR. ALBERT ELLIS

Ace, age twenty-two

I've read your column, "Dream Watch," a couple of times and tried to see if my analysis is close to or the same as yours. I've succeeded twice—the rest weren't even close. This is why I would like you to tell me what my recurring dream means.

I'm a single male working in our armed forces. I've had the same sexual dream for over five years now, and it becomes more vivid each time.

I see myself standing alone in the darkness, naked but for a loincloth around my waist. It seems I'm in a forest, for there are trees on all sides, dark, foreboding, and utterly silent. Slowly a sound grows louder, the sound of running feet on soft ground. When the sound is at its peak, a girl runs full force into me.

She's beautiful, with long blond hair and gray-blue eyes wide with terror. She does not scream but starts to weep and beg me to protect her. I calm her with gentle reassuring words and stroke her lovely

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT BILLINGS

to take drugs than not to. Marty told us that most kids around school are taking one drug or another. He even found it prevalent among nine- and ten-year-olds. Kids are great conformists among their kind; peer pressure is great, and it is easier to say yes when offered a joint.

Marty is not alone in finding it difficult to stop taking drugs. Danny and Stan, too, expressed concern that it is all too easy when they are with their friends to resume drug-taking. Reinforcement comes not only from friends but from many in the adult community. The drug behavior of athletes, movie stars, and rock singers is an obvious positive reinforcement for the young to take drugs. But more direct adult influences in their lives are contributing to the idea that taking drugs is a "cool thing."

Lieutenant LaGuardia of the Los Angeles Juvenile Narcotics Squad points an angry finger at parents and schoolteachers. Many of the youngsters' parents are drug users. If it's okay for them, why not for me? children are apt to reason. LaGuardia believes that the younger schoolteachers are drug users, and that the kids pick up on it. The younger teachers often do not get upset when they find a student smoking marijuana. Furthermore, we have learned of a case where a high-school teacher was teaching the virtues of drugs to her students while supplying them with various substances. Stan told us about her:

"She was a teacher in this high school I went to. She used to talk about tripping in class. She used to get high all the time. I'd go over her house every now and then, and she'd take acid and smoke pot. She invites the kids over there. This one kid, Doug, who had taken two hits of speed, had overdosed and had a stroke. Well, he's back into it again, and this teacher is smoking with him over there, doing acid with him. I can't understand how a teacher could do something like that. I couldn't deal with it."

In recognition that youngsters are spending billions of dollars a year for drugs, legitimate industries have mushroomed that cater to and capitalize on the burgeoning drug trade. In 1980, the NIDA estimated that up to $3 billion would be earned that year by the drug-paraphernalia industry, selling its products in thousands of record shops and so-called "head shops" across the nation to youngsters. Dozens of products are manufactured and distributed through these outlets to encourage drug use.

On the market are hundreds of types of marijuana rolling paper, coming in various sizes, flavors, and decorations. Roach clips, rolling machines, "bongs," and water pipes can be seen prominently displayed in the windows of neighborhood or shopping-mall stores. Cocaine straws, spoons—often in sterling silver and gold to be worn around the neck—containers to store the drug, adulterants to cut it, and test kits are all available for from a few cents up to hundreds of dollars for each item. Drugs that are not illegal but are used for getting high can be bought in most head shops. Mushrooms for psilocybin and look-alike chemicals such as Procaine HCl and Isobutyl nitrate, better known by such names as coca snow and rush, are among the more common items. In recognition of the dangers in drug dealing and abusing, head shops sell safes to hide or smuggle drugs, antibugging equipment, night goggles, and money belts.

The drug-paraphernalia industry has its consumer journals, the most noteworthy being *High Times,* with an approximate 250,000 monthly circulation. Although *High Times* states that its policy is to reject any advertising aimed at a juvenile audience, its contents and availability in head shops allow the magazine to fall into young hands.

High Times features in each issue the street price for dozens of drugs, from marijuana to heroin. Both adolescent drug users and police officials have attested to its accuracy. Capt. Gregory Moore of New York City's Narcotics Squad told us in a recent interview that *High Times* is his best source for availability and prices of drugs on the streets.

> When you're ten or eleven, its difficult to afford $150 a week for drugs. Stan couldn't take it out of his allowance, so he had to find other ways. Stealing from his parents was one of them.

The paraphernalia industry has also published its own trade journals. Two defunct journals, *Paraphernalia Magazine* and the *Accessories Digest,* were typical trade-organization publications. As the industry is beset with legal difficulties and community pressures, many of the journals' pages are filled with advice on how to fight back and editorials urging industry self-policing. A centerfold in the August 1978 issue of the *Accessories Digest,* designed to hang on head shop walls, contained the warning that "certain items will not be sold to children." While some shop owners may observe this stricture, quite a few do not.

On a recent afternoon I took my eleven-year-old son on a ride through New York City and parts of neighboring suburban Nassau County. Entering several head shops by himself, he was able to obtain rolling paper, roach clips, a pipe, and a cocaine spoon. Only one owner questioned him, and when he stated that the rolling paper was for his father, the sale was rung up on the register.

Until March 1982, communities had been unsuccessful in preventing or closing down drug-paraphernalia shops. Upon appeals to the courts, drug-paraphernalia lawyers were able to rebuff all community attempts at ridding the localities of head shops.

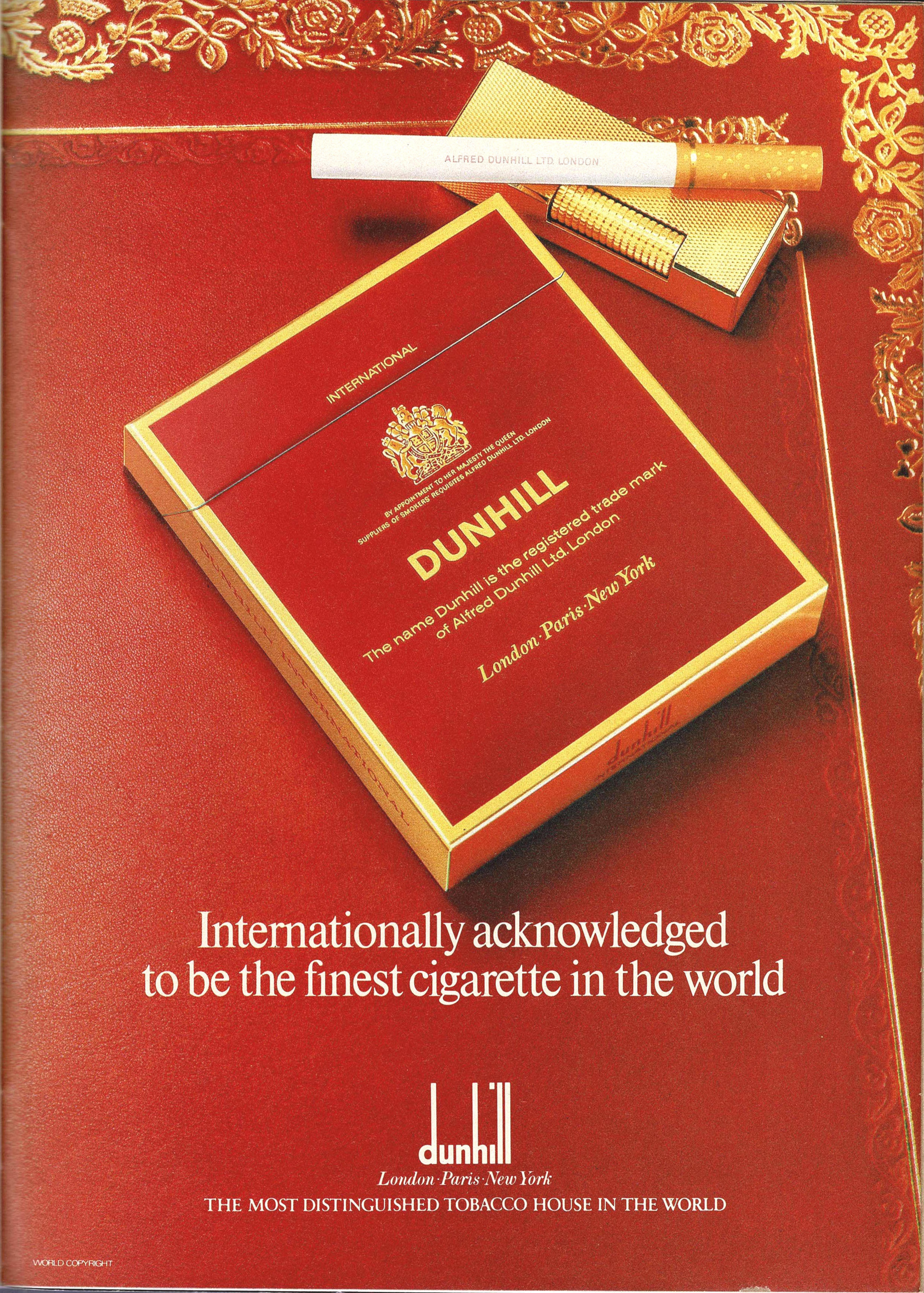
A recent Supreme Court decision, however, has given local communities the right to pass anti-drug-paraphernalia ordinances to rid their areas of the shops that sell accessories. It cannot be expected, however, that the Supreme Court decision will have any immediate effect, as the paraphernalia industry has millions of dollars to wage continued legal battles to change the Court's decision.

Legislation and belated parental actions are not going to stop children from taking drugs. Once the young child has experienced drugs, at least for a time, he is going to enjoy getting high. Peter Chimera, a former heroin addict and now president of A-Way Out, Inc., told *Penthouse* that "there is a positive side about drugs that nobody talks about. The kids like it. They like the feeling they get, and not until they get into trouble do they believe drugs are harmful. The overdoses happen only to the other guy who is stupid. They believe that they are invincible."

Danny, Stan, and Marty all agreed that there was nothing their parents could have done to stop them once they began taking drugs. If anything, drugs were for them a way of escaping from the normal, everyday problems adolescents have with their parents. While several drug-rehabilitation programs have had varying degrees of success with child drug abusers, nobody has yet devised a drug-prevention program to save children from going through the hell of drug addiction.

Sooner or later the world of drug abuse and addiction for youngsters becomes a living hell. Kids learn too late that the euphoria of drugs fails to be the answer to the problems of growing up. One youngster in a Manhattan drug program wrote the following poem, which was published in her school yearbook:

"The Question"
Dead or alive
You live to destroy
  every man, woman, girl or boy.
(Though it is the choice of every human
  to use you or abuse you)
Some may—some may not
  realize the trouble you sing
But to the innocent
  it's sorrow you bring
Seller: You do not care
Some people stand by saying,
  "It's not fair"
His own kind he is slaying
See the drug in your hand
Make that inspection
And before you make the injection
Ask: If drugs are the answer,
  What is the question? O┳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hair. She finally tells me that a man is chasing her with a gun but she doesn't know why. She is still frightened, so I hold her in my powerful arms ever so gently so as not to hurt her. Soon she is gently kissing my massive chest, working her way to my lips. I lean over to feel the softest, most luscious lips I've ever encountered pressed to mine. Her hands roam. Mine have already undone her tattered dress. It falls, as does my loincloth.

I slowly lie on my back so she can lie on top. She turns and starts to massage my large, powerful legs and lick my testicles. I start to explore her second set of moistened red lips with my tongue and fingers. She emits moans of pleasure and I join her.

Turning once again, she slides down on me, her eyes bright with pleasure as the soft moistness of her being descends on my pulsating penis. She slowly rolls me over on top so our bodies will be closer with each rhythmic stroke. Just so I don't put my full weight on her, I rise to my toes and fingertips and literally do fingertip push-ups. This causes me to sweat more, and with that the heat builds.

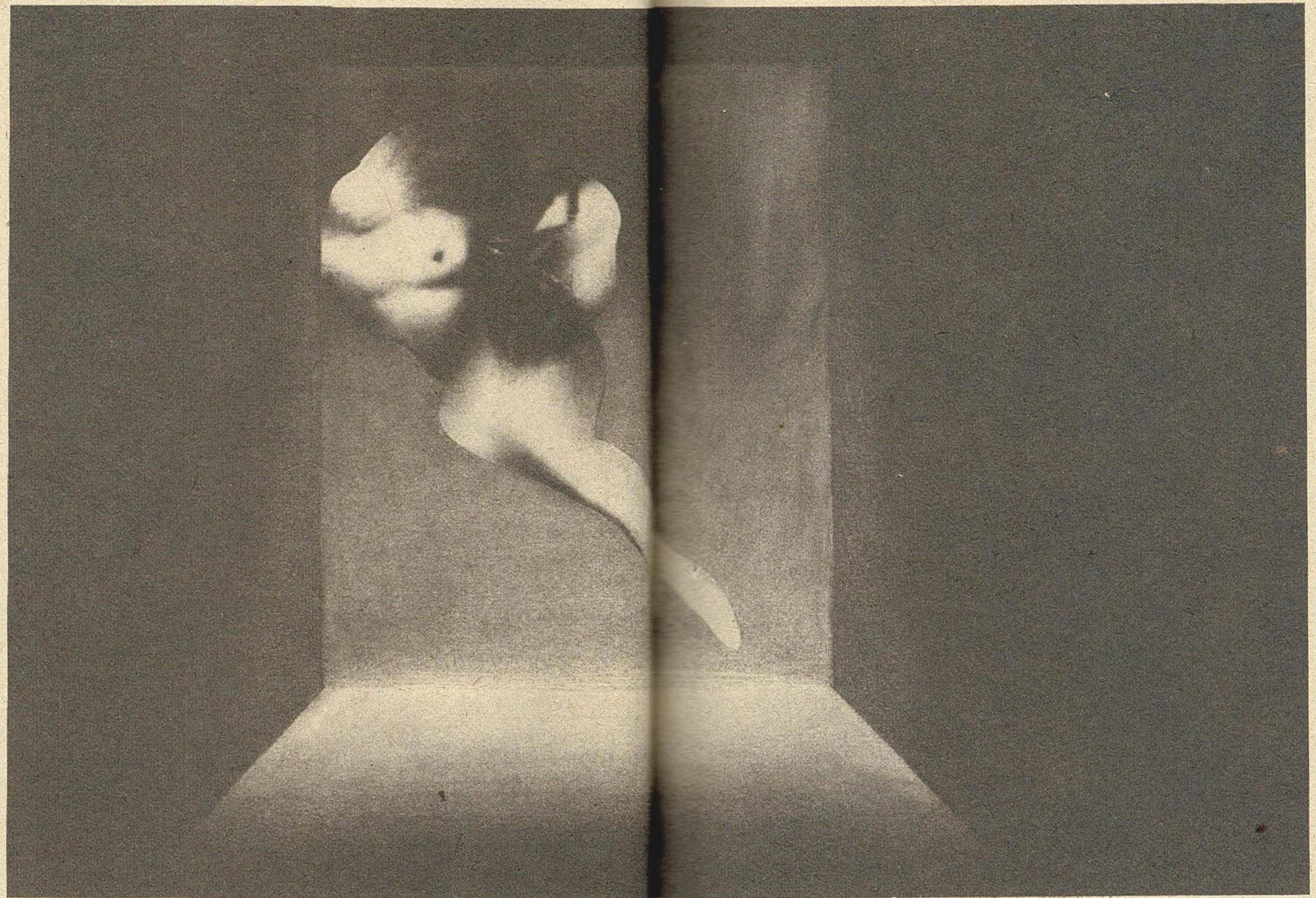
Together we feel the climax rising. Her fingernails dig deep into the corded muscles of my back. The time is now. Suddenly she screams in terror and lurches away. I roll to look over my shoulder only to be blinded and deafened by the roar of a large pistol. My reactions are lightning swift as I bound to my feet to grip this giant of a man by the throat and proceed to lift him by his neck and belt. I throw my full body weight into him as I slam him into a tree. When I step back, he is hanging with a limb through his neck and one through his stomach, dead. I swiftly turn toward the girl, finding her shot between the breasts, dead. I turn and walk away, once again alone in the darkness.

‘Her hands roam. Mine have already undone her tattered dress. It falls, as does my loincloth.’

I haven't the vaguest idea what this means. Maybe you can give me some idea. I'm six feet tall and 225 pounds. I'm built fairly solid but I'm a real mellow guy. I keep my Irish-German temper under control and can't see myself really harming anyone. My sex life is average, enough to stay happy. The only problem I have is this blasted dream.

Dr. Ellis comments:
In itself, your dream is fairly common, in that you lust strongly for the ideal kind of woman you dream about. You calm her, protect her, and show your "manhood" by killing her assailant. All this you do beautifully. Yet, in the end, you lose her and are doomed to being alone.

This seems to be your great fear—that for all your strength and sexiness you will wind up "alone in the darkness." If you stop viewing loneliness as a holy horror and use your brains and brawn to keep looking for what you truly want in a woman, you will most probably find it. But not if you see yourself as a little boy who must have what he wants and who terrifies himself about being alone. Being alone for a while is a real pain in the ass but hardly a holocaust. If you see loneliness in this sensible way, you won't be by yourself for long!



Jeannette, age twenty-eight
I can remember being a teenager in high school and watching the guys after school practicing basketball. I had been dating one of the star basketball players. Actually, I didn't care much for the sport, but I loved the guy. When we graduated from high school, we split. I don't even know where he is today.

In the last ten years, I don't think I've even watched the game on television. It holds no interest for me—or didn't until recently.

I started dating a guy, David, who plays pro ball. He's not a starter; actually, he rarely gets to play, and so sometimes I miss his games. (We are not engaged or anything.) In the past couple of months that we've dated, I've had this dream. I'm on the basketball court and I'm naked. I don't try to cover myself, even though the boys are playing ball and the crowd is screaming wildly. Somehow no one notices I am there.

The boys dribble the ball, they pass over me, they jump around me. I might as well be a ghost. And the strange thing about this dream is that it's my old high-school gym. (It's certainly not Madison Square Garden!) I even recognize some of the players as classmates. My present-day lover, David, however, is nowhere in sight. This is definitely not pro ball. After the game is finished, I go down into the locker room with the boys. Again, I might as well be a ghost; even though I am nude, I am being totally ignored. I go into the showers with them. I listen to their jokes. I watch them take off their uniforms and change into street clothes. (And believe me, being stark naked in a men's locker room has never been one of my fantasies!) Finally, I'm left alone in the dark.

When I wake up, I sometimes get this feeling that I wanted to be gang-banged. Nothing happens in the dream, of course, but usually I do masturbate in bed once I have woken. It's very frustrating being in the same room with a bunch of naked teenage boys and having them not even notice you.

I suppose I should confess that my high-school sweetheart and I never had sex. Not really. I mean, I used to masturbate him. I think I blew him off once or twice. And of course, there was plenty of petting involved, if that's what they still call it. Strange, I don't think I had an orgasm until I was in college.

I sometimes think I should tell my present lover about my weird sex dream. I'm afraid, though, that he wouldn't understand.

Dr. Ellis comments:
You may be right: you sometimes may get the feeling that you want to be gang-banged. Not that you want to be cruelly raped by a group of males who don't give a shit for you and who only want your cunt. I doubt whether you want that *sort of gang-bang.*

But you may well want the gang-bang interest *of a large group of sexy males, want their particularly desiring* you *and not just any piece of ass. But you seem afraid, in your dream, that you are not attractive enough and that even if you walked into a men's locker room naked, no one would notice you.*

Since you actually have always been attractive to men, this seems to be a needless self-putdown. If so, actively dispute your negativism. Just try actually walking naked into a men's locker room and see what happens. Your fear of not being noticed won't last very long!

George, age twenty-four
Do you remember that scene in *Dressed to Kill* when Angie Dickinson gets picked up by this good-looking stranger and they have sex—oral sex—in the back of a cab during rush hour in New York City? Well, I had this dream which is something like that—only better!

I'm single. I work as an accountant in New York. I've been divorced for about a year. The marriage lasted about a year, and I haven't seen my former wife since the day we got the divorce. Which is fine with me. The last twelve months have seen me involved with no one. That doesn't mean I haven't screwed around. In fact, you could say that I've got a revolving bed in my apartment. I guess I stopped keeping count after the first month, there were so many! Too many, perhaps. Like Angie Dickinson and the stranger in *Dressed to Kill*, I've picked up more than my share of diseases.

I was sleeping alone one night—a rare night that was—and had this particular sex dream. In the dream I'm driving a car through the country. It's a convertible, and seated beside me in the car is a gorgeous woman. It's strange: I can't remember her face, but I can recall that she has lots of hair, like one of the actresses on *Dallas*. And her hair is blowing in the wind and I think how much I'd like to put my hands through all that thick, fluffed-up hair of hers, how much I'd love to wrap my naked body in it, feel it tickling me all over.

‘Connie and I were in bed together and doing everything two women can do to one another's body.’

We're driving along, not saying a word to one another, when she reaches over and undoes my fly. I'm hard immediately, but when she leans over to give me some head, my erection just shrivels up. Well, not exactly. What I mean to say is that my cock just shrinks. All of a sudden I'm big and hard, and then the next second she might as well be licking on the tip of my little finger. When I'm hard I'm no superstud, but then again, when I'm soft I'm no Tinkerbell either.

In the dream I get frustrated. I'm embarrassed. But my lack of size doesn't seem to bother this woman. We trade places. She drives the car and I begin to eat her out. She has both her hands on the steering wheel. Her legs are up in the air. They're raised and she's got them practically wrapped around the wheel of the car. Her dress is blowing in the wind, up around her head. God, I'm sure she can't see a thing. It's pretty dangerous. It's also pretty hot and exciting. My tongue is working overtime.

From there the dream gets pretty abstract. The next thing I know we're in the middle of a traffic jam in a crowded city street. It's probably New York City. The taxis are honking away. People are darting in between the stalled cars. Truck drivers are looking down into my convertible. And there's this woman and me, going at it. Except now we're both naked, performing sixty-nine on each other. I guess I'm more

> “I’m on the basketball court and I’m naked. I don’t try to cover myself, even though the boys are playing ball and the crowd is screaming wildly.”

relaxed now because I’m not having any problems keeping it up—or big.

My car is somehow impossibly large, because this woman and I are all sprawled out as we do our stuff. We have plenty of leg room, plenty of room to switch positions with incredible ease, which we do quite often and with surrealistic speed.

I’m excited by all the attention we’re attracting. Out of the corner of my eye, I can see people hanging out of office windows to watch. Meanwhile, we just keep changing positions. I think this can go on forever when a dog—a German shepherd, I think—jumps into the convertible and bites me hard right on the wrist. There’s no blood but I can feel his teeth. At least, I think I can feel something painful. Of course, I wake up. I remember trying to go back to sleep. No luck. Even as I lay there, awake in bed, I could feel a tingling sensation in my wrist.

Dr. Ellis comments:

Although you obviously are having a fucking good time since you left your wife, you still seem to see unadulterated sex as dangerous. In the dream your cock shrinks to "a tip," you and your partner almost gets killed while having wild sex, and you finally get bitten on the wrist by a German shepherd. The sex in your dream is extraordinarily great—but scary as hell!

I suspect that you are giving yourself a warning: "Listen, buster, sex is okay—but don’t let it get out of hand!" The German shepherd who bites your wrist may be telling you to take things in hand and to control yourself somewhat. Which might not be a bad idea. By all means gather ye rosebuds while ye may, for olde time is aflying and sex doesn’t last forever. But reckless sex may have its own wreckful hazards and consequences. A little moderation and balance might well be in order!

Lydia, age twenty-four

My friend Connie and I have known each other since kindergarten. We’ve gone on double dates together. All through college we were inseparable. Some people even jokingly referred to us as lesbians. Connie and I used to laugh at them. The two of us were about as hetero as you could get. I can remember when Connie told me that she had finally made it with a guy. We were twelve years old at the time. I went right out and lost my virginity, too. Within the week!

Recently, Connie confessed to me that she had been seeing this other girl for about a year. Her name is Wanda. I did not understand. I thought she meant Wanda was just a close friend. Then it hit me. Connie and Wanda were lovers. Gay lovers. I almost fainted. Connie asked if it made any difference. I said no. What else could I say? She says she’s bisexual, but I’ve heard that story before, too.

That night I could hardly sleep. I must have lain awake for five hours before I finally went into a half-sleep. Awake one minute, asleep the next. Back and forth, back and forth. When I was asleep, however, I had this dream. Connie and I were in bed together and doing everything two women can do to one another’s body. I had never even thought much about lesbian sex. But there I was in my dream, licking her crotch, pulling her pubic hairs, masturbating her with my fist, tongue-kissing, the works!

When I awoke, I felt not so gay. But was I a lesbian, too? Later in the week, I met Wanda. She seemed very nice, attractive. Wouldn’t you know! A few nights later, I had another lesbian dream, only this time it was a gay three-way.

The following night I stayed over with Ron, a guy I go out with. Our sex is pretty fantastic. Unlike some women I read about, I have no problem with orgasms. As they say, I’m multi-orgasmic. But this time I couldn’t come for the life of me. And Ron was really working hard. He’s certainly no premature ejaculator, so that’s not the problem.

Now I’m afraid to go to bed with anybody. Should I live out my dream and go camping with Connie and Wanda?

Dr. Ellis comments:

Like many young males who have homosexual thoughts, your main problem doesn’t seem to be that you really are a lesbian but that you are afraid you might become one. After all, Connie, who seemed to be so straight, became bisexual—so why couldn’t you?

Fearing that you really were a lesbian, you went to bed with Ron and probably kept telling yourself, "Suppose I’m really gay! Wouldn’t that be terrible! Oh, my God!" Worrying like this, you turned yourself off to Ron, with whom you normally have great sex.

If you will stop plaguing yourself about being gay and will accept yourself as okay, whatever kind of sex you happen to enjoy, you will soon discover what you truly like sexually. And my guess is that you are basically straight—though this does not mean you could not occasionally enjoy a woman in bed, too. So stop worrying and go back to enjoying sex—as you did before and can doubtless do again!

"Dreamwatch" is a regular column that will try to interpret your dreams, to see what their "real" or underlying meanings are, and to determine what you can possibly do to fulfill these meanings—or to change them when they are encouraging you to engage in self-defeating behavior. Dreams, of course, may have many interpretations, none of which may be perfectly accurate or "true." To make the interpretations in this column more correct and useful, it is best that when you submit a dream for consideration, you include the following information: (1) Describe the dream itself, with its main details. Be as specific and graphic as possible. (2) Give your age, sex, marital status, and vocation. (3) Tell something about your present life condition, especially things you are worried or bothered about in your love life. (4) Note any significant or unusual event that occurred during the day or night preceding your dreams. (5) Give your own personal interpretation of what you think your dream may mean. Readers who wish to have their dreams analyzed and printed in the magazine should write in confidence to: The Editor, "Dreamwatch," *Penthouse* Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

PSYCHOGRAPHIC
SELF-EXAMINATION SERIES

WILL YOU SURVIVE YOUR OWN LIFE?

BY FRANK DONEGAN

Twenty questions to see if you’ll live happily ever after

PSYCHOGRAPH

Life, say the philosophers, is a journey . . . and it's damned easy to lose your way.

Almost everyone's life is full of surprises, many of them unpleasant. It's a rare man who reaches old age without having encountered his share of unexpected twists, turns, detours, and roadblocks. Some of us negotiate these obstacles successfully and emerge in our later years feeling satisfied, confident, and alive. Others crack as each progressive phase of life drops new burdens on them. They find themselves increasingly unable to surmount new problems coming down the pike. These are the men who (if they don't die of heart attacks before they're fifty-five) reach old age feeling bitter, lonely, confused, and defeated.

This psychograph aims to give you an idea of which type you may be: a survivor or a casualty.

The deserved success of Gail Sheehy's best-sellers *Passages* and *Pathfinders* shows how painfully aware the public is of the crises that predictably crop up in the course of life. Academic psychologists, too, have not been unaware of the importance of these crisis points in everyday life; they've been poking around a field known as "life-cycle theory" since the 1920s. The famed Erik Erikson was one of the first to notice that the cycles of life from one person to another are remarkably consistent. As adolescents, we all try to establish our sense of identity and break out of the role of children; in our twenties we're trying to cope with the stresses that come from starting both careers and families; during our thirties we are likely to focus single-mindedly on success; as we pass forty we begin to wonder if we've made the right choices and ponder ways to make life more meaningful . . . and so it goes, decade after decade.

Psychologists have not had an easy time pinning down characteristics of those who are most successful at navigating the dangerous waters that lie between youth and old age. Research on this subject is complex and, by its very nature, must be extremely long-term. After all, when a guy's twenty years old, the only way to find out what he'll be like when he's seventy is to keep track of him for fifty years. And that's just what researchers have been doing. Since 1928, for example, psychologists at the Institute of Human Development at the University of California, Berkeley, have been following the same group of people to see who has been mastering life and who has been overwhelmed by it.

In 1938 a similar longitudinal study at Harvard began tracing the life histories of undergraduates who are now well into middle age. Other studies have been carried on since 1957 at the Institute for Social Research at the University of Michigan. They are covered in the excellent recent book by Angus Campbell, *The Sense of Well-being in America: Recent Patterns and Trends.* And at Northwestern University, Prof. David Gutmann has been doing cross-cultural studies on the subject. He's found that whether you're an average American, a Middle Eastern man, or a Navaho Indian, you're likely to face similar crises at approximately the same points in your life.

It's not possible to predict absolutely who will successfully traverse the rough highway of life and who will end up in a psychological ditch by the side of the road. At any given time the survivor, as well as the potential casualty, is likely to feel fucked up and fucked over by life. But the research of all those mentioned above suggests that men with the best long-range prospects for happiness tend to share certain characteristics and attitudes. It's on these data that we've based this psychograph.

Answer the questions honestly (even if it hurts). After all, it's your life, isn't it?

1. Do you have at least one friend with whom you've been close for half your life or longer?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

2. With which of the following statements would you be most likely to agree?
    (a) The fewer interests a husband and wife have in common, the better. Togetherness in relationships is highly overrated.
    (b) A husband and wife should share several interests, but it's also important that they each cultivate strong interests of their own that don't involve their partner.
    (c) The more things a husband and wife do together, the better. Separate interests are likely to drive a wedge into the relationship and gradually the couple will drift apart.

3. Pick the statement that comes closest to reflecting your experience:
    (a) I've had few failures. I've usually achieved what I set out to do.
    (b) I've had my share of failures, but I've also had my successes. Most important, I've gone on to other things after both my failures and successes.
    (c) I've had many failures.
    (d) I don't set goals and objectives for myself, so I don't have any failures. I believe in being spontaneous and living life for the moment.

4. Has your love life consisted primarily of:
    (a) one or two (or possibly three) long-lasting relationships, each with deep emotional attachment
    (b) several short, sporadic relationships that involved little emotional commitment
    (c) hardly any relationships of any kind

5. How do you feel about this statement? "Most people don't appreciate the things I do for them, nor do they appreciate my talents."
    (a) agree strongly
    (b) disagree strongly
    (c) agree somewhat and disagree somewhat—some people understand me, others don't

6. Would you characterize your sex life as:
    (a) very good
    (b) satisfying enough, but it could be better
    (c) lousy

7. Complete this statement: "When there have been crises in my life, I've . . ."
    (a) usually chosen the right solution.
    (b) sometimes chosen the right solution.
    (c) rarely chosen the right solution.

8. True or false: "My life has been relatively uneventful; there have been few great changes in it."
    (a) true
    (b) false

9. Would you say you're an introspective person? Do you spend a lot of time thinking about your life?
    (a) Yes, I spend a great amount of time thinking about my life.
    (b) I spend quite a bit of time thinking about my life.
    (c) I spend some time thinking about my life, but not much.
    (d) I am almost never introspective. That only makes me depressed.

10. How do you feel about this statement? "My career is the most important thing to me. If I had to sacrifice my personal life to get ahead, I'd do it."
    (a) Agree. I'd gladly do whatever is necessary to move up in my field.
    (b) Agree, but I might not be very happy about the sacrifices I'd have to make.
    (c) Disagree.

11. With which statement are you more likely to agree?
    (a) A life that's predictable is most likely to make you happy. I'd be willing to give up some pleasant surprises if it meant avoiding the unpleasant ones.
    (b) A predictable life is not worth living. Change is what keeps you from stagnating.

12. Are you frequently bored?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

13. Are you frequently depressed?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

14. How do you usually react to criticism?
    (a) I fall apart when other people criticize me.
    (b) It hurts to be criticized, but I survive it.
    (c) When people criticize me, it's usually unjustified. People who criticize me are usually doing it because they're spiteful or envious.

15. How was your adolescence?
    (a) It was tough. I experienced a lot of problems and unhappiness.
    (b) I had my share of strains and problems, but I don't think my adolescence was any worse than most people's.
    (c) I had quite a calm adolescence with few (or none) of the problems with parents, friends, drugs, alcohol, etc., that some people experience.

16. How do you feel about this statement? "Happiness is something you have very little control over. Fate and/or the actions of other people are the things that really and truly determine whether you'll be happy or not."
    (a) agree strongly
    (b) agree somewhat
    (c) disagree somewhat
    (d) disagree strongly

17. Which of the following statements most closely reflects your true feelings?
    (a) It's important to please others (bosses, parents, lovers, etc.), because eventually your loyalty will be recognized and you'll be rewarded.
    (b) It's important to please others simply because that's a humane way to act. You shouldn't become a slave to pleasing other people, but if you don't do it at all, you end up locked inside yourself.
    (c) When you come right down to it, other people aren't important. You have to live with yourself, so your needs must always be number one.

18. True or false: "I often feel as if I'm slipping backward instead of making progress."
    (a) true
    (b) false

19. With which of the following statements are you more likely to agree?
    (a) I work for one thing: money. People who ask for more than that from a job are looking for trouble.
    (b) Obviously money is important, but I must also get a sense of satisfaction from my job.
    (c) Money and satisfaction are important, but I can't really be happy in a job unless I also feel it's making some impact—no matter how small—on the world at large.

20. How's your health?
    (a) very good
    (b) average
    (c) okay, I guess, but I have a lot of minor ailments (colds, trouble sleeping, etc.)
    (d) terrible

SCORING

All possible answers have been assigned point values, which are listed below. To find your score, add the point values of the answers you chose.

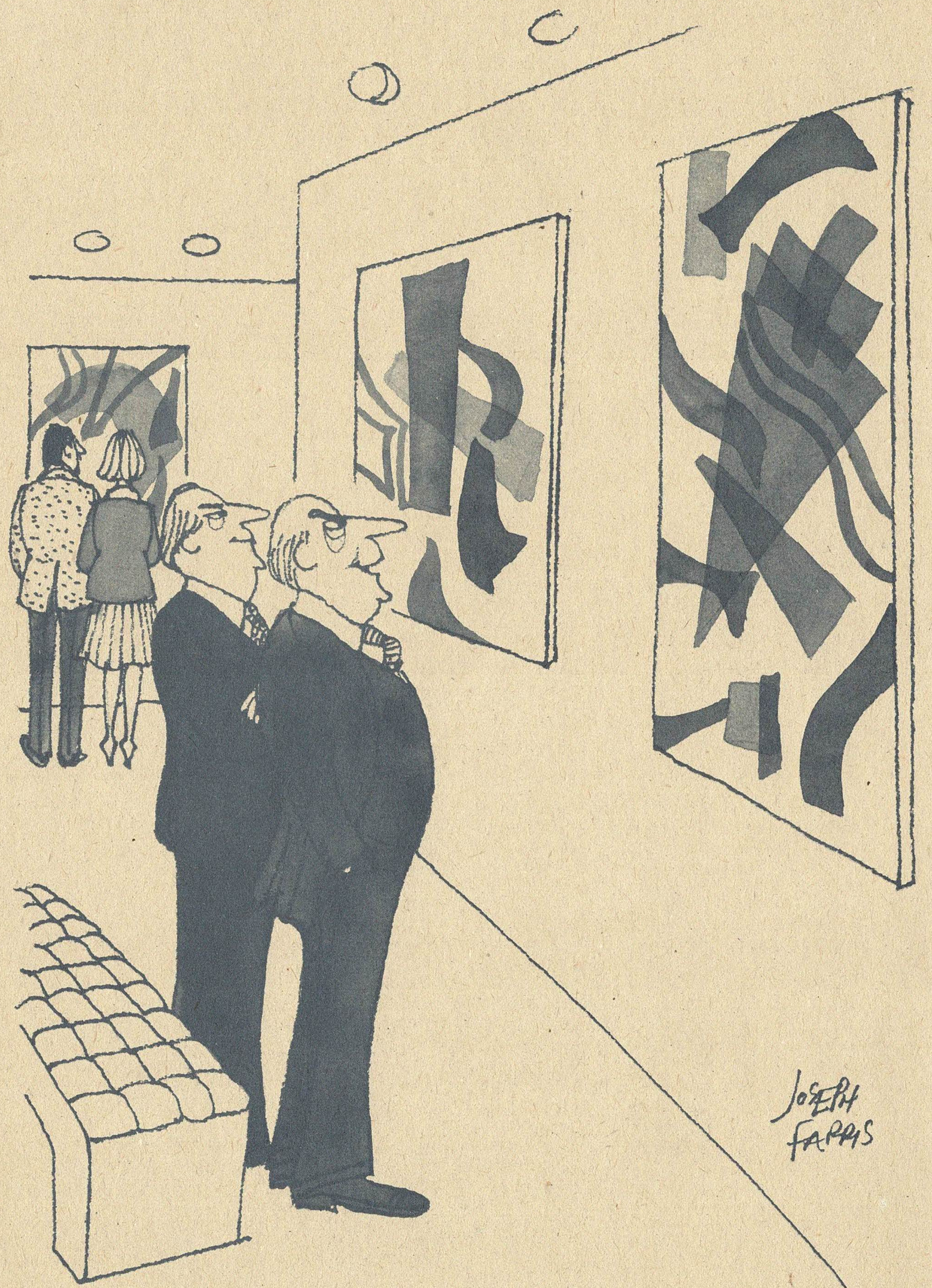
1. a-5, b-1
2. a-2, b-5, c-1
3. a-3, b-5, c-2, d-1
4. a-5, b-1, c-1
5. a-1, b-5, c-3
6. a-5, b-3, c-1
7. a-5, b-3, c-1
8. a-1, b-5
9. a-1, b-2, c-5, d-1
10. a-1, b-2, c-5
11. a-1, b-5
12. a-1, b-5
13. a-1, b-5
14. a-2, b-5, c-1
15. a-5, b-4, c-1
16. a-1, b-2, c-2, d-5
17. a-1, b-5, c-3
18. a-1, b-5
19. a-1, b-3, c-5
20. a-5, b-3, c-2, d-1

The highest possible score is 100; the lowest, 20. If you scored:

76–100 points:
You are a prime candidate for living a long, happy life. With each stage of life, you grow to be a person more at ease with both yourself and others. You have come to terms with the world without compromising your individuality; yet neither are you a flaming nonconformist. You sense when it's best to push hard toward an objective, but you are also quick to sniff out dead ends and put your energy to more constructive uses. You are a person who is easy to be around; others sense your innate skill at "lifemanship." You're not necessarily a leader, but you're a calm, competent force who can be both respected and loved.

41–75 points:
You're likely to be one of the great majority of people who sometimes have their lives under control, but who also suffer their share of accidents. As you move from one stage of life to another, you learn some lessons but overlook others. You may set goals that are too easy or too hard. Like most people, you sometimes find life confusing and can't figure out why. And also like most people, you tend to be erratic. You cope well with some crises and fail dismally in others. For many in this category, the great weakness is fear of change and of making decisions. If you can begin to avoid this behavior, your long-range prospects will improve.

20–40 points:
If life were really a test, you'd flunk. You're often blind to opportunities for personal growth. In some instances this may be because you're too self-involved; in others, because you slavishly conform to the wishes of people who shouldn't really matter. We can't give you a magic road map to well-being, but if you look at the answers on this psychograph that carry the highest point values, you'll get an idea of what makes for happiness over the long haul. Once you get a sense of what's required, you may be able to start molding your behavior to achieve that end.



"Deceiving the public . . . now that's a fine art!"

XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48

long legs. I was now to the point of fantasizing what this lovely young fox would look like in just her bra and panties. Little did I know my fantasy was about to come true.

I took Marie into the heated section of our hangar so that she could see our training aircraft. While we were sitting in the aircraft Marie reached over to ask me about the instrumentation and very seductively eyed and winked at my swollen pilot tube. Sensing my excitement, Marie reached over and feverishly grabbed my hard, throbbing cock. I just sat there, ecstatic and lazy, my eyes shut, squirming at the touch of Marie's hand, selfishly enjoying the sensation. I couldn't stand it anymore and I grabbed her by her blond hair and thrust it toward my aching rod. Marie wasted no time in deep-throating me. It was a matter of minutes before I filled her mouth with come from the great Canadian north.

With the excess sperm on her chin, Marie proceeded to oil her hot, moist pussy and ran her long, slender fingers around her clit. She ran her finger from one end of her crack to the other, pulling on the thick, red lips and blowing her warm breath into my ear. As she played, I took a long look at her cunt. I never before had been so close to such a wonderful-looking pussy. It was all red, and the large lips were swollen and spread wide. I could see the juices slowly dribble out of her. I was dying to find out what her wet and hot pussy tasted like. With her slender finger she traced my mouth so that I could taste the nectar from the honey pot.

"What a good-looking hunk of meat," Marie said. "I hope I can take it all," she added. I told her to go ahead and sit on it. I held my cock and she squatted down over it and lowered herself slowly. I put the head right in her and just held my cock at the base and let her slide down on it at her own speed. She said when it was all in her, "I've never felt so satisfied." Marie started to moan real low and then got louder, and soon she was screaming as she came. I pushed my cock hard and deep in her cunt and held it there, filling her sweet hole with hot come.

This has to be the most rewarding lesson I've given in three years. Marie is now taking flying lessons and she insists on sucking and fucking during each and every lesson.—F. I.

I'll admit that sex in a "cockpit" sounds like lots of fun, but do you ever consider the added comfort of a more spacious location? How about the runway, after hours? From what I hear you're not the only one who enjoys high-flying sex. I think there's an informal society among stewardesses called the High Flyers' Club. It's for those brave, fun-loving girls who serve and are serviced by their passengers. O⊷

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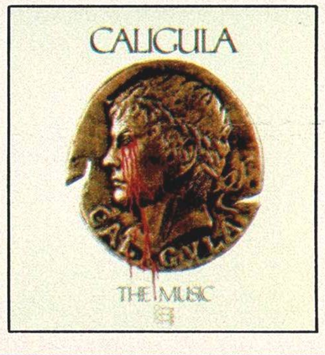

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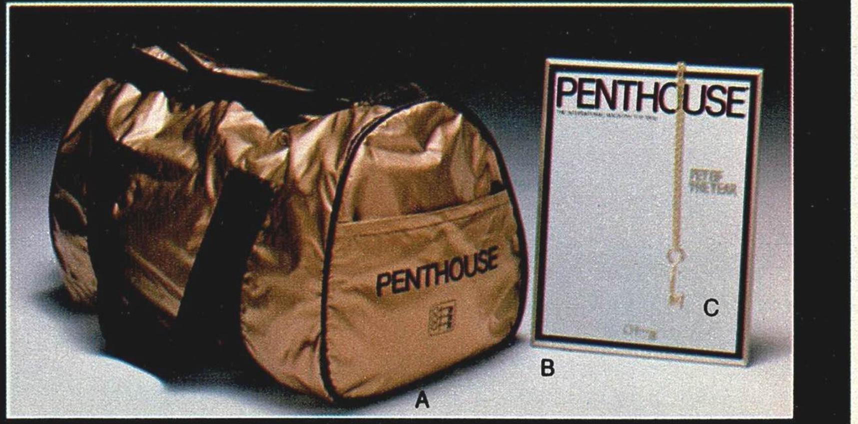

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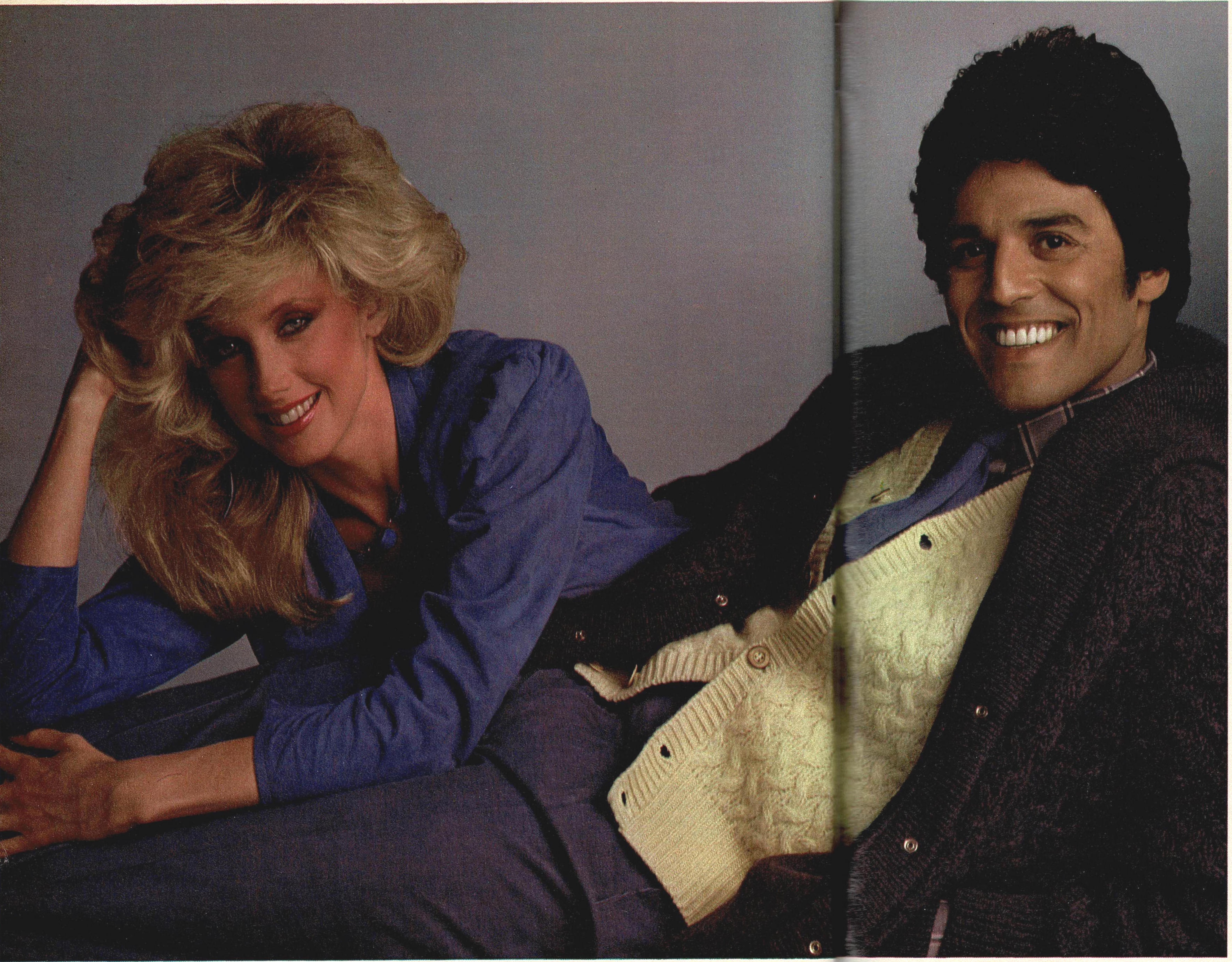


Erik Estrada's makeup by Amparo Tafurt.

THE LADY AND THE CHAMP

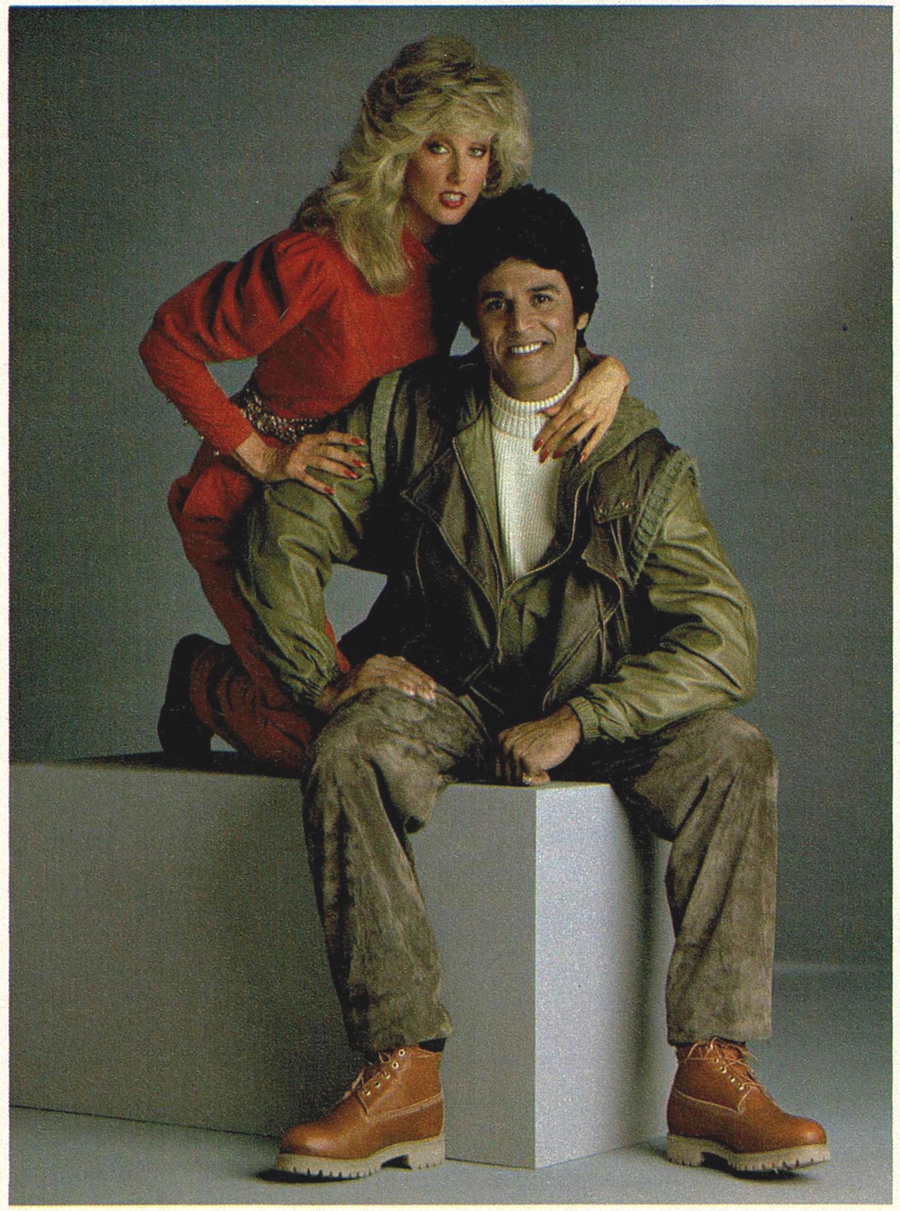
This month's title match stars Morgan and Erik— in a TV fight drama and knockout fall sportswear.

FASHION BY ED EMMERLING

With his upcoming telefilm debut in *Honeyboy*—a boxing-world drama—Erik Estrada makes a stirring fictional pilgrimage to his roots. Growing up poor on the rough streets of Spanish Harlem (like Rico in *Honeyboy*), Erik never dreamed of fall fashion spreads in snazzy suede with superstar blondes. He wanted to be a cop until the drama bug bit. To land his role in *The New Centurions*, Erik, with typical grit, tailed the production to Hollywood—and has been there ever since, the last five years as the dreamboat motorcycle cop in "CHiPs." And he wears his success well, with a big smile and plenty of natural fabrics: "I love wool and cashmere and a lot of leather and suede." Fancy stuff—and so is Erik's *Honeyboy* co-star, the slinky, blue-eyed bitch of "Flamingo Road," Morgan Fairchild. Like Erik, this lady took her show on the road when she impulsively left New York to invade the Hollywood Hills. Tinseltown hasn't been the same since, happily, for those who like their sex symbols with a China-doll fragility and an X-rated, knockout body.

Erik's Shetland wool shawl-collared sweater-jacket ($130), cardigan buttoned vest ($55), cotton corduroy pants ($36), and plaid cotton shirt ($34) all by Ron Chereskin. Morgan's cardigan jacket ($410) and plunging V-line dress ($400) are Clifford Olson for North Beach Leather. All Ms. Fairchild's accessories by Connie Parente of Los Angeles.

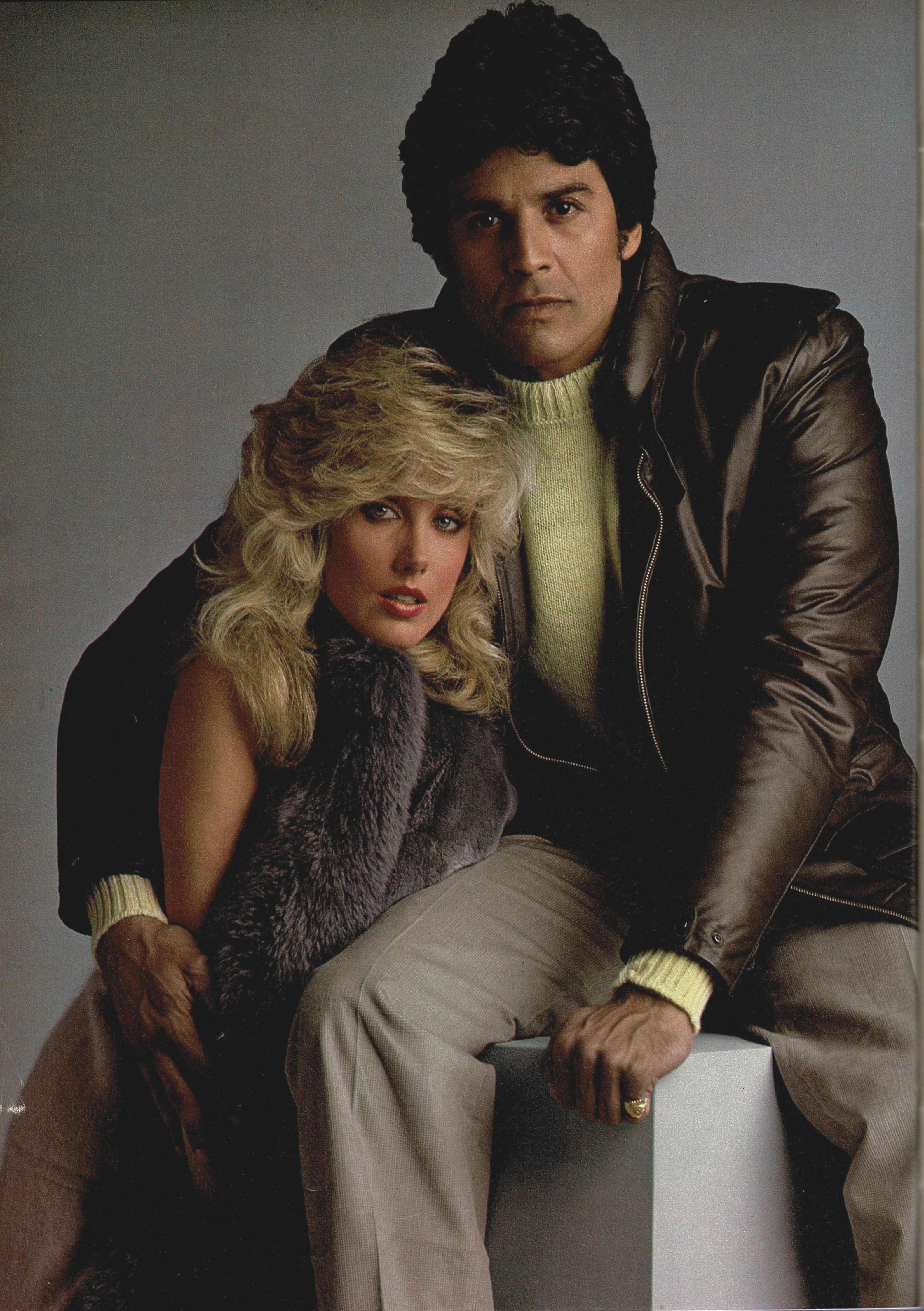
PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHARLES BUSH

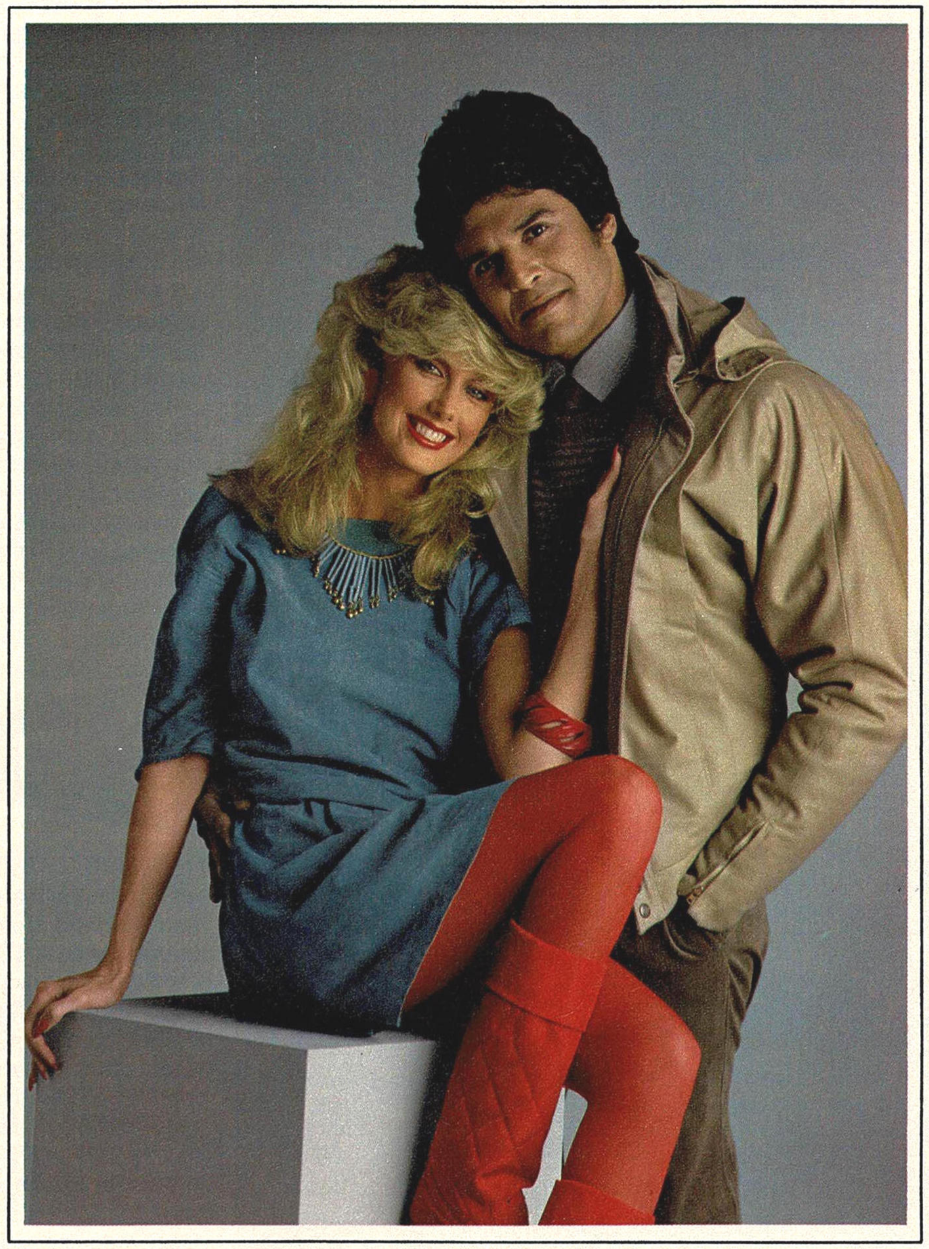


Morgan Fairchild's hair styled by Rahn McDow/CIA; her makeup by Jeff Jones/HMS bookings; her fashions styled by Catherine Chambaret.

But Morgan's no dumb-blonde floozie. Her passions are polysyllabic, like paleontology and anthropology, and she adores ballet. Her pas de deux on these pages with "Ponch"—that's "CHiPs" Officer Frank Poncherello—highlights this fall's sporty, oversize outerwear; rustic, colorful sweaters underneath soft, supple leather and suede. For cool weather, the stress is on snug built-in hoods, zippered sleeves, drawstring waists, and insulated linings.

(Above) Erik's zippered leather vest ($400), hooded leather jacket ($730), and calf suede pants ($660) by Andrew Fezza, Ltd.; sweater ($46) by Sahara Club Streetwear; boots by Timberland. Morgan's lamb suede Victorian blouse ($430) and pants ($430) by Clifford Olson for North Beach Leather; suede boots ($280) by Dimitri Couture. (Opposite) Erik's quilted leather vest ($275) by Nino Cerruti Outerwear; Morgan's tweed parka, reversible to sheared nutria ($4,500), by Koos van den Akker for Ben Kahn Furs; suede pants ($600) by Andrew Fezza, Ltd.





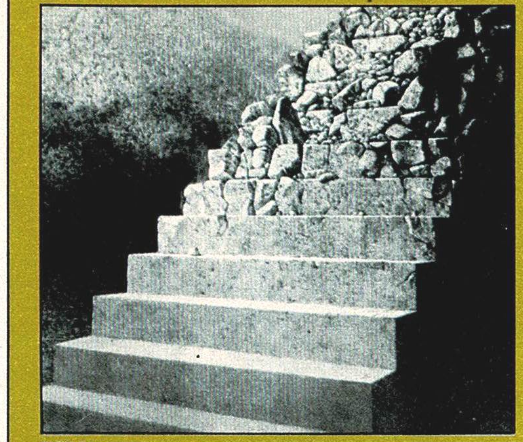
All furs shown here are bred and ranch-raised; none are from wild animals caught in traps.

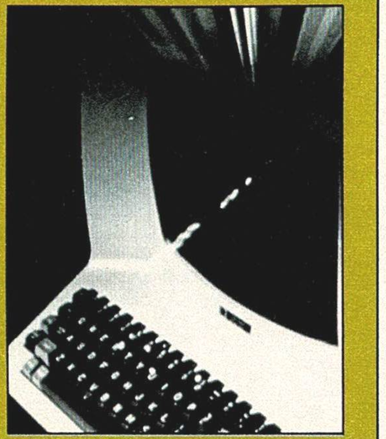
Look for nice military detailing. And just in case you think it's *easy* lolling around in beautiful, soft leather with a beautiful, soft companion, remember what Erik did to earn such a cozy gig. For *Honeyboy* he trained twelve weeks in the ring under famed boxing trainer Al Silvani. For the film's final fight sequence, he had to learn 400 punches—and get prepared for fifty body shots. No wonder he gets his body shot here. No wonder our champ gets his lady.

(Opposite) Erik's leather jacket ($325) by Mirage; Shetland wool sweater ($40) by Pendleton; pleated corduroy pants ($40) by Sahara Club Sportswear; Morgan's angora wool camisole ($82) and skirt ($130) by Giorgio Sant'Angelo for Daniel Caron; muskrat vest with fox trim ($3,000) by Yves St. Laurent for Alixandre Furs. (Above) Erik's all-rubberized cotton jacket ($450) worn with pleated polo pants ($270) and mohair sweater ($250), the ensemble by Dimitri Couture. Morgan's T-shirt-styled mini-dress ($380) by Clifford Olson for North Beach Leather.

For information on merchandise featured here, see page 166.

THIS MONTH IN OMNI
ON SALE SEPTEMBER 21


FICTION


VIDEO WARS

MYSTERIES

MYSTERIES OF .THE MIND—To celebrate *Omni*'s fourth anniversary, this month's issue explores the fascinating frontiers of thought, imagination, and circuitry of the human brain. Among the offerings in this package: • Nobelist Sir John Eccles on the difference between mind and brain; • neuroscientist Carl Pribram on the mind as hologram; • new investigations of altered states of consciousness; • mind machines; • uptight genes; • blood tests for depression; • neuron codes; • learning without brains, and more.

VIDEO WARS—You've played Pac-Man, Missile Command, and Defender until your fingers are numb, but now you're looking for a real challenge. *Omni* takes you into the world of video-game designers for a look at what the new contenders will be. Competition is heating up to produce the game that will be not just another shoot-em-up but a test of analytical skills. Beyond that is what one designer fantasizes about, the Ultimate Game.

MOBIUS PSI-Q II—Can your mind leave your body to travel through space? Can you sit in your living room and accurately describe places or events hundreds of miles away? If so, does this special talent hinge upon the contours of your personality? These questions will be answered, when *Omni* presents Psi-Q II, a new remote-viewing experiment designed by the Mobius Group.

FICTION—Isaac Asimov's long-awaited sequel to the Foundation trilogy is coming. *Foundation's Edge* makes its debut in *Omni*, continuing the saga of Hari Seldon's dream to reconstruct the Empire. Readers may not be familiar with Rudyard Kipling's science fiction tales, but *Omni* reintroduces the classic "A Matter of Fact." And author Frederik Pohl contributes a story that probes society with a sharp wit, "The Farmer on the Dole."

FOOTBALL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84

blue uniforms, and their players are well-groomed and very polite. If the Falcons could only play as good as they look, they'd be dangerous. Unfortunately, they can't and they're not. Air Force is about to field its worst team in many years, and when the season is over the Falcons' 4-7 finish of 1981 is going to seem A-OK. The trouble can't be traced to the Falcons' offense, which retains a measure of striking power. Junior quarterback Marty Louthan will be back throwing to his leading receivers of a year ago, Mike Kirby and Tom Coleman, and the team's top ground-gainer, fullback John Kershner, can be expected to reprise the 685 yards he picked up last fall. Coach Ken Hatfield's insuperable problem will be to build a defense in a hurry. Eight starters have graduated from last year's defensive unit, which played well, even if it did give up more than 22 points a game. If they do as well this year, Hatfield will have pulled off a minor miracle. Personally, I don't happen to believe in miracles.

ILLINOIS STATE UNIVERSITY 1857
ILLINOIS STATE

(10) ILLINOIS STATE Missouri Valley Conference football rarely gets much ink, but there's always room on this list for a team as awful as Illinois State. The Redbirds (3-7 in '81) competed in the MVC for the first time last year and didn't win a single conference game. They won't win one this year, either. Graduations have robbed coach Bob Otolski of seven starters on defense and six on offense, and the prognosis isn't benign. The Redbirds have high-caliber quarterbacks in John Coppens and Steve Campbell, but they'll both miss graduated wide receiver Willie Boyd, the conference leader in receptions last year. The team's top running back, Dave George, has also graduated, so don't expect Illinois State to score touchdowns in clusters. In fact, if they perform as expected, about the only thing you *can* expect the Redbirds to do is to get shot down all season long.

(11) TEXAS TECH After Texas Tech endured losing seasons in '79 and '80, coach Jerry Moore was lured away from North Texas State in hopes of restoring the Red Raiders' long-faded tradition of gridiron excellence. It didn't quite turn out that way: in his first year at Lubbock, Moore managed to take the Red Raiders from a 5-6 finish to 1-9-1—the worst record in the history of Texas Tech football. Desperate times call for desperate measures, and this year Moore has left no stone unturned. The Red Raiders have added thirteen junior-college transfers to their roster, which also will be augmented by eleven redshirted players. (Redshirts are players who sit out a year at their coach's request, enabling him to make maximum use of their four years of eligibility.) Additionally, Moore has secured the services of several talented freshman recruits, the best of whom appears to be running back Timmy Smith. He's also juggling the positions played by a number of varsity veterans. As we went to press, defensive back Jim Hart was being groomed to take over the quarterback spot, but there's no way he'll remind anyone of departed four-year starter Ron Reeves. Texas Tech has its six leading ballcarriers back, but they'll be operating behind an interior front line seriously depleted by graduation. That's the good news. Now for the *very* bad news: the defensive unit is in much worse shape. Despite above-average pass coverage, Moore's minions gave up 27 points a game last year. Now that all–Southwest Conference safety Tate Randall and every other member of the secondary have graduated, the Red Raiders figure to get bombed all season long. So will their fans, but that's another matter entirely.

MEMPHIS
STATE UNIVERSITY

(12) MEMPHIS STATE Last year Memphis State fielded the best 1-10 team in the nation. The Tigers are big, strong, and tough. Although their defense fell apart toward the end of last season, look for the Blue and Gray to hold most opponents to less than three touchdowns a game this time around. Unfortunately, that's more than enough to whomp the daylights out of M.S.U. Why mince words? Memphis State has the worst offense in big-time college football. Last year, the Tigers scored more than 10 points in only two games and wound up averaging just over 7 points per outing. The fault doesn't lie in their offensive stars: returning quarterbacks Tom Smith and Greg Saunders are both capable passers, but in '81 they threw only thirteen times a game and ended up with just two touchdown passes between them. Returning running backs Tony Wiley, Mike Dion, and Anthony Parker rushed for a total of less than 1,000 yards in '81, and they won't appreciably improve their output. The reason they won't is because it doesn't take a genius to defend against M.S.U.'s steady diet of off-tackle running plays. If you get the idea that the Tigers have a boring and predictable offense, welcome to the wonderful world of head coach Rex Dockery. Saddled with an attack that's old-school and old-hat, Memphis State this year will field the best 2-9 team in the nation.

UNIVERSITY OF LOUISVILLE 1798
LOUISVILLE

(13) LOUISVILLE As is the case at Rutgers, Louisville's athletic department also has delusions of grandeur. The Cardinals checked in with a 5-6 record last season, but this fall they're stepping up in class. *Too* far up. Louisville has dropped beatable adversaries like Long Beach State, Marshall, Tennessee State, and Toledo in favor of a season-long lineup of powerhouses, such as Florida State, Miami, Oklahoma State, and Pittsburgh. The results aren't going to be pleasant, but at this point coach Bob Weber isn't conceding a single loss. He's not supposed to, but that doesn't hold true for your friendly neighborhood pigskin prophet. Louisville's offense averaged less than 250 yards a game in '81, and without a first-class passer, the numbers are going to be worse. Weber has backfield speed in jaycee transfer Quincy McCray and freshman Willie Shelby, but they don't figure to get

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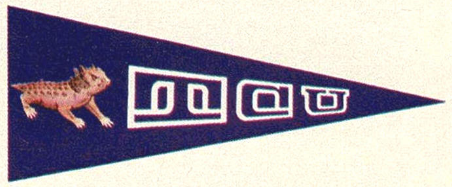
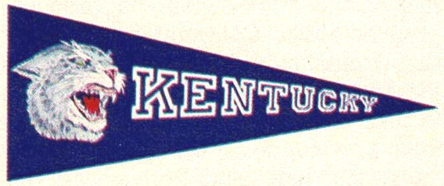
very far; the Cardinals' offensive line is the pits. The defense presents a much brighter picture: eight starters are back from a platoon that held opponents to less than three touchdowns a game in '81, but it has yet to be tested against a parade of superpowers. Don't look for Louisville to come close to a winning season this fall; it's just not in the Cards.

COLORADO STATE UNIVERSITY

(14) COLORADO No one's ever accused Chuck Fairbanks of being a wonderful fellow, and no one ever will. In 1974, a few months after he left Oklahoma University to become head coach of the New England Patriots, the NCAA placed Oklahoma on probation because of recruiting violations that had taken place there during Fairbanks's tenure. In 1978, when the Patriots were getting ready for the NFL play-offs, Fairbanks hired out to coach at Colorado the following season. The Patriots prepared for the play-offs with a new team motto: "Win one for the Quitter." Not surprisingly, they didn't. In his three seasons at Boulder, Fairbanks's teams compiled an unenviable record of 7 wins and 26 losses, and this year most experts pick Colorado to finish dead last in the Big Eight Conference. That will probably happen, but Fairbanks won't be around to see it. In June, he deserted his sinking ship for a job as head coach of New York's entry in the as yet unborn United States Football League. Nice timing, Chuck. Fairbanks's unprecedented move almost guarantees that the Buffaloes, 3-8 last year, will be no better this year. Still, that doesn't strike us as too much of a price to pay for getting rid of Fairbanks. Even though their record won't reflect it this season, the Buffaloes will be a lot better off without him.



(15) TEXAS CHRISTIAN In five years at T.C.U., head coach F. A. Dry has managed only 9 victories, and time's starting to run out on this chapter of his career. In an effort to turn things around quickly, Dry has made T.C.U. a halfway house for itinerant junior-college jocks. Last year he imported ten jaycees from California and they helped him compile his best record since coming to Waco, 2-7-2. Flushed with success, Dry this year has brought in fourteen junior-college transfers, ten of whom are said to have been jaycee all-Americans. Add in several prize freshmen, including high-school all-Americans Gerald Taylor (linebacker) and Egypt Allen (safety), and T.C.U. would appear to be a repository of gridiron talent. It's still not enough to ensure a winning season, for the rest of the football-crazed Southwest Conference has even *more* talent at its disposal. The Horned Frogs' biggest deficiency will be at quarterback, mostly because pinpoint passer Steve Stamp has graduated. T.C.U. gave up 299 points last year, while its pass-oriented offense produced 222. The Froggies figure to be less generous, but without Stamp their own point production will fall even more dramatically. The bottom line adds up to another dreadful year for Dry, but don't fret about it: he's accustomed to losing.



(16) KENTUCKY Ever since 1977, when Kentucky finished 10-1, the Wildcats have stayed out of the Southeast Conference cellar only because Vanderbilt was worse. That's no longer true, for Vanderbilt has at last turned it around—but the Wildcats haven't. Kentucky finished with identical 3-8 records in '80 and '81, which prompted the school to unload nine-year head coach Fran Curci. His replacement is Jerry Claiborne, who led Maryland to six straight bowl appearances and seven straight winning seasons before the Terps came up losers last year. Claiborne is a first-class coach who'll probably perform wonders for the Wildcats, but not this year. He takes over a veteran ship, but there's precious little talent on board. Kentucky has agile receivers in Rick Massie, Allen Watson, and blue-chip freshman Eric Pitts, but during spring practice no fewer than five candidates were contesting for the right to throw to them. If a high-caliber passing attack doesn't develop, the Wildcats won't have a prayer of winning, for last year they gained less than 100 yards a game on the ground. That was caused by a weak offensive line whose sub-par performance was matched by that of the defensive front wall; both need rebuilding. The Blue and White is an odds-on favorite to end up black and blue, for this year's schedule includes games against Oklahoma, Clemson, Georgia, Florida, Auburn, and Kansas. Ain't no way the Wildcats are ready for that.

GEORGIA TECH

(17) GEORGIA TECH When Georgia Tech opened the '81 campaign by defeating mighty Alabama, fans throughout the Peach State thought the Rambling Wreck was all tuned up and ready to roll. Unfortunately, the Yellow Jackets lost their next ten games and again bummed out even their biggest boosters. Coach Bill Curry loses just four players from last year's

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PROFESSORS OF DESIRE

Going all the way for an *A* is nothing new, but a shocking number of teachers in our institutions of higher learning attempt to barter for sex with grades. Read Claire Martin's report on professors who abuse their power.

IDEAL SEX

Five women openly discuss what turns them on and how they fulfill their deepest erotic desires. A revealing portrait of the female libido by Nick Edmunds.

WHERE S MEETS M

Frank Fortunato toured New York's public S & M clubs and discovered that the whips-and-shackles crowd has spawned a thriving industry.

IN SEARCH OF THE PERFECT PICKUP

John Garside conducted a survey to determine what Don Juans look for in a one-night stand. It's not good enough to simply get laid anymore—regulars on the singles circuit want to bed down with a particular type for a prescribed list of sexual escapades.

LUST IN THE BALCONY

Or, one man's chronicle of pubescent desire and lost innocence in the movie theaters of Jersey City. Nick Tosches managed to put down his popcorn and take his eyes off the likes of Annette Funicello, Elvis, and 007 long enough to find carnal contentment with a fallen angel from Bayonne.

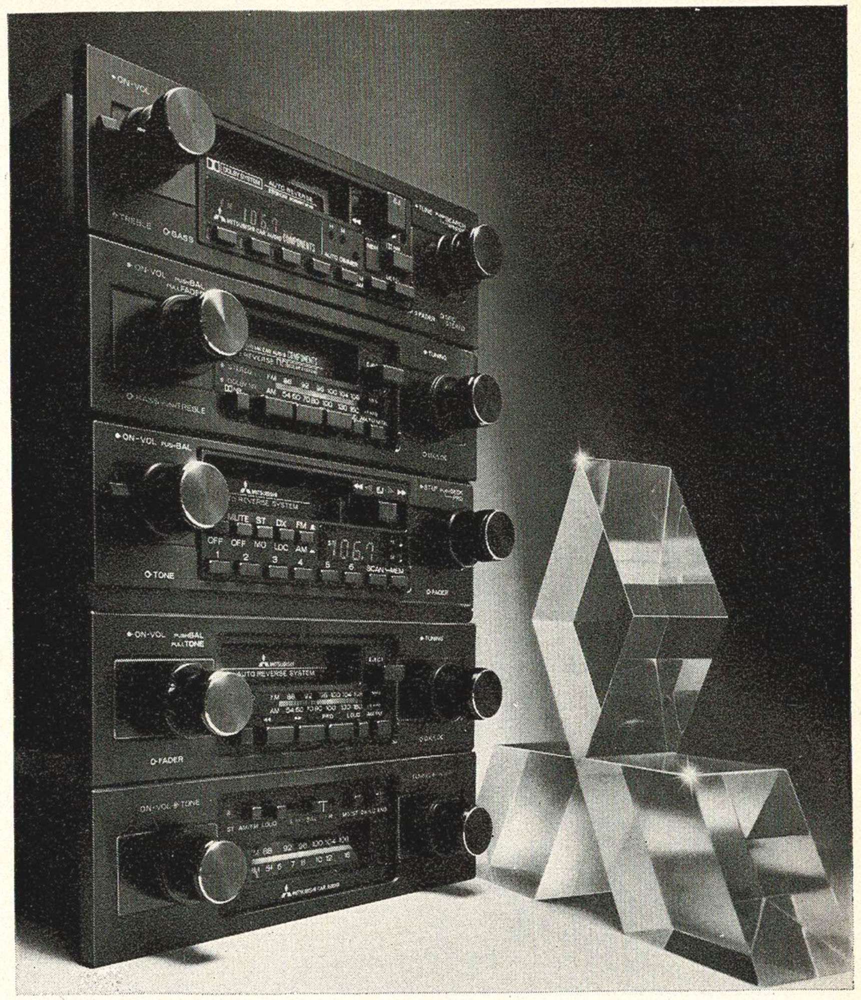
starting units, so they should do better, but don't bet the rent on it. Tech's offense is a question mark. True, the Yellow Jackets have a high-powered tailback in sophomore Robert Lavotte, who last year rushed for 866 yards, but now that quarterback Mike Kelley has graduated, the team's passing attack becomes highly suspect. Senior Jim Bob Taylor and junior Stu Rogers both logged a lot of playing time last fall, but neither of them appears to be in Kelley's class. If that's true, there's no way Tech will increase its puny '81 scoring average of 11.2 points per game. The Yellow Jackets will need all the points they can get, for last fall they gave up more than four touchdowns a game. Tech has a superb pair of inside linebackers in Rob Horton and Duane Wood, but the rest of the defense will probably get pushed around again. In two years at Georgia Tech, Curry has only 2 victories to show for his efforts. If he maintains the same pace this season, Tech's long-suffering alumni will begin agitating for a new head coach.

(18) INDIANA Indiana football hasn't really fallen on evil times, but you're mistaken if you think the Hoosiers' 3-8 record of a year ago was a fluke. Lee Corso is one of the nation's more imaginative coaches, but no amount of strategic fiddling will disguise his team's shortcomings. In '81, Corso came up with a prize junior-college quarterback named Babe Laufenberg, who had a fine time throwing to another junior-college find, wide receiver Duane Gunn. Another of Laufenberg's favorite targets, all–Big Ten tight end Bob Stephenson, has graduated, so Indiana's aerial attack may go right into the toilet. If that happens the Hoosiers will have a tough time getting into the end zone, for they have a terrible ground game. Tim Hines, last year's leading rusher, is academically ineligible to play this year, and Indiana's other returning back, John Roggeman, is coming off knee surgery. The defensive auguries are even grimmer. Except for holdover senior end Jimmy Hunter, Corso has to come up with an entirely new defensive line. Given a murderous schedule—which includes Ohio State, Iowa, Michigan, U.S.C., and Illinois—Indiana will have to work hard just to match its record of '81.

(19) BAYLOR Most football experts believe Baylor will rebound from its 5-6 showing of a year ago, but I'm convinced the Bears are going to get stepped on all season long. Baylor's losing performance was correctly attributed to its young and tender defense, which by now is said to be mature and tough. I doubt it. Last fall, Baylor gave up more points in its final five games than in its first six, which doesn't exactly represent progress. Coach Grant Teaff loses just three starters from his defensive unit, but they'll be hard to replace: all–Southwest Conference free safety Vann McElroy and cornerback Scott Smith kept opposing passers honest, and tackle Tommy Tabor was especially effective against the run. Even so, Baylor figures to hold opponents to less than the 22.9 points per game it gave up in '81. That would leave the Bears in great shape if they could again score 23.9 points per game; they can't. Only three offensive starters have graduated, but the departed trio made up Baylor's—and the all-Southwest Conference's—entire starting backfield. The graduated superstars are quarterback Jay Jeffrey, fullback Dennis Gentry, and halfback Walter Abercrombie, the school's all-time leading rusher and the Pittsburgh Steelers' first-round draft choice. All told, Jeffrey, Gentry, and Abercrombie had a hand in gaining 3,500 yards last season. Without downgrading any of their replacements, it seems to be extremely wishful thinking to believe that they'll be able, individually and collectively, to take over where last year's all-stars left off.

CALIFORNIA
BERKELEY

(20) CALIFORNIA Oh, wow. The kids at Berkeley were really grossed out last year when California's football team finished with a 2-9 record. So was the school's athletic director, Dave Maggard, who canned coach Roger Theder and replaced him with former Minnesota Vikings quarterback (and Cal alumnus) Joe Kapp. Kapp comports himself like a marine drill sergeant, which will cause severe culture shock at Berkeley. It might also cause the Golden Bears finally to get physical and win a few times. On paper at least, California looks semi-tough. Cal's offense could be its most productive in years, for the entire starting line will return, as will such standouts as pint-sized wide receiver Mariet Ford, fullback John Tuggle, and halfback Carl Montgomery. Kapp has three quality quarterbacks in probable starter Gale Gilbert, J. Torchio, and junior-college transfer Lance Stewart, and they all can zing the ball with authority. The defensive portents are less positive. Cal's defense didn't lose a single starter to graduation, but its members will have to class up their act considerably if the Golden Bears are to have a winning season. In '81, Cal gave up 286 points; the team will go nowhere if it doesn't cut that figure down by a third.



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SAIGON

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 130

him out impassively, betraying no sign of surprise that he brought instructions from a commander of the Liberation Front who had been held prisoner in solitary confinement for the past ten years.

"My informant inside the central police station had already advised me of your meeting with Tran Van Khoi before your arrival here," the Chinese said in a disinterested voice when Joseph had finished. "I've been expecting your visit."

"Then you can help me find Quoc Thi Trinh?" asked Joseph.

A mirthless smile parted the lips of the Chinese and he shook his head slowly, as though astounded at Joseph's stupidity. "Mr. Sherman, you seem to think that Comrade Trinh is the only cadre from Hanoi who's been infiltrated into Saigon in the past two weeks. I can assure you we've brought in many thousands of cadres and civilian commandos during that time."

"But you must know where Trinh has been assigned," protested Joseph, his voice tight with tension.

There was a flash of gold in the candlelight as the face of the Chinese relaxed into another pitying smile. "Full lists of individual cadres are kept only by local commanders, Mr. Sherman.

"Tran Van Khoi can give his command easily—but it can't easily be carried out. And maybe it can't be carried out at all before the battle begins." The Chinese continued to regard Joseph with unblinking eyes, then nodded. "But I will see what can be done. Wait here please."

He left the room as silently as he had entered and descended a long flight of steps at the rear of the building into a cellar. Opening a heavy, soundproof door leading into a tunnel, he passed beneath Xuan Binh Lane into a brightly lit underground communications center where half a dozen Vietnamese wearing headphones crouched over powerful Russian-made two-way radios, transmitting and receiving a constant stream of messages. The Chinese spoke with the Vietnamese supervising the radio operators for a minute or two, then returned to his own house and mounted the stairs again to the candlelit room where Joseph waited.

"All unit commanders will be contacted, Mr. Sherman," he said quietly. "It will take several hours. There are many more important messages to be transmitted and received. Return to your hotel and wait there—you'll be contacted."

The rain had stopped when Joseph stepped into the muddy lane, but the noise of rocket and mortar fire was growing louder all around the city. He could see the glow of flames spreading across the sky to the northeast above the airport, and the roar of the big evacuation helicopters and their American jet fighter escorts filled the night. As he turned the nose of the Pontiac back toward the Continental Palace, unbeknown to him a small Air America helicopter passed several hundred feet above his head, carrying the emaciated prisoner from the cellars of the old French Sûreté headquarters whom he had first met almost exactly fifty years before, in the gilded throne room of the Emperor Khai Dinh in the Palace of Perfect Peace. Crouched on the floor of the bucking aircraft was Lung Van Lat, his wrists still manacled. He was dressed in the same ragged pair of shorts. The hawk-faced security guard who had shown Joseph into the white cell two hours earlier was seated opposite him, dressed now in the anonymous short-sleeved shirt and dark trousers of a Vietnamese civilian. His lips twisted in a smile as he addressed the other South Vietnamese security man hunched on one of the aircraft's small seats. "I don't think our silent prisoner can believe his good fortune," he said sarcastically. "He can't believe he's really being flown to freedom."

> Clinging precariously to the top of the gate, she turned and looked beseechingly at Joseph. . . . "Please be careful," she shouted, "and for God's sake, hurry back."

Lat stared out into the black, rushing void beyond the open door of the helicopter and said nothing. His eyes were wary and apprehensive and there was no sign of the exultant expression that had lit his ravaged features when he learned, a few hours before, that the war was ending. Shortly after Joseph had left the white room, the order to release all three hundred political prisoners in the cells had come through, but Lat's name had not been among them and he had been taken under close guard to another cell adjoining the rear courtyard. The other prisoners were freed without him, and when the evacuation helicopter fluttered down into the courtyard half an hour later, his head was covered with a blanket to prevent recognition. He'd been hustled aboard a moment before it took off again.

As the aircraft rose above the rooftops, the guard had smiled sourly at him. "There's no need to worry, Comrade," he said in a mocking tone. "The American CIA provided your special accommodations for the past eight years and they've given special instructions about how your imprisonment shall end. Just relax."

The only light inside the helicopter was the pale-green glow from the instrument panel, but it was sufficient for the guard to see Lat turn his hate-filled gaze on him. From his expression it was clear that he understood what his final fate was to be.

"I think you've guessed what's coming, Comrade, haven't you?" said the guard softly. "And you've probably guessed why. You may not have given anything away, but our American friends have decided you know too much. Many Vietnamese who've worked secretly for America are being left behind—and because you know who they are, you must be given the freedom of the seas!"

Reaching out suddenly, the guard hauled Lat's frail body into a crouching position on the lip of the open doorway and, grasping the waistband of the ragged shorts he wore, ripped them roughly from his body. "You won't need such clothing for swimming, will you, Comrade?"

Lat's shrunken body, mutilated by his own hand in a frenzy of patriotic fervor forty years earlier, teetered on the brink of the black void outside the rushing helicopter and as it did so the guard watched his face intently, waiting for fear to show. But even in the final moments of his life Lat gazed at the darkness ten thousand feet above the ocean with the same blank, stubborn expression of resistance that he had always shown his captors, and when the guard lashed at him with his foot he still did not cry out. For a second or two his hands scrabbled at the doorframe, trying instinctively to cling on, then his frail, fleshless body tumbled soundlessly into the black abyss of the night. Turning and twisting slowly like a sycamore leaf in the invisible air currents, he fell without uttering a sound and the shock of his plunge from ten thousand feet killed him long before the black foaming sea smashed and swallowed his lifeless body.

When he opened the door of his room on his return to the Continental Palace Hotel, Joseph had expected to find it empty, and was shocked to find her sitting there, pale and disheveled, waiting for him. As soon as she saw him, she rose and flung herself into his arms. Outside, the din of a new rocket barrage pulverizing Tan Son Nhut filled the night, and through the windows the crimson streaks of the rocket trajectories intercrossed with red tracers lit the sky like a fireworks display.

"For God's sake, why did you come back?" gasped Joseph, his arms tightening around her.

"I just couldn't leave without you." Naomi buried her face in his shoulder and her voice became muffled. "I couldn't bear to think of losing *you* to Saigon, too. If something awful's going to happen I want to be with you." They clung to each other without speaking, listening to the noise of the war rising to a crescendo outside.

"The embassy's like a madhouse. I went there first looking for you. It took me a quarter of an hour to fight my way in. Somebody told me the White House and Kissinger are screaming for the ambassador to wind up the evacuation by midnight. But there are a thousand Vietnamese at least already inside the compound, and more keep slipping over the walls all the time. The marines are herding them into groups of sixty and seventy and jamming them into the helicopters as fast as they get back from the ships. The embassy staff are going off the rooftop landing pad. But God knows how many Vietnamese they'll have to leave behind. . . ."

Her voice broke then and Joseph held her in silence while they finished their drinks. Outside, the red glow of incendiary fires was lighting the horizon in an arc that had spread right around the city's northern perimeter from east to west. The Communists were at that moment overrunning Bien Hoa and Lang Binh, where resistance had finally collapsed and long columns of their tanks and trucks were beginning to head down Highway One toward the capital.

"Have you had no news of Trinh at all?" asked Naomi when she had recovered her composure.

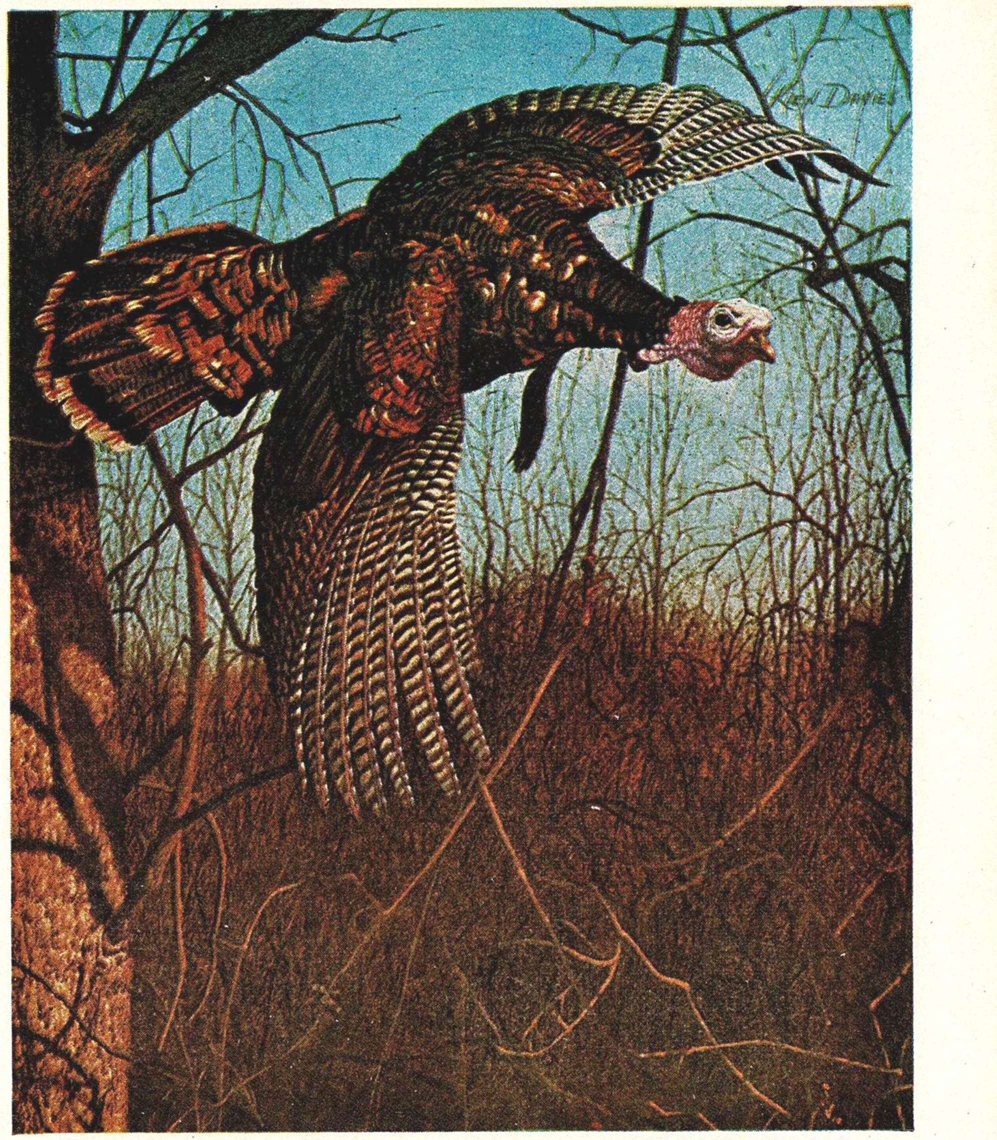
"I've done everything I can. I hope to get a message here telling me where she is. I just have to wait." Joseph's face was haggard with strain, but he tried to smile as he put his hands on her shoulders. "You'd better wait for me inside the embassy. I'll take you there now."

Before they left Joseph called the hotel's waiter to him and thrust two one-hundred dollar bills into his hand. "Go to my room now and wait there until I come back," he said, speaking slowly and emphatically. "Don't leave it even if a bomb falls on the hotel. Take down carefully any telephone message that comes for me."

The waiter stared in amazement at the banknotes, then nodded quickly and rushed toward the stairs. As they hurried across the cathedral square, a lull in the rocket attack on Tan Son Nhut brought an eerie quiet to the city, and the shouts of the crowd milling outside the United States Embassy reached them long before they arrived there.

When they reached the embassy, however, they found that even on the outer edges of the crowd the mood of the Vietnamese was ugly. As they pushed their way through toward the rear gate, they were jostled and spat on, and Joseph had to put both arms around Naomi at times to ensure that they weren't pulled apart. As they neared the high wall they saw that barbed-wire obstacles had been strung along the top, and the younger men in the crowd were scrambling up lamp stanchions, trying to climb over the entanglements.

A few yards short of the gate a hysterical Vietnamese youth suddenly flourished a long-bladed knife in front of Joseph and seized Naomi by the hair. "Take me with you," he screamed, "or your wife won't get in alive." His eyes were rolling with



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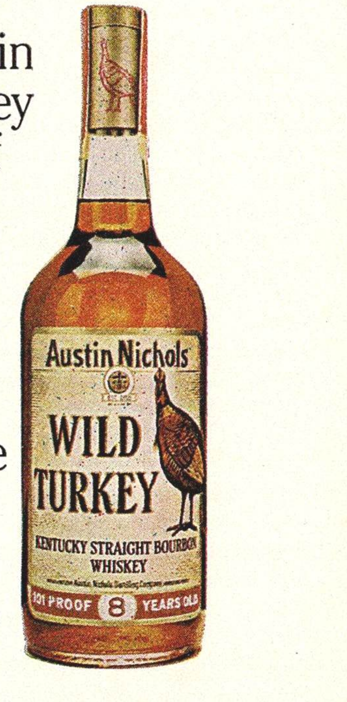


fear, and Naomi cried out loudly in pain. Gritting his teeth, Joseph jabbed his fist into the youth's face, and to his relief the youth staggered and fell, dropping the knife. Breathing heavily from the exertion, Joseph pushed Naomi in front of him, and a marine who had been watching them approach leaned down and dragged her up beside him. Clinging precariously to the top of the gate, she turned and looked beseechingly at Joseph as he turned back into the crowd. "Please be careful," she shouted, "and for God's sake, hurry back!"

It was just after two o'clock in the morning when Joseph's telephone finally rang, and he recognized the voice of the Cholon Chinese the moment that he picked up the receiver.

"Comrade Trinh arrived in Saigon seven hours ago," he announced in a neutral voice. "She traveled all the way from Hanoi by truck. She's a member of Infiltration Brigade Nineteen now in place at Bien Hoa Bridge. She's been contacted and told to wait. Nineteen Brigade has concealed itself in a concrete culvert a hundred yards south of the bridge. You'll find her there if you go now."

The line clicked and went dead without any further formality. Joseph grabbed the little waiter by the arm at once and rushed him down the stairs. Crouched in the front passenger seat of the Pontiac, he held on to the dashboard tightly with both hands and every so often fingered the little wedge of hundred-dollar bills that Joseph had pushed into the breast pocket of his white jacket to persuade him to accompany him. In his Ben Cat headquarters, General Dung, the Communist field commander, had already given the final order to attack Saigon at midnight precisely: "Make deep thrusts! Advance to the predetermined points!" he had told his forces proudly, and the artillery batteries brought up from the coast had immediately begun raining 130mm shells on the Tan Son Nhut headquarters at South Vietnam's joint chiefs of staff.

The noise of this continuous artillery barrage became deafening as Joseph guided the Pontiac carefully through the refugees swarming into the northeastern suburbs; but as he drove he noticed the flame trees in his headlights and remembered that this was the same road out of the city along which his father, Chuck, and himself had traveled with Jacques Devraux on that first hunting trip half a century before. Now called Highway One, the road was choked with abandoned jeeps and trucks left there by fleeing ARVIN troops who had perhaps begun to realize that most of their generals had already fled to the ships of the U.S. Seventh Fleet anchored off Vung Tau. Because of the panic and confusion, the three-mile drive took Joseph more than half an hour, and the hands of his watch showed 2:45 A.M. when he extinguished the headlights and swung the car off the road a quarter of a mile short of the Bien Hoa Bridge. As he leaned across and pushed open the passenger door, the little waiter was still fingering his wad of dollar bills, possibly agonizing over whether the risk he was about to take was worth it.

"Take off your white jacket, or you'll be visible a mile away," said Joseph sharply. "Put the money in your trouser pocket if you want to take it with you. But hurry." He helped the Vietnamese pull the jacket off his shoulders, then pushed him out into the darkness. "The culvert is on the left side of the road just before the bridge! Call her name softly—'Comrade Quoc Thi Trinh'—and hurry!"

"Quoc Thi Trinh!" The little waiter repeated the name in a frightened voice, then scampered away into the darkness.

Looking through the windshield, Joseph found he could see, beyond the bridge not more than a mile or two away, a long column of North Vietnamese trucks and tanks advancing confidently with their headlights blazing. As he watched the spearhead move nearer, he was seized with a sudden fear; the waiter would simply disappear into the darkness with the money and keep running—back in the direction of Saigon! What a fool he'd been! For ten minutes he sat behind the wheel in an agony of suspense; he was sure that an American revealing himself to a Communist infiltration team so close to the battle zone would be taken captive, but he knew he would have to take the risk and try to find Trinh himself if the waiter didn't reappear. He looked at his wristwatch every few moments as the minutes ticked by. He had opened the driver's door and was climbing out of the car to creep toward the culvert when two shadows materialized silently from the darkness beside him.

> "As Joseph pulled himself from the Pontiac, screams of "Vietcong! Vietcong!" rose all around him, and there was a frantic, concerted rush at the walls."

"It's us, Mr. Sherman," whispered the waiter shakily. "Here's Comrade Trinh."

Joseph clapped the waiter ecstatically on the shoulder and bundled him into the back of the Pontiac, then led the other figure quickly toward the front passenger seat. She turned to face him as he opened the door for her; and in the red glow from the fires raging beyond the city, he saw that her face was strained but composed. She wore the dusty black trousers and tunic of a peasant, but her straw hat was pushed back on her shoulders and her hair fell loose about her cheeks. His heart lurched when he saw how she had grown into a young woman of seventeen; she looked back at him wide-eyed, her expression apprehensive and shy, her features combining unmistakably traces of Lan's beauty and Tuyet's proud strength. He resisted a fierce urge to throw protective arms around her and draw her to him and instead said softly in Vietnamese: "Trinh, I'm so happy that I've found you in time."

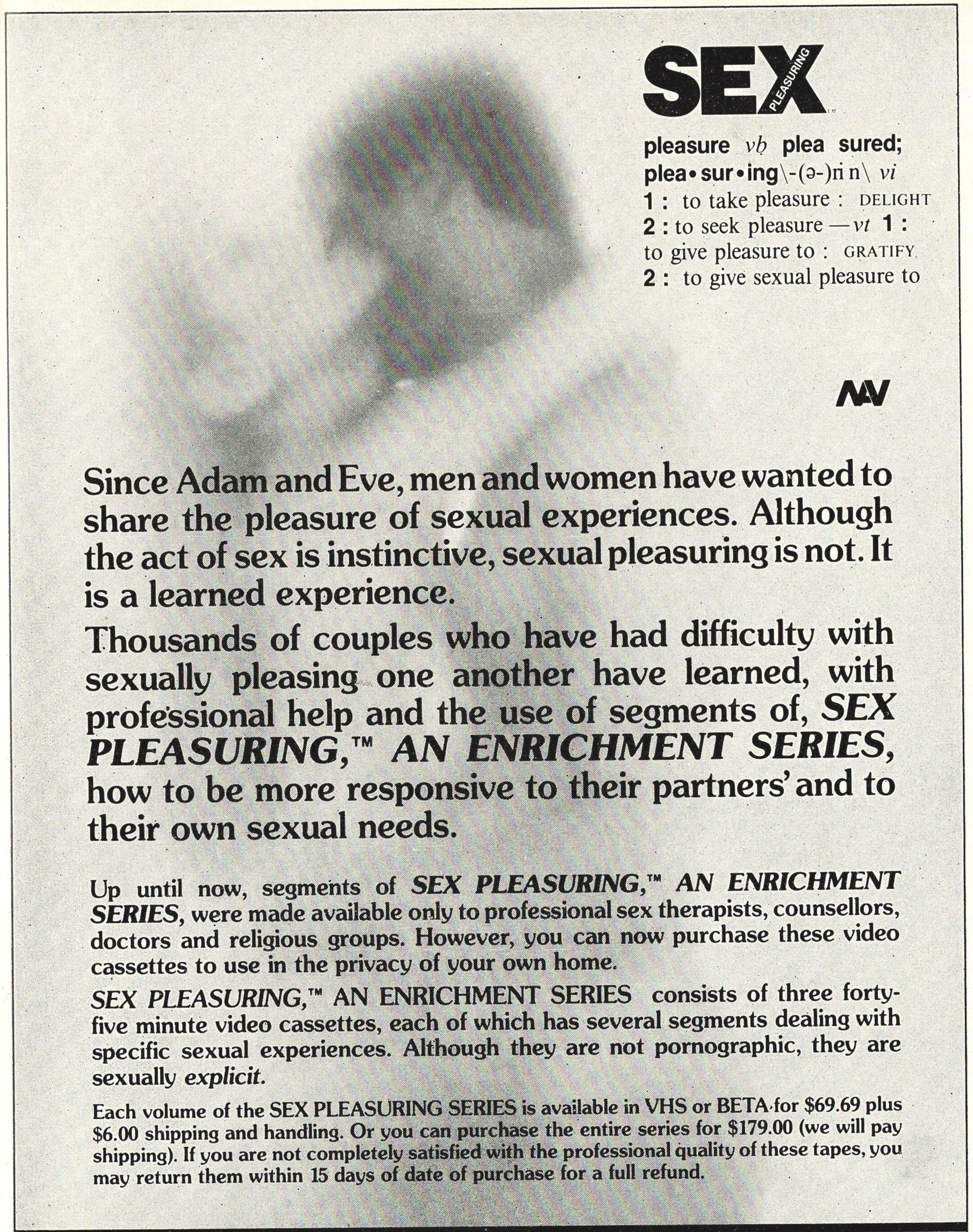
She looked at him anxiously for a moment, then turned her gaze in the direction of the advancing North Vietnamese tanks. "I'm very glad, too—but we must hurry, mustn't we?"

Joseph smiled and motioned her into the car. "Don't worry," he said gently. "We'll make it all right." He ran to the driver's door, flung himself behind the wheel again, and turned quickly in the direction of the city. He drove without lights, blaring the Pontiac's horn constantly to clear a path through the crowds, and as he drove he lifted his wrist close to his face. "There's still time for us to get to my embassy—and there we'll find a helicopter and fly out of Vietnam."

As he drove he felt a light touch on his arm and turned his head to find Trinh's fingers on his sleeve; she had a wondering look in her eyes, and she removed her hand with a little embarrassed smile when she found him looking at her.

Inside the United States Embassy on Thong Nhut Boulevard at that moment, the last American ambassador to Saigon was folding the United States flag and tucking it into a plastic carrier bag to carry it with him to the ships of the Seventh Fleet. His face was gray and crumpled in the aftermath of a debilitating attack of pneumonia, and he watched anxiously as the giant CH-53 helicopters continued to sweep into the embassy compound to pick up fresh loads of evacuees. Their pilots now were red-eyed with fatigue, and the 500 or 600 Vietnamese still waiting anxiously inside the embassy compound seemed to sense that the end of the airlift might be approaching. From the rooftop pad, smaller CH-47 helicopters were evacuating the last of the thousand or so embassy staff and their dependants, but not many remained by 3:15 A.M. Those still waiting stood around in irresolute little groups on an upper floor inside the Chancery building, watching with dismay the final defeat and humiliation of their country and its Asian ally.

Naomi Boyce-Lewis waited with them, rarely ever leaving her place by the windows. She scanned the streets outside constantly, watching for a sign of Joseph, but as her turn to leave drew near, she was ushered firmly into a line drawn up before an internal stairwell leading to the rooftop helipad. She tried to hang back, but the diplomats around her confided that



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in Washington, President Ford was becoming increasingly impatient with the ambassador's reluctance to wind up Operation Frequent Wind. The embassy's secret communications equipment was being smashed, they told her, and the last direct messages had already been sent to Washington. The helicopter radio links with the commanders of the Seventh Fleet were the only surviving channels of contact between Saigon and Washington, and orders from the White House to curtail the airlift of evacuees as soon as the last U.S. diplomat was airborne could be expected at any time, they said. After that there was no certainty that anybody else would get out.

Naomi took a last look out the window, then reluctantly moved up the stairwell behind the other waiting Americans. When she stepped out on to the Chancery roof it was almost 4:00 A.M., and the CH-47 that was to take her and twenty-four others to the U.S.S. *Blue Ridge*, the flagship of the evacuation fleet, was just settling onto the pad. Because time was precious, it did not cut its rotors, and they continued to spin as marine guards urged the first group of passengers forward into its open hatches. Suddenly Naomi realized that from the top of the six-story building she could see the rivers of North Vietnamese armor flowing down the two main highways toward Saigon with their driving lights shining, and her heart sank; then in the next instant she lowered her gaze to the street outside the embassy walls and saw Joseph's Pontiac nosing through the packed ranks of Vietnamese toward the side gate.

The desperate people in the crowd were swarming, frenzied, around the slow-moving car, imagining it might be their last chance of salvation, and Naomi stepped aside to let other diplomats board the helicopter ahead of her. Her hand flew to her mouth in an involuntary gesture of anxiety when she saw a dozen or more youths scramble onto the Pontiac's roof, hoping to spring from there over the gate when it got near enough. Others smashed at its windows, trying to break them to beseech the American driver to take them with him to the safety of the embassy, and gradually the dense throng halted the car. Then, in their anger, they began rocking and lifting it until it toppled slowly onto its side. Men and boys attacked it with their feet, shattering its windshield and side windows—and it was then that Naomi saw for the first time the terrified face of Trinh as she struggled to force open the passenger door that was suddenly above her head.

Inside the car, the screams of the crowd were deafening; Joseph, who had fallen awkwardly when the car went over, was fighting to free his legs from the controls and trying to calm Trinh at the same time. As she began trying to climb out of the car, he seized her arm, motioning for her to wait, and pulled his passport from inside his jacket. "If we become separated, show this to the soldiers on the top of the wall and they'll let you in," he yelled, thrusting it into her hand.

She nodded frantically and clambered out of the wrecked car, clutching the passport. The crowd had begun to surge wildly back and forth, and almost at once she was swept away from him along the wall of the embassy in the rush. A volley of shots rang out from amongst the crowd, directed at the helicopter that had just landed on top of the Chancery and this was greeted with hysterical cheers; then the heavier bark of a machine gun firing from a roof on the other side of Thong Nhut suddenly broke in on the clamor, and half a dozen men and women crumpled to the ground. As Joseph pulled himself from the Pontiac, screams of "Vietcong! Vietcong!" rose all around him, and there was a frantic concerted rush at the walls.

In the midst of the crowd Joseph craned his neck in desperation, trying to spot Trinh among the swirling mass of terrified people. Then he heard someone shrieking his name repeatedly, and he looked up to see Naomi gesticulating frantically from the Chancery roof. She was pointing along the wall, and following the direction of her arm, Joseph saw Trinh scrambling up a light pole close to the wall with two or three other youths. Joseph shouldered his way through the crowd into their wake, intending to climb up after them; but by the time he reached the foot of the lattice-iron stanchion, he was gasping for breath and had to stop and rest. Looking up, he saw a marine guard appear suddenly above him, holding his M16 across his chest, and he clubbed savagely at the two Vietnamese youths ahead of Trinh, trying to clear the way for Joseph. They fell backward with a yell, sweeping Trinh to the ground with them, and she rose, sobbing and holding her arms beseechingly up toward Joseph.

> A few yards short of the gate, a hysterical Vietnamese youth flourished a knife in front of Joseph. "Take me with you," he screamed, "or your wife won't get in alive."

"*Ong-Nguoi, Ong-Nguoi,* help me please," she screamed, reverting in her despair to "Big Papa," the childish name she had used for him seven years ago in the sampan on the Perfumed River.

The marine was calling repeatedly for Joseph to climb up alone, but he ignored him and leaned back into the crowd, stretching out his arm toward Trinh again. She tried to grab his hand, but the fear-crazed mob surged wildly around her and she was swept away. The Cobra gunship that had failed to silence the Vietcong machine gun had begun dropping flares to expose its position, and by their ghostly light Joseph saw her struggling helplessly in the crowd. When she saw him, she began fighting her way toward the light stanchion once more, but before she reached it, a dark blob flew in an arc above the heads of the crowd. The flash of the exploding grenade blinded him for a moment, and when his vision cleared he saw Trinh lying still among the mass of bodies crumpled on the pavement.

From the top of the Chancery, Naomi couldn't see what had happened outside the compound, but she sensed from the hunched, rigid position of Joseph's body as he clung to the light pole that something was wrong. At that moment a yelling marine grabbed her by the shoulders and hustled her toward the open door of the helicopter that was waiting to leave. She tried to struggle and shouted for him to release her, but her words were torn away in the noise of the helicopter's fast-spinning rotor blades. In the end he lifted her bodily into the aircraft alongside the other passengers and slammed the door. As the helicopter shuddered into the air, she saw Joseph release his hold on the light pole and slip back into the crowd, and she buried her face in her hands.

When Joseph reached Trinh's side she lay quite still with her eyes closed, but there was no sign of injury on her face or body. For a moment he listened to the growing pandemonium of the Communist bombardment, in which the distinctive ground-shaking boom of tank cannon was suddenly audible for the first time; then, summoning his fading strength, he staggered back to the foot of the wall. The explosion of the grenade had scattered the crowd, and he signaled to a marine sergeant on top of the gate to take Trinh from him. The sergeant leaned down and hauled her over the gate with one arm before passing her to one of his waiting men inside; then he climbed down to help Joseph scramble over.

Trinh was still unconscious when Joseph took her from the marine and carried her across the darkened embassy compound to the landing zone on the lawn. He persuaded the colonel supervising the evacuation to let them board the last Sikorsky Sea Stallion, and he squeezed in among the seventy or so frightened Vietnamese who were already crowded on board. He had to crouch on the floor, cradling her head against his chest; and as the helicopter rose and pulled slowly away from the glare of the embassy area, she opened her eyes and gazed at the sea of faces around her in terror.

"Don't worry, Trinh," he said, speaking close to her ear in a reassuring voice. "You're safe—everything's going to be all right."

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INTERVIEW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 137

Levin: A slight exaggeration. But I am definitely opposed to the exclusionary laws according to which perfectly good and relevant evidence must be excluded if it was obtained in the wrong way. For example, if a criminal confesses without having the right kind of conversation with his lawyer, not only is his confession thrown out, but if in his confession he refers to throwing the gun behind a bush, that gun, even with his fingerprints on it, cannot be produced as evidence. That's a real example. Where else but in liberal America can someone shoot the president on national television, shooting from a shooter's crouch, using especially deadly bullets, *and then be acquitted* [by reason of insanity]? This is what I mean by the murderer's having more rights than his victim. Look at James Brady, who was shot along with the president. He was shot in the head. He is now a cripple. What can he do? No one seems to be looking out for *his* rights. But there's Hinckley, legally a free man.

Penthouse: You really feel that murderers have more rights than their victims?

Levin: There is a certain scrupulosity shown for murderers that is not shown for the 8,000 or 10,000 persons who are killed every year in this country. One reason we have such a high murder rate is that the prospect of being punished for committing a murder is so low that one's natural impulse to commit murder is simply not deterred.

There is an extremely high murder rate among the black community, by the way. I would imagine that that has a lot to do with the absence of a strong father figure in so many black households and the consequent inability of many young blacks to learn to curb their impulses.

Penthouse: Do you think that once torture was established as a means of getting information from terrorists, people might want it applied to other legal questions—to use it as punishment, for example?

Levin: It's not a farfetched hypothesis. I'm not sure that I'd be 100 percent against the infliction of pain as part of the punishment for a crime. At the moment, I would just have to say—and maybe for no good reason—that I would want to confine torture to precisely where I said it belongs and not let it slop over to anything else.

Penthouse: To return to the subject of torture for a moment, the Universal Declaration of Human Rights contains the article, "No one shall be subjected to torture or to cruel, inhuman, or degrading treatment or punishment."

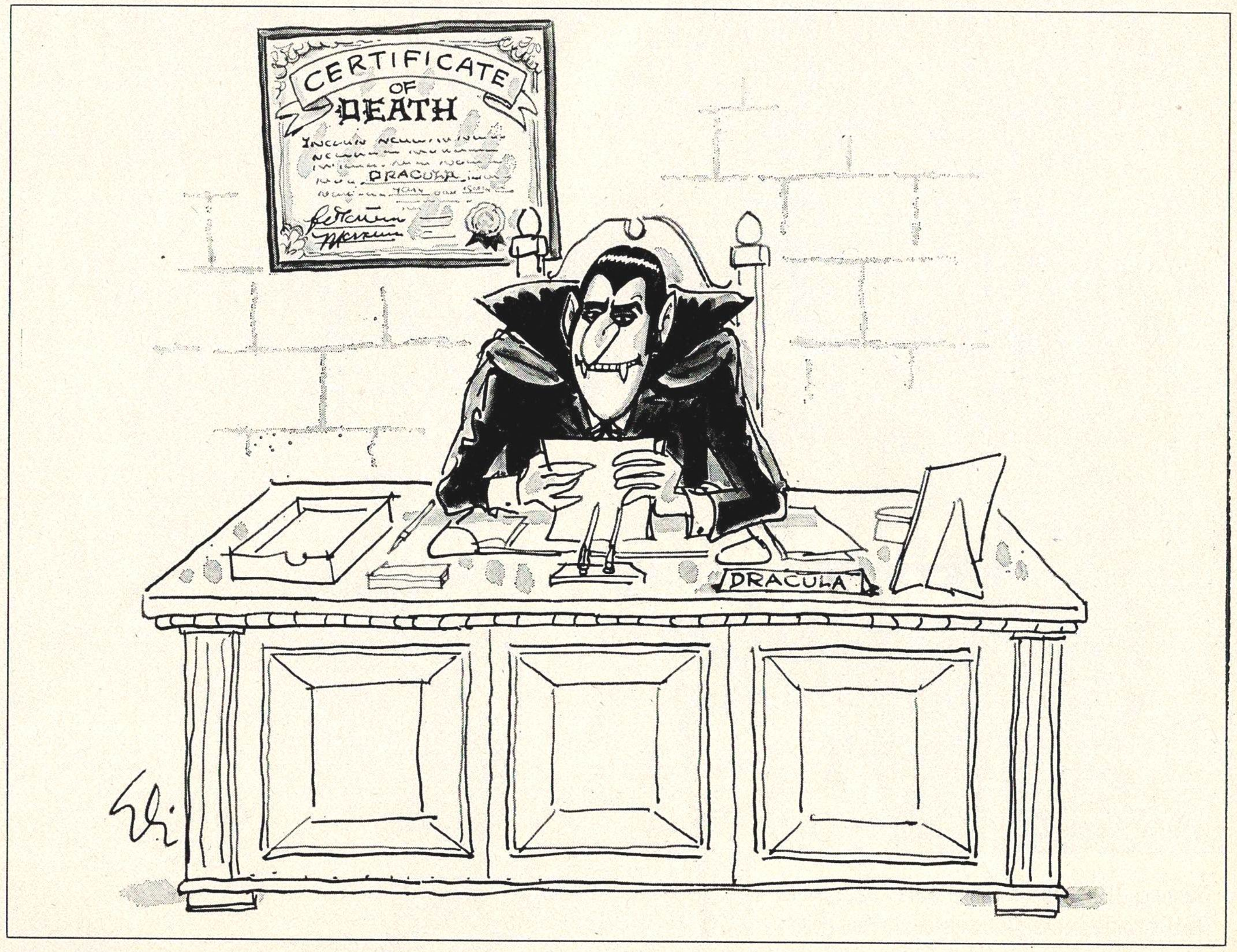
Levin: I would beg to differ. I'm inclined to agree that torture is unconstitutional. Were one to make it a law, one would have to alter the Constitution. But perhaps we wouldn't have to alter it but could find a way to sneak around it. I'm not a constitutional scholar, but by stressing that torture-is-not-a-punishment bit in the Constitution, where it talks about "cruel and unusual punishment"—maybe it would be found to be okay.

Penthouse: Torture was once very common as a legalized practice among governments and states. But you would be turning back the clock: reinstituting torture after man's having gone through the Age of Reason, the Enlightenment. What do you think this says about us?

Levin: I suppose we just got a little too enlightened and a little too humanistic. We're going to have to return to previous practices, and torture may be a mark of how far back we're willing to return. The situation we have today didn't exist back then. Terrorists didn't really get started in modern form until late nineteenth-century Russia. So I'm not sure they really faced anything quite like we do. But, repeating myself, I suppose what it shows is that enlightenment and understanding and so on have gone too far, gotten perverted, till the very notion of guilt and innocence has become obscured. Now things are swinging back.

Penthouse: Swinging back, some might say, to the Neanderthal age?

Levin: Yes, there's certainly a rethinking going on of ideas that have been fashionably dismissed as Neanderthal. I think these ideas are coming back now, most certainly—mainly a desire to move away from large-scale social engineering and to concentrate on certain commonsense values, like the importance of innocence; to not care why bad people are bad, but to believe simply that they are bad, that something must be done to stop them. In that sense, sure, this is part of a general feeling in the culture.



Penthouse: Do you believe in capital punishment?

Levin: Oh, absolutely, absolutely.

Penthouse: For what crimes?

Levin: Well, clearly murder. Treason. Kidnapping—there's nothing more despicable than taking a little baby and using it to make money. I would say, off the top of my head, those three crimes. Indeed, many of the same issues regarding torture come up in regard to capital punishment. There are those who say, "How can you take a life?" Well, here we have someone, say a guilty murderer, who himself has taken a life. By not taking his life, we're really saying that there's nothing you can do that's so bad that we'll hit you back as hard as we can. "Do anything you want"—that's what we're saying by not endorsing capital punishment.

Penthouse: What other old values would you like to see brought back?

Levin: Well, one of my own favorites is that it's starting to be recognized that men are different from women and boys are different from girls. That fact dictates the structure of society, and the idea of trying to undo it and not recognize it has been a complete absurdity.

Penthouse: How are they different?

Levin: Well, men are more aggressive—I think that's clear. To pretend it's not so has led us to do very absurd things.

Penthouse: Like what?

Levin: Like attempting to make the army unisex. All that has done has been to convince the Russians that we don't really mean business about fielding an army. The recent federal court decision you might have heard about—instructing fire departments to hire a certain quota of females—can't lead to any good.

Penthouse: You don't think women can be "firepersons"?

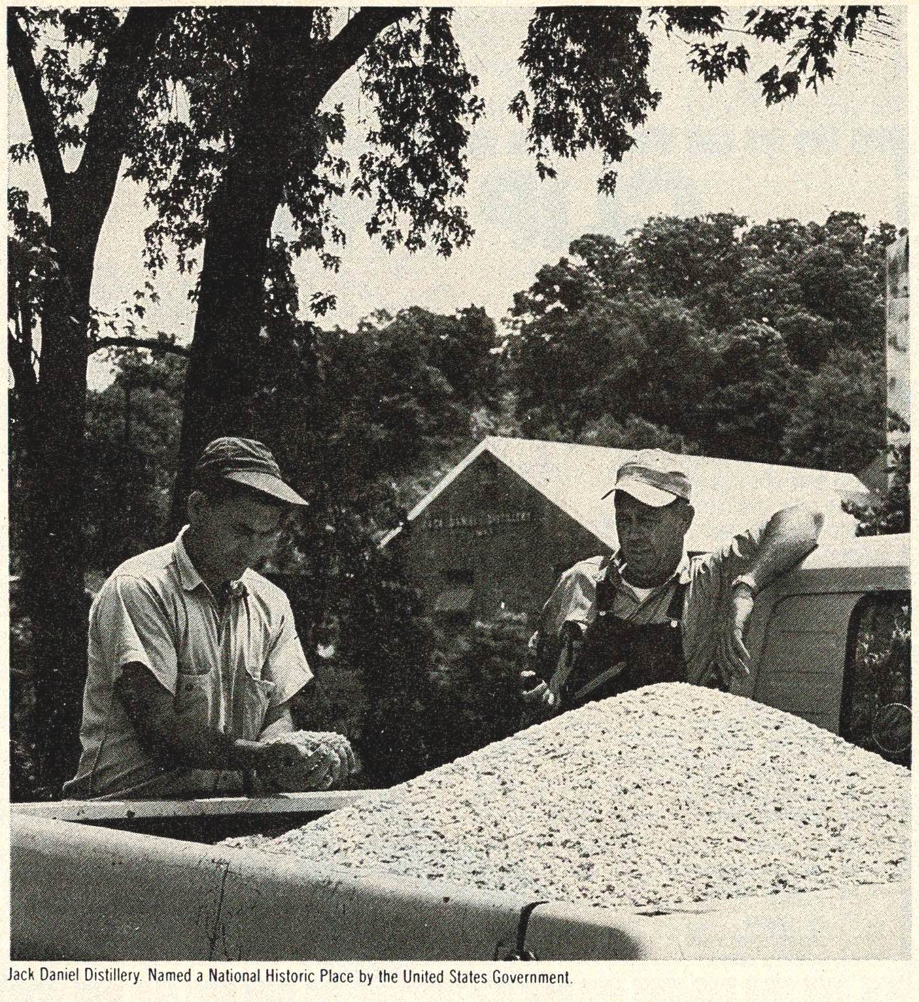
Levin: No, I don't think so. *"Fireperson, save my child!"* No, I don't think it's good. First of all, they're not strong enough. Second, would you want your life to be at stake when it became a question of whether a woman would be courageous enough to charge into a burning building?

Penthouse: Some people think women are more courageous in that way. One has the image of a mother forcing her way back into a burning building to save her child.

Levin: Maybe your mother would do that to save you, but I don't think a strange woman would.

Penthouse: And you also think policewomen are a bad idea?

Levin: Yes. I've seen some preliminary statistics about their arrest rate for felonies. It's not good. If the idea of a policeman is supposed to be that he is a



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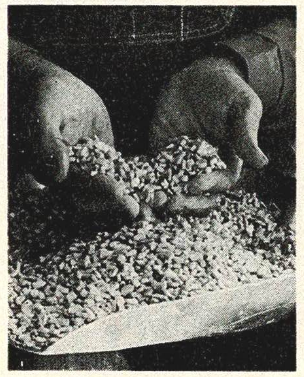

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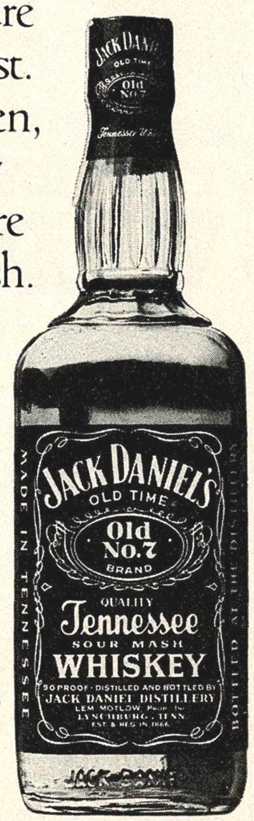

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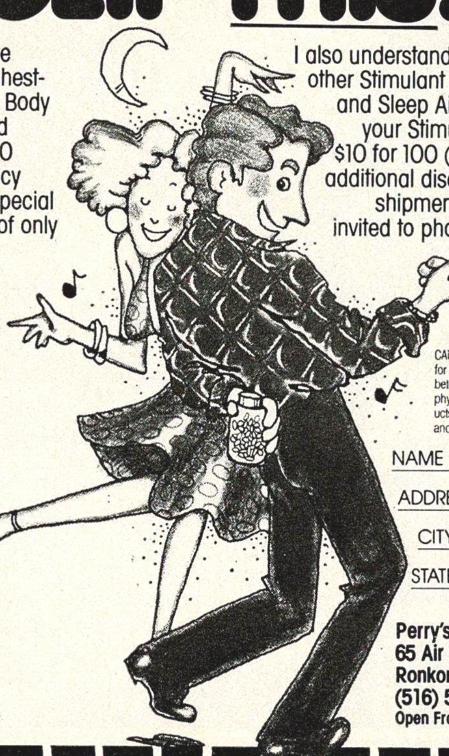

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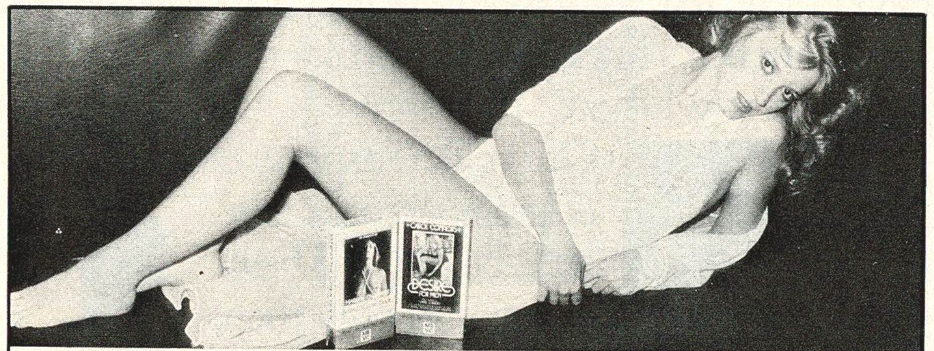

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presence to deter crime and to reassure the citizens, I don't see these girls who are five foot one doing that. I don't want to live in a city where I can beat up most of the police—let's put it that way.

Penthouse: Do you feel you could beat up most policewomen?

Levin: I think so, and I'm probably a little smaller than average. And I don't care what sort of training they get in martial arts—I've never heard of one subduing anybody by karate.

Penthouse: We take it you're not a backer of ERA.

Levin: No, no. That would have been the end of the world, nothing less, had it passed.

Penthouse: Where are women equal? Are they equal in business?

Levin: I think as things stand now, there's no opportunity that a woman can't take. She can have any job she wishes. I think the army, the fire department, the police force—that exhausts it—should be all male.

Penthouse: How would you feel if a woman became president?

Levin: I wouldn't mind. The fact is, she probably wouldn't get elected, but that's called a vote; that's called democracy.

Penthouse: Could you see yourself voting for a woman?

Levin: I suppose it depends on the woman. Sure I could.

Penthouse: Getting back to the return of old ways, it seems to me that you are not against the idea of imprisonment as punishment. You do believe in punishment?

Levin: Yes.

Penthouse: Do you believe in rehabilitation?

Levin: No. Now, that's not to say that I think prisons should be the horrible places they are, with gang rapes and so on. There's no point, when you put somebody away, to making it worse, but punishment should be the infliction of pain for an act that violates the law. It should not be pleasant. It should be something that anybody thinking about committing a crime should not want to undergo. Conjugal visits in prison, for example, are absurd. After all, one of the things you're depriving a man of when you put him away is sexual relations. If you allow him to have them, then being in prison becomes just that much more enjoyable, and hence the prospect of being in prison becomes less of a restraining influence when someone is thinking of committing a crime.

Penthouse: But doesn't the absence of conjugal visits lead to greater incidence of homosexuality in prisons?

Levin: Well, that's presumably why prison authorities should be very strict, to prevent that from happening.

Penthouse: Would you absolutely limit torture only to the gaining of information? It seems, from a number of things you've said, that you are not all *that* opposed to the inflicting of pain.

Levin: The more you press me, the more I feel myself weakening. Basically, I suppose there are two reasons for punishment: retribution for the wrong done and deterrence. I guess if deterring future crime is important, then there really can be no argument against torture if it's an effective deterrent.

As for retribution, well, in certain cases—in particular such hideous offenses as sodomizing and mutilating a child—torture might be a fit punishment. But now that you mention it, I can see no theoretical barrier to it. Suppose it turned out that if the punishment for some particularly bad crime, say child molesting, were torture, and suppose it turned out that the incidence of child molesting dropped by 500 percent in one month after that law was passed—then it would be very hard to see what could be said against it.

Penthouse: Do you think race plays a great part in some of the current revisionist thinking?

Levin: Oh yes, yes, certainly. It plays a part in two ways. First, I've noticed that legislation which originally began with the laudable purpose of making the country race-blind now has the effect of playing favorites—with the black race against the white race. Law and the government should be race-blind and that's all. Second, it's becoming clear that the government's showing favoritism to the blacks has helped nobody, especially the blacks. Quotas in hiring, quite apart from the injustice of the thing, have not helped blacks improve economically. It's helped high-level blacks with advanced degrees to do very well indeed, but it's had no beneficial effect on the mass of the black population.

Penthouse: What do you think would help the mass of the black population?

Levin: I think eliminating the welfare system altogether would be marvelous. You can't subsidize people for not working, subsidize women—girls, really—for having illegitimate children and expect them to stop. In the short run, it would cause tremendous upheaval to say, "In ten years welfare ends." In the long run it would do everybody a lot of good.

Penthouse: What else would you like to do away with? How about such twentieth-century institutions as the Medicare and Social Security systems?

Levin: Yes. Not immediately, because that would cause an enormous amount of human misery, but I think that those things are bad ideas, immoral ideas, and should be phased out as quickly as possible. It's not the government's job to make you take care of poor people, to make you take care of old people. Or to take care of yourself, as in the case of Social Security.

Penthouse: What about unemployment benefits?

Levin: There again, I don't see why I should be forced at gunpoint to give you money when I didn't throw you out of work.

Penthouse: What do you think about the ever-present issue of pornography?

Levin: Pornography is obviously a bad thing, primarily because it coarsens and blunts perceptions of women on the part of young men and makes it, I believe, very difficult for a young man to get married and settle down with one single woman. It cheapens sex. I'm not sure I would advocate any legislation against it, but it's definitely a bad and corrosive influence.

Penthouse: What evidence do you have for this?

Levin: I have no hard evidence. I don't know if anyone has ever done any studies "before and after" of a person exposed to pornography, but I find it difficult to believe that an adolescent who has been encouraged to masturbate over dirty pictures and who is constantly having lurid posters and movie marquees displayed before him will not have his view of sex and women cheapened. The mystery of sex will have been removed for him. Subsequently, he will not be able to look at other women, and presumably his own wife, except as a piece of meat.

Penthouse: Do you think pornography exploits women?

Levin: I do not. That's a lot of nonsense. The models, after all, volunteer. I think it exploits the weaknesses of men.

Penthouse: Are magazine centerfolds a "bad and corrosive influence"?

Levin: I don't think airbrushed centerfolds are terribly destructive. I think a picture of a woman playing with her private parts, on the other hand, is more shocking and harmful.

Penthouse: What do you think of *Penthouse*?

Levin: It is a very odd and schizophrenic blend of quite good, special coverage and, uh, pornography. It really seems to be directed at two different audiences.

Penthouse: How do you describe yourself?

Levin: Well, it's common to say that conservatives are slightly to the left of Genghis Khan. But Genghis Khan believed in central government and I don't, so I guess I'm to the right of Genghis Khan.

Penthouse: Has anyone accused you of playing dangerously by publishing in *Newsweek*, for the whole world to see, some thoughts you really haven't thought through?

Levin: No one has accused me of not thinking them through. That, to a philosopher, would be the gravest insult. They certainly have accused me of playing to bad instincts. The fact is, I don't really have a hidden agenda. What I believe is what I say.

Penthouse: But you have admitted here that, to some degree, you haven't thought all of this through.

Levin: Well, there's thinking through and there's thinking through. I haven't thought through the legal and institutional mechanisms, because I'm not a lawyer. As for the morality of torture, I hope I have thought it through and that I present a reasonable case. O+

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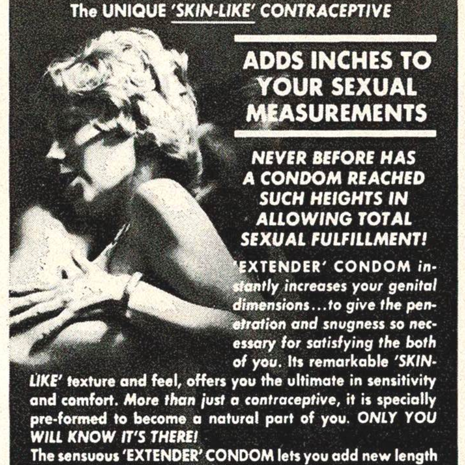

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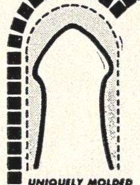

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COLLEGE SEX

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78

1980, hours before the Army-Navy game, a meeting of another kind, between six wild and crazy libidos, took place on the grounds of the Naval Academy.

This encounter, which would ultimately become known as the "Sexathon," began around midnight when five male and one female midshipmen left the Officers Club and headed for Bancroft Hall, a thirty-three-acre dormitory that housed 4,000 men and 400 women. The group retired to one of the rooms. After a while, twenty-year-old Mary Lamble "encouraged" the five midshipmen to engage in carnal mischief. But this was more than a suggestion of drunken gropings on the bed, or even a few wet kisses and ear-blowings. No sir, Admiral, this was to be a scene right out of a cheaply financed porno movie.

Before the Middies actually got up for lovemaking, they had little Mary Lamble's hands tied to the bed. It was now game time.

At one point during the sexual scrimmage another midshipman ran a short pattern to his room and brought back an 8mm movie camera. But by the time he had returned, the game was over and the players lay exhausted on the field. Even so, he shot sixteen seconds of film, catching two of the group in postcoital repose.

Not surprisingly, word of this carnal Rose Bowl circulated faster than a Texas hurricane. Eventually it reached the pained ears of the commandant of midshipmen, who announced that he would begin an inquiry.

In the ensuing investigation, all parties readily admitted their participation. Midshipmen Dougherty and Love were expelled and subsequently forced into three years of active duty as enlisted personnel. (Dougherty sued in federal court to prevent his expulsion; he lost, but the order to begin active duty was overturned.)

Strangely enough, the other three midshipmen were simply given demerits and placed on restriction and probation. Even more strange was what happened to Lamble: she was allowed to resign and accept a medical discharge for a knee injury—which, incidentally, she had applied for months before.

The Naval Academy appears to be an unusually erotic zone. According to a report in the Gannett News Service, twenty-nine midshipmen have been prosecuted for sexual misconduct since 1977. Moreover, midshipmen and academy officials claimed that over 100 cases of sex offenses had been handled informally.

"It [sex] goes on all the time, but usually the officers look the other way," Lamble told the news services. "One woman kept count of the guys she slept with—fifty-seven in one year. She got caught several times, but nothing much happened—some demerits. To get caught you've got to be awful unlucky or have a bad attitude. It's not the type of thing the academy wants to deal with."

In looking back on her own sexual endeavors, Lamble said, "What I did was wrong. I don't have any excuses for that. I was like a lot of women. I went to the academy because it was free. For the first two years I did very well and even remained a virgin. After that the high expectations started to fade and the discipline became much looser." Lamble then noted that in her final three months at the academy, she had sexual relations with about twenty midshipmen, adding that such promiscuity was "not really a lot for some women."

3. M.I.T.: Screwing and Telling

The double standard was turned upside down with uproarious consequences at M.I.T. in 1977. Two M.I.T. coeds, Roxanne Ritchie and Susan Gilbert, both of whom were well acquainted with sexual gymnastics, decided to publish a "Consumer's Guide to M.I.T. Men" in a school newspaper. They rated the carnal IQ of thirty-six former lovers (a combined five-year total) on a basis of zero to four stars.

A four-star fellow was a "must fuck"; a three-star was a "good lay"; a two was "mediocre, but maybe worth trying"; a one-star was "recommended in emergencies only"; and a zero was "a turkey."

A sample of the findings:

Fours: "Close your eyes and waves crash, mountains erupt, and flowers bloom. Has a very large and gorgeous cock." "A little scrawny (his body), but innovative and skillful." "Well hung, also good with his hands and tongue."

Threes: "He can fuck well, even when he's too drunk to stand." "Amenable to doing anything out of the ordinary." "Long, slow, harmonic motion."

Twos: "Good for about three fast ones a night, then he would leave." "Recipient of the Marvin Mediocre award. Tries lines like 'How would you like to be ravished by a tiger?' " "A real sweet piece, lacking in experience." "Has a painfully, obscenely gigantic cock." "Pleasant once a night and usually once a morning. Don't worry about his dirty feet, they hang off the end of the bed."

Ones: "Lazy SOB, couldn't maintain an erection except while lying on his back. I also got chronic vaginitis afterwards." "High on quantity, low on quality." "A good body fuck and a good mind fuck."

Turkeys: "I was stoned and I missed it." "What can I say about a twit from Baker House who finally gave his virginity to the girl he was living with, for her birthday? 'I did it,' he said. 'Did what?' I asked."

To be sure, reactions to the guide were mixed. Some of the men, both listed and nonlisted, considered these girls the greatest traitors since Benedict Arnold. Unable to take a joke, they threatened gang rape in retaliation. Those lucky four-star guys thought the women knew a good

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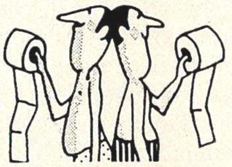

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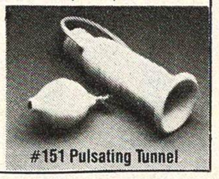

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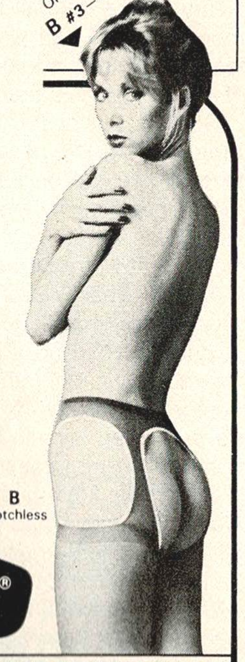

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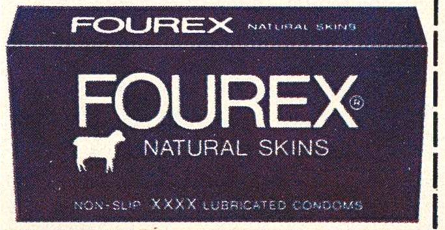

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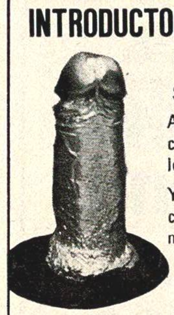

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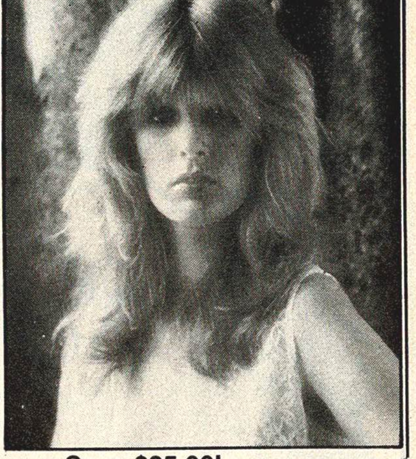

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thing when they saw, felt, and fucked one. Some had cards printed up quoting their "glowing rating" and passed them out at a local tavern. As they saw the situation, when you got it, flaunt it.

Charges of libel and invasion of privacy showered down on the girls. Eventually, a school newspaper ran an apology plus an explanation by one of the authors, who wrote: "I was hoping to increase the sensitivity of men—all men, not just the ones mentioned—by showing them how it feels to be treated as a sex object. All I was really trying to say was that Olympic-event-style sex is stupid, empty, and, unfortunately, happens a lot."

In the end, the two women were put on probation and two editors of the paper were suspended for a full three months.

4. Notre Dame: A Special Dispensation

It was early evening on a hot summer's night in 1974 and an eighteen-year-old white high-school girl drove to the campus of Notre Dame to visit her boyfriend, a football player, in his dormitory room.

As the night progressed, the two allegedly made love once, twice. Then, according to one report, the player left the room, leaving the girl alone and naked. Moments later, another player came by. He and the girl spoke briefly and began arguing. Then the player supposedly demanded sex or else he would punt her out the third-story window. The girl refused. But before she knew it, four other players, who were also black, entered the room, and, depending on the version, either gang-raped or had consensual sex with her.

In any event, eleven separate acts of coitus were performed. And later that evening, the girl checked into Memorial Hospital in South Bend, where she was treated (no injuries or bruises sustained) and released to her parents. In the ensuing weeks, a number of different accounts of that night emerged. According to Notre Dame officials, the incident was not of a "criminal nature."

It was said that the girl had a police record and a sleazy reputation. ("You know the kind of girl she was," cracked one official. "She walked around with a mattress on her back.")

In a *New Times* magazine story, journalist Robert Sam Anson summed up Notre Dame's opinion of the girl: "She was, in short, a slut looking for it—literally begging for it, in some accounts—and she found six healthy young men, far from home, on a summertime campus all but deserted of women, only too willing to oblige. As for the original rape complaint, that is written off as a father's anger that his daughter had been sleeping with blacks."

Ah, but these weren't just any blacks. These blacks—Luther Bradley, Ross Browner, Willie Fry, Don Knott, and Roy Henry—were football heroes, stars who months before had led the Fighting Irish team to its first undefeated season since 1949, as well as a number-one ranking.

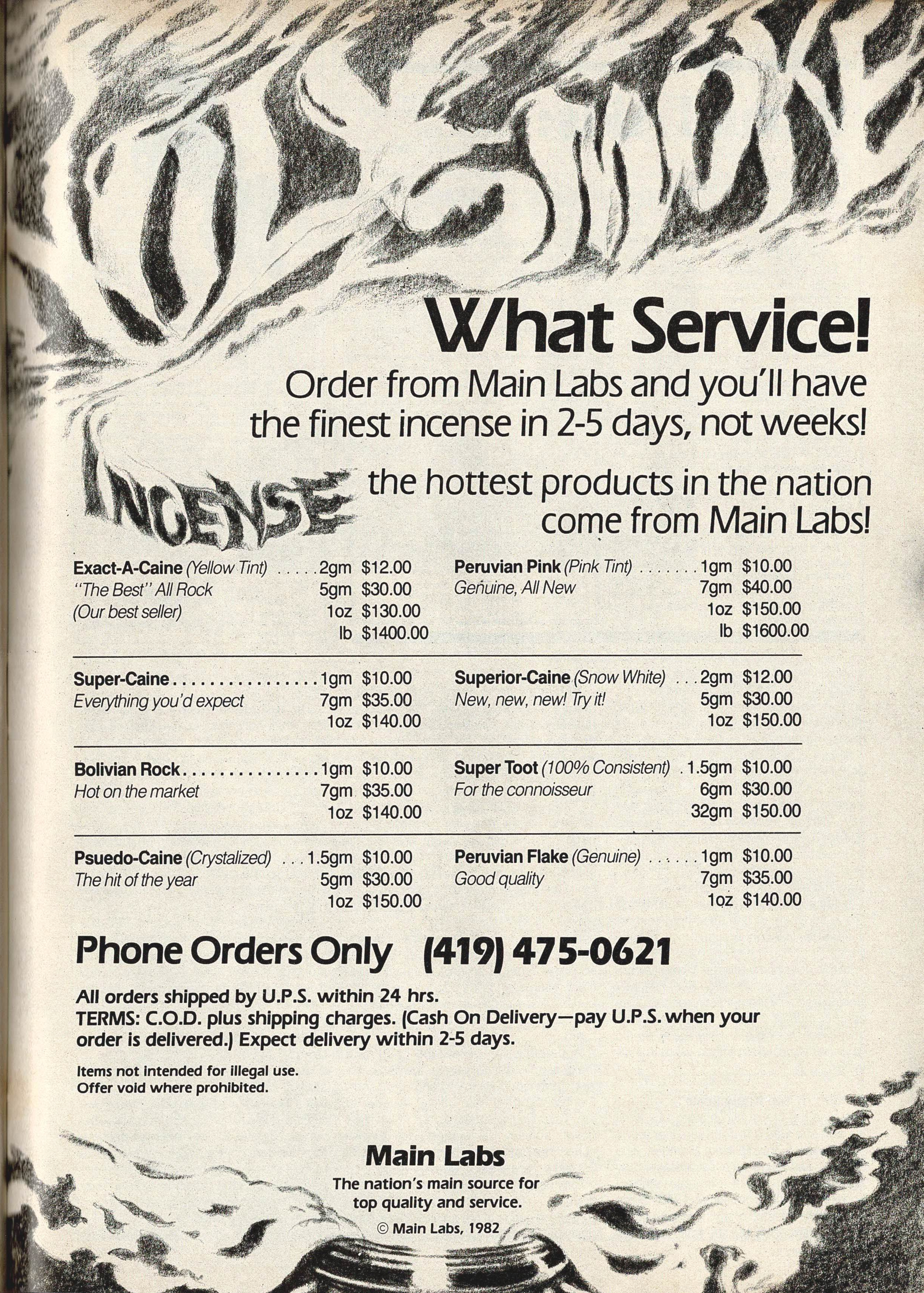
So, this business of a possible gang rape was big, *big* news. It was on all the wire services, all the airwaves. There was even a headline in the sports pages of the New York *Daily News* that read: "Sex Scandal at Notre Dame."

As the weeks went by, the full story challenged the college's version. The girl in question had no criminal record, she was not a slut, but rather a straight-A student from a middle-class family who had never caused herself, her parents, or her school any embarrassment.

According to Anson, the girl—whom we'll call Nancy—had gone out one night with a friend to Barnaby's, a beer and pizza joint near campus. There the girls met two of the players, and shortly thereafter began dating them.

As it developed, at least in this rendition, the friend became pregnant and asked her boyfriend for abortion money. The player said no. Alarmed, the friend asked Nancy to intercede. After repeated failures to get the player to cough up the dough, she threatened to expose him to university officials. Finally, the player forked over the money.

But supposedly, it was that player who walked in on the girl that night when she was alone. And, according to Nancy's



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friends, it was that player who grabbed Nancy around the throat, cursed her out, and threatened her. The gang rape, friends felt, was Nancy's punishment for harassing the player in the first place.

Anson questioned Notre Dame President Rev. Theodore M. Hesburgh. "It is perfectly clear it was not rape," Hesburgh insisted, and he threatened to "back up" any lawsuit instituted by the players against libelous news accounts. "It's easily provable," said Hesburgh. "You will lose it dead hands. There will be big damages. I'd like to be the attorney."

In the end, the players were suspended "for a minimum of one academic year for a serious violation of university regulations."

Many observers felt the players were given special consideration because they were precisely that—players. As one campus humorist put it, "They shouldn't have been thrown out. They really should have penalized them fifteen yards for piling on."

5. Yale: "If You Knew Susie"

She was the fire of two hundred Eli loins . . . and she was only fourteen. Her name was Susie, a townie from Hamden who couldn't say no to fellating a statistically significant portion of the Yale student body in the fall semester of 1959. Susie sounds like the stuff of myth, preppy decadence *in excelsis,* but the myth is all too true.

Not many facts were ever revealed about this Ivy League Lolita. The case was hushed up and covered up as much as possible at the time. The *Yale Daily* merely noted that information received by the New Haven police led to the arrest and interrogation of the shameless nymphet, which in turn led to the uncontested prosecution of twenty Yalies for "lascivious carriage," a misdemeanor that brought the defendants an aggregate fine of $550 and suspension from school. The judge at the half-hour trial remarked, "There is both a human element and a stupid element involved."

His Honor probably meant that it is only human for young Yalies to accept the freely given favors of an erotomaniac, especially when everybody else was in the act, but that it was stupid to accept such favors from a fourteen-year-old in their college rooms.

Apparently, the police, the court, and the university did not pursue the case with zeal. "We didn't want a witch-hunt," commented a former Yale official. A letter to the *Yale Daily,* speaking for town and gown, actually discouraged full disclosure: "The papers and trash magazines of the nation are waiting eagerly to pounce on any smut the prosecutor can help them dig up. . . . To feed the flames of scandal by a prosecution is not going to punish the guilty parties. The real loser will be Yale on a national scale and New Haven on a local scale."

The rest of the Susie story has never been told. According to a ranking university source, Susie knelt for far many more Yalies than appeared in court. "Speculation ran as high as two hundred, which I don't think is unrealistic," says this insider. "It was almost exclusively oral sex, but there were some occasions of intercourse and some group activities, too. The police made Susie sit down with a yearbook. She had an impeccable memory for faces. When she got to twenty, the police got sick and said stop."

Nobody knows what became of Susie, but her legend lives on in the hearts of Yale men. As long as opposing Ivy bands strike up "If You Knew Susie Like I Knew Susie" at halftime ceremonies, she will never be forgotten.

6. South Carolina: Sappho on the Court

It was a few weeks into the 1981–1982 season, and the University of South Carolina's women's basketball team was ranked number two in the country. They were undefeated. They seemed destined for a national championship. And then the bubble burst: allegations of sexual improprieties forced the coach to resign, some of the players quit, and the team lost six of its next eleven games.

The coach, thirty-four-year-old Pam

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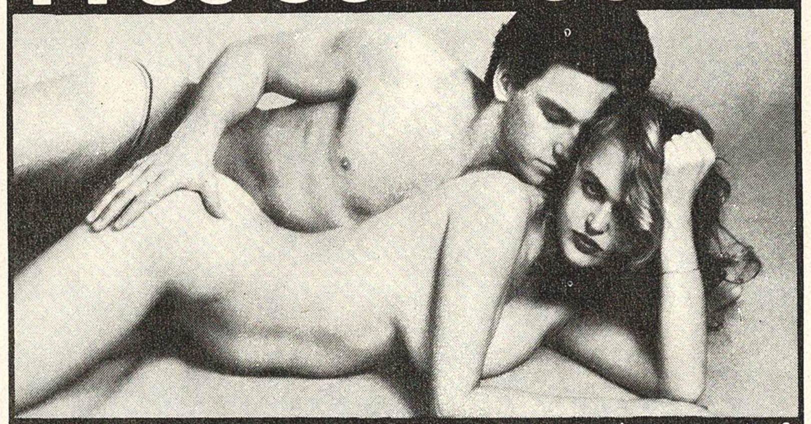

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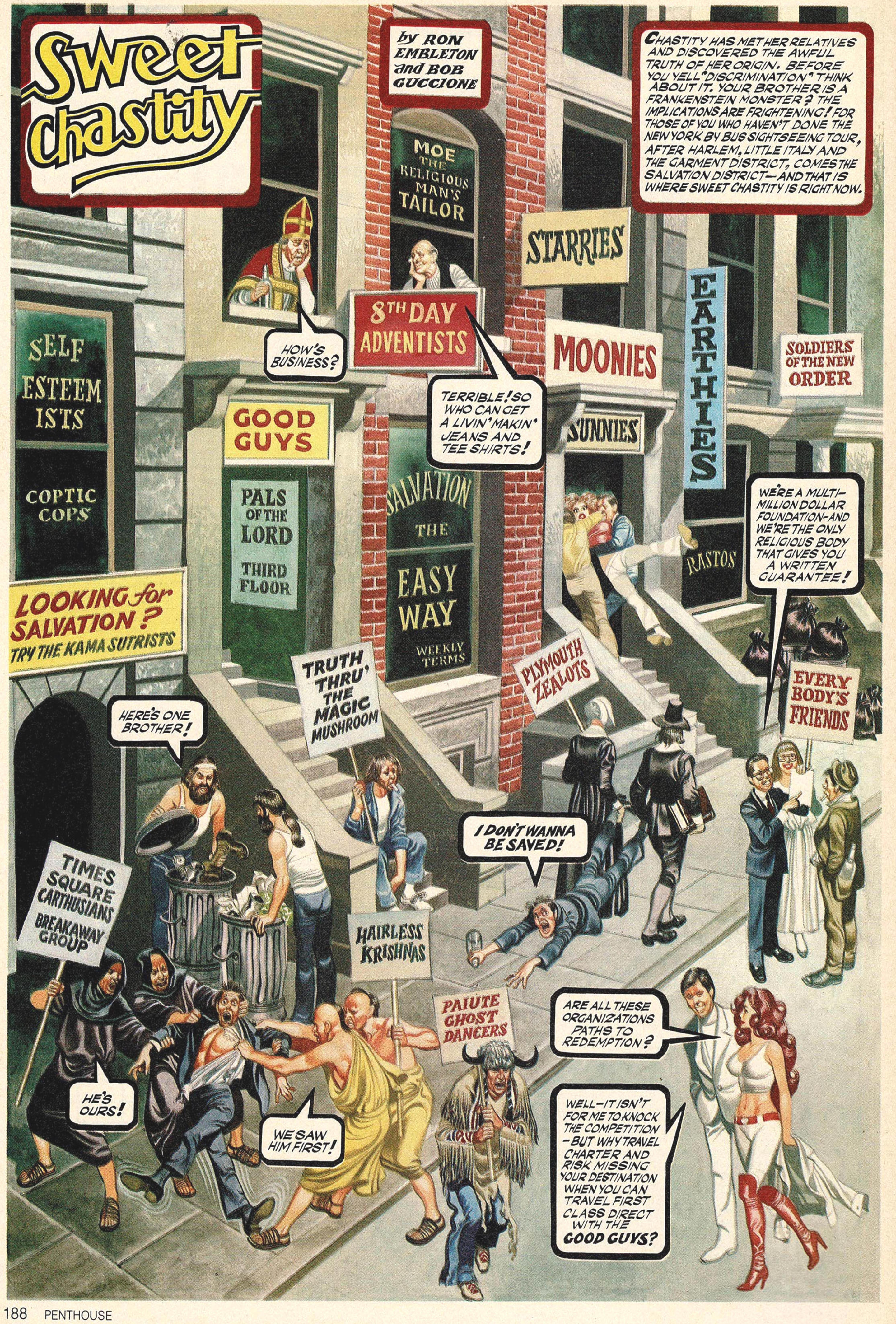
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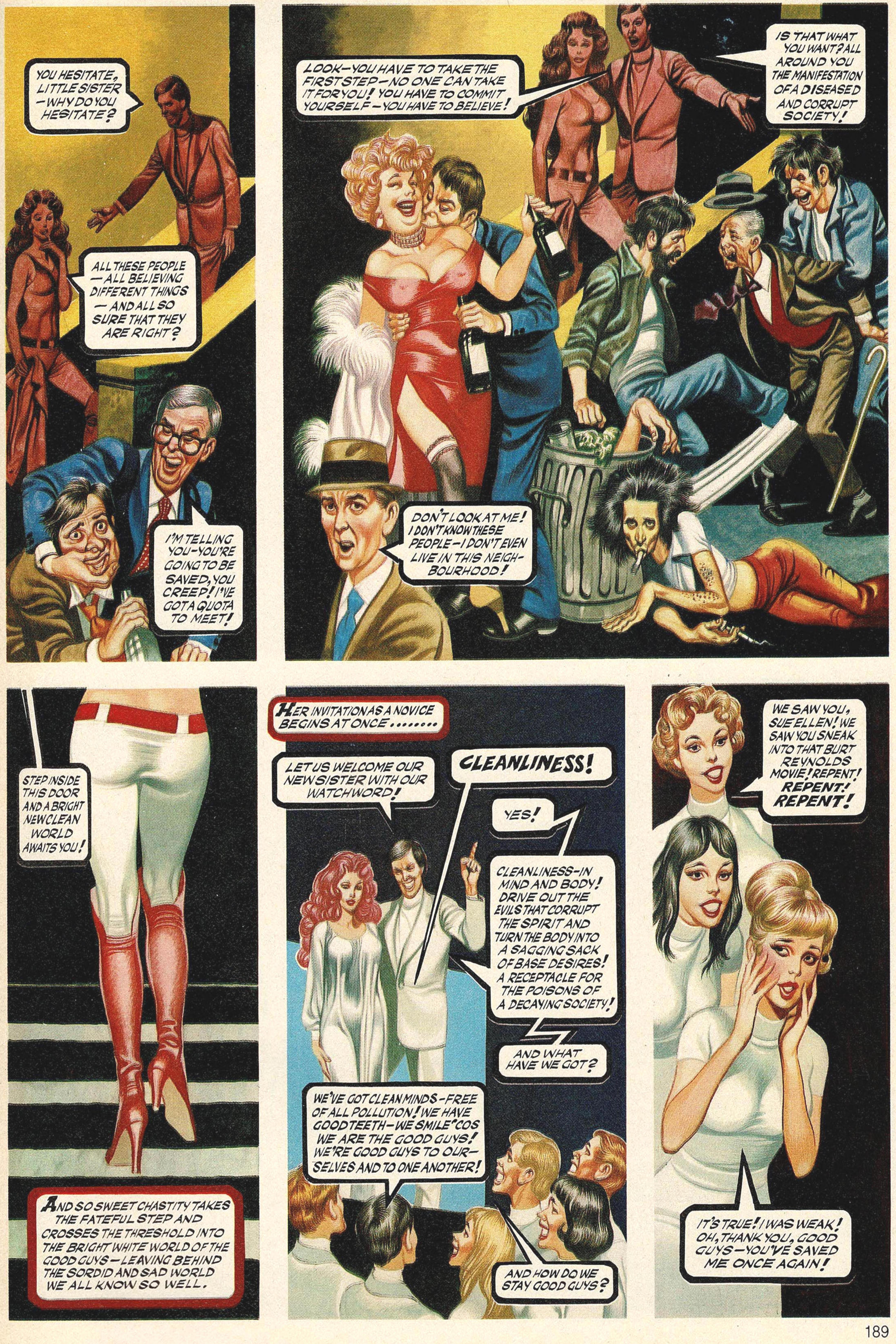
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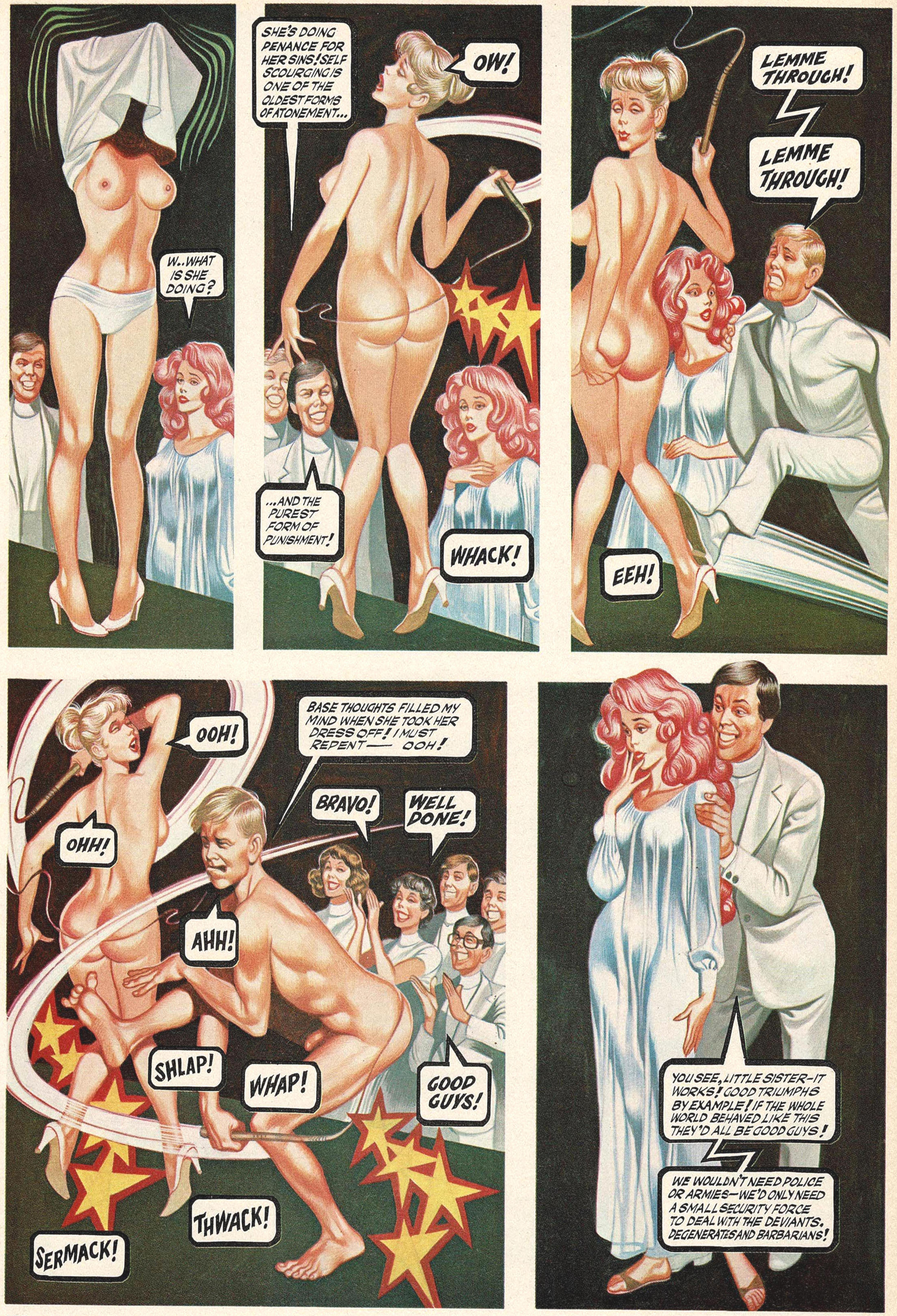
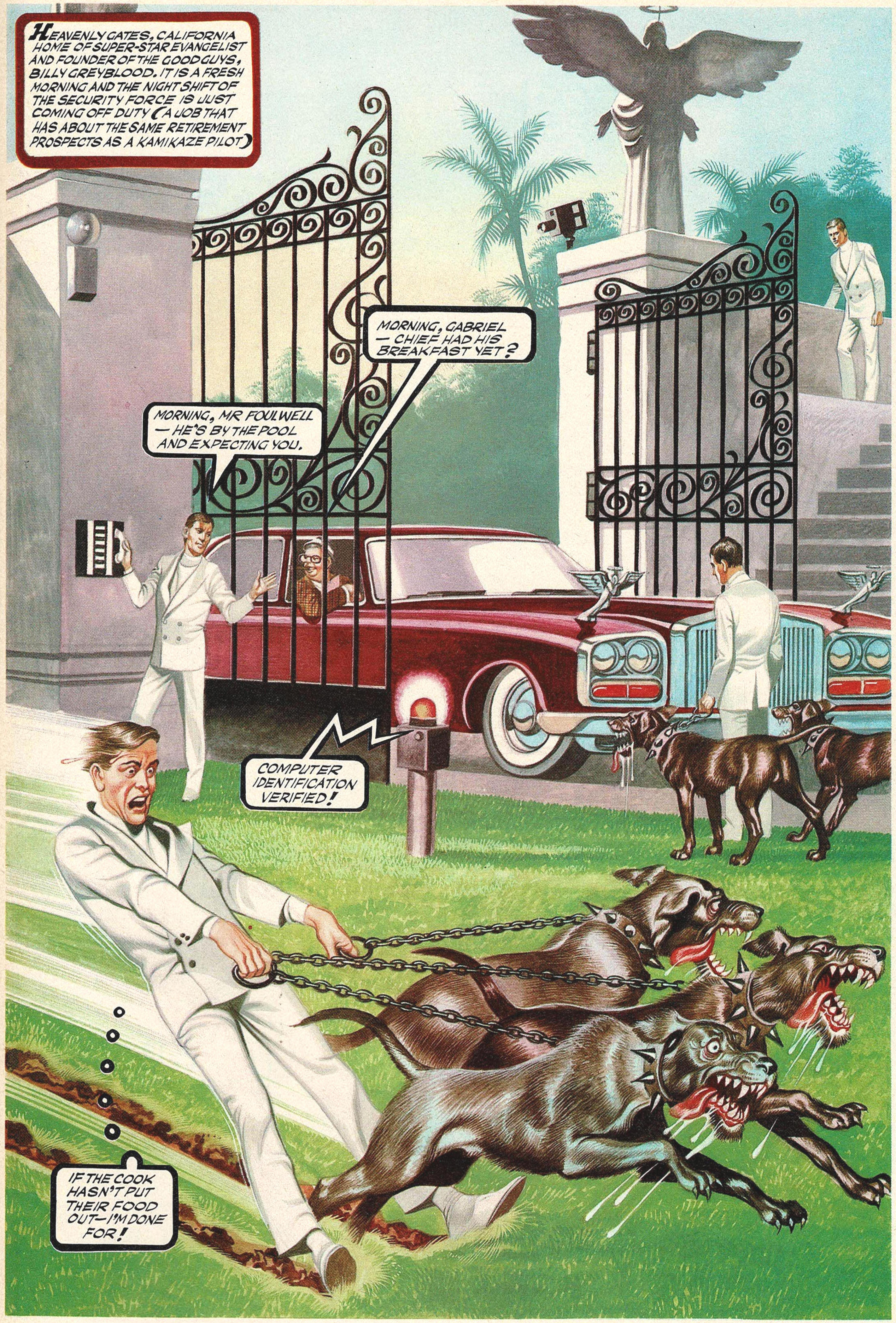
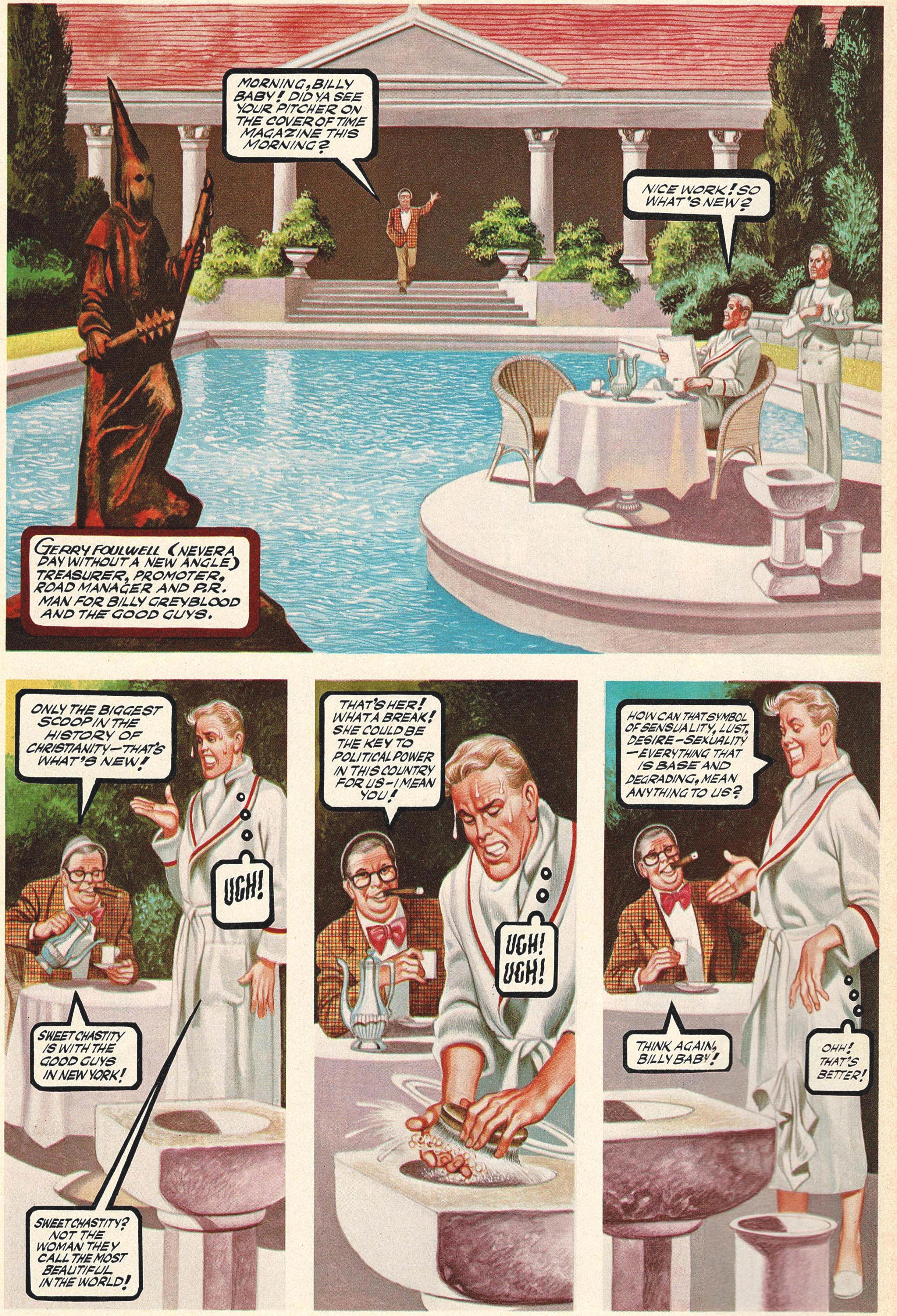
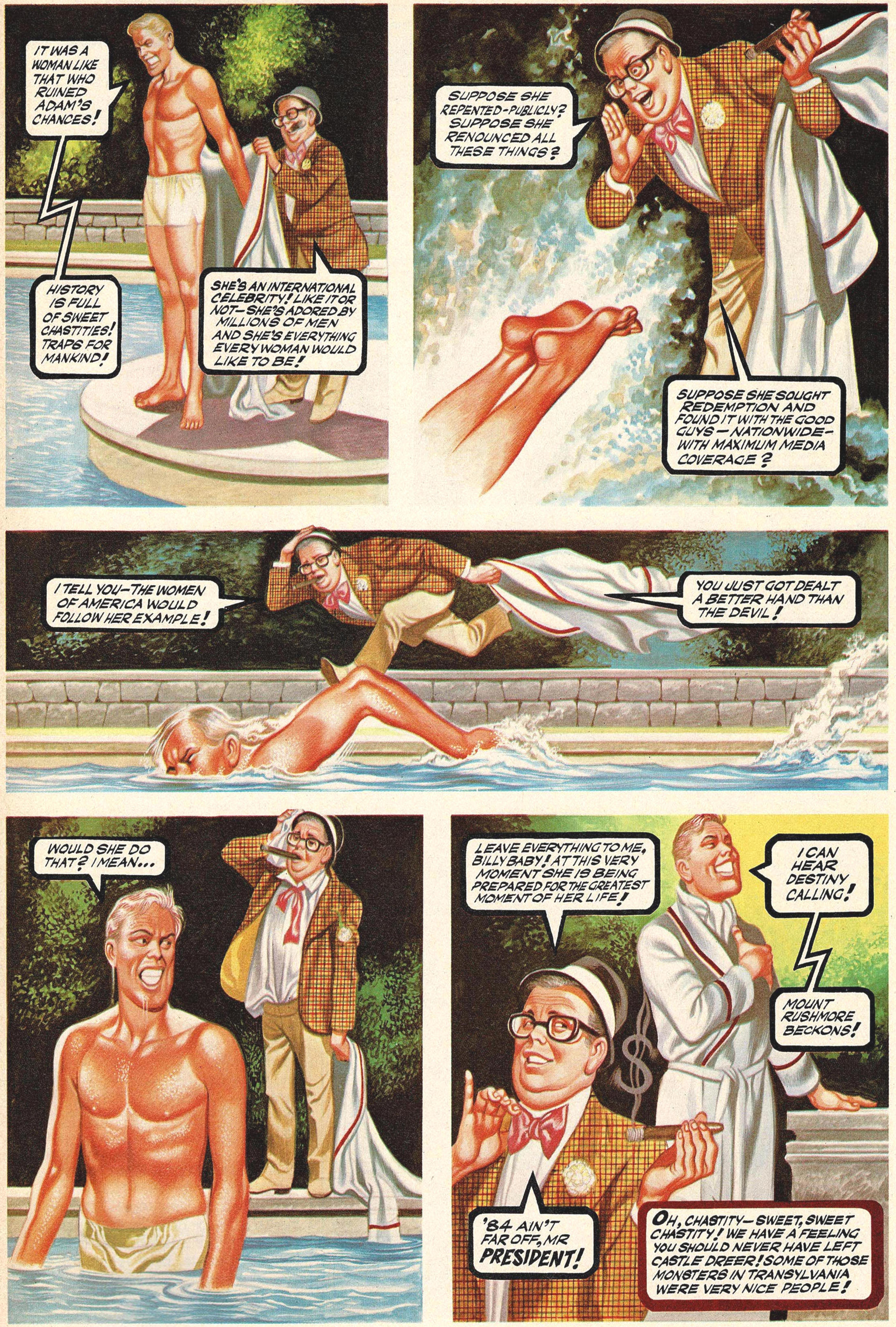
ALL THESE PEOPLE—ALL BELIEVING DIFFERENT THINGS—AND ALL SO SURE THAT THEY ARE RIGHT?
I'M TELLING YOU—YOU'RE GOING TO BE SAVED, YOU CREEP! I'VE GOT A QUOTA TO MEET!
LOOK—YOU HAVE TO TAKE THE FIRST STEP—NO ONE CAN TAKE IT FOR YOU! YOU HAVE TO COMMIT YOURSELF—YOU HAVE TO BELIEVE!
IS THAT WHAT YOU WANT? ALL AROUND YOU THE MANIFESTATION OF A DISEASED AND CORRUPT SOCIETY!
DON'T LOOK AT ME! I DON'T KNOW THESE PEOPLE—I DON'T EVEN LIVE IN THIS NEIGHBOURHOOD!
STEP INSIDE THIS DOOR AND A BRIGHT NEW CLEAN WORLD AWAITS YOU!
AND SO SWEET CHASTITY TAKES THE FATEFUL STEP AND CROSSES THE THRESHOLD INTO THE BRIGHT WHITE WORLD OF THE GOOD GUYS—LEAVING BEHIND THE SORDID AND SAD WORLD WE ALL KNOW SO WELL.
HER INVITATION AS A NOVICE BEGINS AT ONCE........
LET US WELCOME OUR NEW SISTER WITH OUR WATCHWORD!
CLEANLINESS!
YES!
CLEANLINESS—IN MIND AND BODY! DRIVE OUT THE EVILS THAT CORRUPT THE SPIRIT AND TURN THE BODY INTO A SAGGING SACK OF BASE DESIRES! A RECEPTACLE FOR THE POISONS OF A DECAYING SOCIETY!
AND WHAT HAVE WE GOT?
WE'VE GOT CLEAN MINDS—FREE OF ALL POLLUTION! WE HAVE GOOD TEETH—WE SMILE 'COS WE ARE THE GOOD GUYS! WE'RE GOOD GUYS TO OURSELVES AND TO ONE ANOTHER!
AND HOW DO WE STAY GOOD GUYS?
WE SAW YOU, SUE ELLEN! WE SAW YOU SNEAK INTO THAT BURT REYNOLDS MOVIE! REPENT! REPENT! REPENT!
IT'S TRUE! I WAS WEAK! OH, THANK YOU, GOOD GUYS—YOU'VE SAVED ME ONCE AGAIN!


W..WHAT IS SHE DOING?
SHE'S DOING PENANCE FOR HER SINS! SELF SCOURGING IS ONE OF THE OLDEST FORMS OF ATONEMENT...
OW!
...AND THE PUREST FORM OF PUNISHMENT!
WHACK!
LEMME THROUGH!
LEMME THROUGH!
EEH!
OOH!
BASE THOUGHTS FILLED MY MIND WHEN SHE TOOK HER DRESS OFF! I MUST REPENT—— OOH!
BRAVO!
WELL DONE!
OHH!
AHH!
SHLAP!
WHAP!
GOOD GUYS!
THWACK!
SERMACK!
YOU SEE, LITTLE SISTER—IT WORKS! GOOD TRIUMPHS BY EXAMPLE! IF THE WHOLE WORLD BEHAVED LIKE THIS THEY'D ALL BE GOOD GUYS!
WE WOULDN'T NEED POLICE OR ARMIES—WE'D ONLY NEED A SMALL SECURITY FORCE TO DEAL WITH THE DEVIANTS. DEGENERATES AND BARBARIANS!


HEAVENLY GATES, CALIFORNIA HOME OF SUPER-STAR EVANGELIST AND FOUNDER OF THE GOOD GUYS, BILLY GREYBLOOD. IT IS A FRESH MORNING AND THE NIGHT SHIFT OF THE SECURITY FORCE IS JUST COMING OFF DUTY (A JOB THAT HAS ABOUT THE SAME RETIREMENT PROSPECTS AS A KAMIKAZE PILOT)
MORNING, GABRIEL — CHIEF HAD HIS BREAKFAST YET?
MORNING, MR FOULWELL — HE'S BY THE POOL AND EXPECTING YOU.
COMPUTER IDENTIFICATION VERIFIED!
IF THE COOK HASN'T PUT THEIR FOOD OUT—I'M DONE FOR!


MORNING, BILLY BABY! DIDYA SEE YOUR PITCHER ON THE COVER OF TIME MAGAZINE THIS MORNING?
NICE WORK! SO WHAT'S NEW?
GERRY FOULWELL (NEVER A DAY WITHOUT A NEW ANGLE) TREASURER, PROMOTER, ROAD MANAGER AND P.R. MAN FOR BILLY GREYBLOOD AND THE GOOD GUYS.
ONLY THE BIGGEST SCOOP IN THE HISTORY OF CHRISTIANITY—THAT'S WHAT'S NEW!
UGH!
SWEET CHASTITY IS WITH THE GOOD GUYS IN NEW YORK!
SWEET CHASTITY? NOT THE WOMAN THEY CALL THE MOST BEAUTIFUL IN THE WORLD!
THAT'S HER! WHAT A BREAK! SHE COULD BE THE KEY TO POLITICAL POWER IN THIS COUNTRY FOR US—I MEAN YOU!
UGH! UGH!
HOW CAN THAT SYMBOL OF SENSUALITY, LUST, DESIRE—SEXUALITY—EVERYTHING THAT IS BASE AND DEGRADING, MEAN ANYTHING TO US?
THINK AGAIN, BILLY BABY!
OHH! THAT'S BETTER!


IT WAS A WOMAN LIKE THAT WHO RUINED ADAM'S CHANCES!
HISTORY IS FULL OF SWEET CHASTITIES! TRAPS FOR MANKIND!
SHE'S AN INTERNATIONAL CELEBRITY! LIKE IT OR NOT—SHE'S ADORED BY MILLIONS OF MEN AND SHE'S EVERYTHING EVERY WOMAN WOULD LIKE TO BE!
SUPPOSE SHE REPENTED—PUBLICLY? SUPPOSE SHE RENOUNCED ALL THESE THINGS?
SUPPOSE SHE SOUGHT REDEMPTION AND FOUND IT WITH THE GOOD GUYS—NATIONWIDE—WITH MAXIMUM MEDIA COVERAGE?
I TELL YOU—THE WOMEN OF AMERICA WOULD FOLLOW HER EXAMPLE!
YOU JUST GOT DEALT A BETTER HAND THAN THE DEVIL!
WOULD SHE DO THAT? I MEAN...
LEAVE EVERYTHING TO ME, BILLY BABY! AT THIS VERY MOMENT SHE IS BEING PREPARED FOR THE GREATEST MOMENT OF HER LIFE!
I CAN HEAR DESTINY CALLING!
MOUNT RUSHMORE BECKONS!
'84 AIN'T FAR OFF, MR PRESIDENT!
OH, CHASTITY—SWEET, SWEET CHASTITY! WE HAVE A FEELING YOU SHOULD NEVER HAVE LEFT CASTLE DREER! SOME OF THOSE MONSTERS IN TRANSYLVANIA WERE VERY NICE PEOPLE!

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COLLEGE SEX

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 186

Parsons, was a talented and controversial figure whom some sportswriters called "the Bobby Knight of women's basketball." Like Knight, Parsons had a dictatorial and temperamental nature. On one occasion she refused to return to the court after halftime. On another, after a particularly upsetting defeat, she forced the players to wear T-shirts around campus with the words "Chicken Choke" emblazoned on the front. It is safe to say that had not Parsons been a winner, her job might have been in jeopardy.

And suddenly, it was. There was talk of recruiting violations, talk of drug deals. Then came the killer: a charge that Parsons was having sexual relations with one of her players.

And so it was that on the afternoon of December 31, assistant athletic director Ron Dickerson visited Parsons's house and left a few hours later with her resignation. The coach noted "serious conditions with my health" as her reason for stepping down.

Curiously, the next day Parsons tried to withdraw her resignation and told reporters that she was in "perfect health." The university ignored her statement, and ultimately Parsons was forced to say she quit South Carolina owing to "philosophical differences."

The plot thickened in a *Sports Illustrated* story: "Chris Vlahoplus, Senior Vice-President for university relations, offered a different explanation. On January 7 he told *SI* that the mother of one South Carolina player, freshman Brantley Southers, had complained to the university that Parsons was having relations with a second player.

" 'Ron Dickerson talked at great length about it with Parsons,' Vlahoplus said. 'At first she denied being a lesbian and having an affair with a player, then she finally admitted it.' Vlahoplus added, 'We have nothing against anybody who's gay. But to have a coach carrying on with a student . . . we just can't let that go on.' Two weeks later, Paul J. Ward, a university attorney, learned of Vlahoplus's statement. Ward called *SI* to say that Vlahoplus now denied making that statement. However, Ronni Keisler, Southers's mother, said she had indeed complained to the school about Parsons's being involved with a player and that James B. Holderman, the president of the university, had 'told me on the phone that Pam admitted it to Dickerson.' "

7. Arkansas: Orange Bowl Foreplay

Two weeks before sixth-ranked Arkansas was to meet second-ranked Oklahoma in the 1978 Orange Bowl, the attitude among the Razorbacks was sky-high. Then, just before Christmas, three Arkansas players—all black—were suspended for an incident involving a woman in a dorm room. As it developed, the team's blacks threatened a boycott, and Arkansas's morale plunged faster than a broken elevator. It got so bad at one point that Arkansas coach Lou Holtz said, "I'm one step short of suicide."

The three players—running backs Ben Cowins (1,192 yards, fourteen touchdowns), Michael Forrest (310 yards, two touchdowns), and top receiver Donny Bobo (twenty-two catches, six touchdowns)—constituted the bulk of Arkansas's offense. Without them, the Razorbacks appeared to be quite a sorry bunch. Even the bookies took them off the boards.

Of course, the incident provoked national curiosity: what dastardly deed could the players have perpetrated to force Holtz to give them the boot?

Well, it seemed that on the night of December 20, police raided a dormitory and found the players with a scantily clad female student—which is not so uncommon a nocturnal escapade on college campuses, except maybe those of Bob Jones University, Oral Roberts University, and, obviously, Arkansas. Nonetheless, the following day, Cowins readily admitted to the scene, and added that "about ten people were in the room and some of the girl's clothes were removed. It was just a playful act."

Playful or not, the players were immediately suspended. An uproar ensued. Two days later, nine players declared that they would boycott the game. What's more, the three players filed a suit in the federal district court in Little Rock to force Holtz to permit them to play in the Orange Bowl.

The boycott never took place. The suspended players issued a statement encouraging their teammates to stay with the team. The statement read: "We have committed no crime, although we hear some of our athletic advisers have attempted to have us so charged. We have broken no university rules. We have merely sought to be treated fairly, and equally, and to have the same rights of association as other students. We have not been so treated. Because a number of other students believed that we had not been treated fairly, they decided to withhold their participation in the Orange Bowl. We appreciate their support. We have decided, however, to release those dozen or so students from their commitments of nonparticipation and we encourage them, if they perform, to uphold their usual high standards of in-game playing. We will proceed otherwise and remain hopeful that we will be vindicated one way or another."

As it turned out, on December 29, the three players dropped their suits, stating, according to a *New York Times* report, that "it would have been impossible to bring in witnesses, such as Holtz, in time to be reinstated."

One last thing. Arkansas annihilated Oklahoma, 31-6.

8. Naval Academy: Lesbos Ahoy!

At Annapolis, hanky-panky seems to go both ways. In 1979, the Naval Academy was faced with a sapphic scandal: a flourishing lesbian sex ring at the off-base residence of women staff officers. As it was, fifteen female midshipmen claimed to have been forced into participating in homosexual acts.

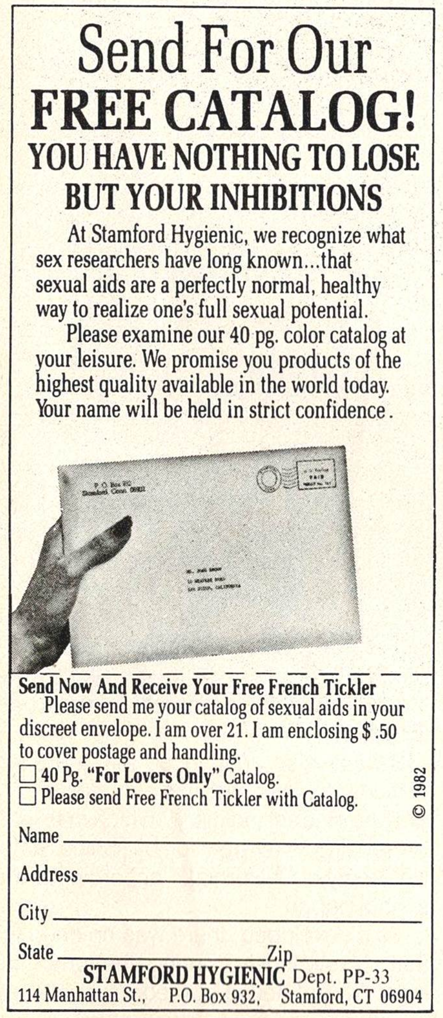
When informed of the incident, academy officials, who approach reality only occasionally and mostly by accident, told the women, according to the Gannett Service, to keep the incidents quiet. As a matter of fact, the dispatch continued, at least two girls were threatened with misconduct charges. What's more, there was a silence order that forbade the midshipmen from even discussing the incident. Weird.

So how did the navy finally resolve the scandal? They didn't. They simply offered up some ludicrous explanation of how navy regulations did not specifically define female homosexuality. Therefore, nothing could be done on the matter. Well, almost nothing. They did tell the amorous officer to stop bringing students to her home.

9. Illinois: Streaking Delta-style

The brothers of the Delta Tau Delta of the University of Illinois, Champaign-Urbana campus, were feeling real high this night. And, brother, when that happens, the possibility of a good time is for sure.

For instance, the juiced-up Delts once



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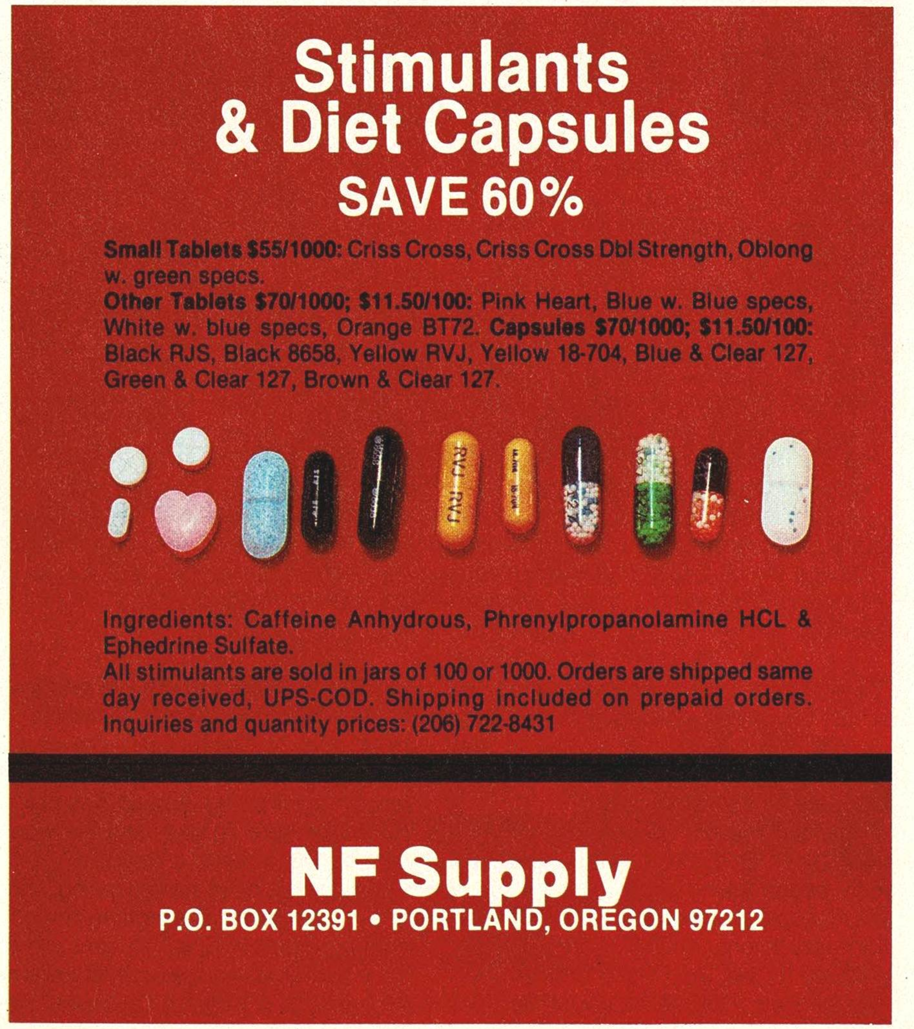

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set off an explosive device that landed on a neighbor's front lawn, burning a large patch of grass and loosening mortar from his brick porch. "That time I really thought they had me," said Ronald Espenshied, a professor of agricultural engineering. "I thought they had blown up our house." After Espenschied's repeated complaints of vandalism and noise went unheeded by university officials, he and his wife fast-broke out of the neighborhood.

But on this night, in November of 1980, the Delts, the oldest fraternity on campus, were thinking less of detonations and more of igniting a party with the sisters of the Alpha Phi sorority that would get people moon-howling, commode-hugging drunk.

As of midnight, however, nothing especially zany occurred. Which is to say, the "Omega Men," a faction of brothers who like to wear nothing but a sock over their genitals, had yet to make an appearance.

But then, a little after 1:00 A.M., something strange occurred. About five or six Delts, obviously so horny that their balls ached, failed to control the fire in their putzes and the fevers in their brains and appeared balls-assed naked.

The sisters went absolutely gaga; even more so when some of the brothers allegedly began taking flying leaps on top of them, hoping, presumably, to unlock their fortressy thighs. One girl later said she "feared for her life." But a brother countered: "Hey, it was just a couple of drunk guys prancing around naked."

Whatever it was, the National Organization of Delts didn't find the chapter's actions particularly gallant; in fact, they found them downright disgusting. And, based on the frat's ten-year history of unstable behavior, it became the straw that broke the camel's back. Twenty-six out of thirty-seven Delts were given the old heave-ho; no, not dismembership, just eviction. Moreover, the university put the chapter on disciplinary probation for one year.

The sisters didn't think the punishment fit the crime, especially after they started receiving obscene and threatening phone calls.

Hmmm. The question was: Could it have been the Delts seeking retribution? The Delts, of course, laughed off such silly accusations. After all, is that any way to treat a lady?

10. Chico State: Lambda Pi on Fire

It was Thursday night, November 14, 1974, and, in Chico, Calif., the party at Chico State's Lambda Pi fraternity house was still in full swing. A band was playing, the drinks were flowing, and the women were having a hell of a time.

But at some point in the evening, sometime after midnight, five brothers forced an eighteen-year-old Chico student into one of the bedrooms and sexually abused her. According to one report, the incident lasted more than an hour, at the least.

As a matter of fact, Butte County Sheriff Deputy Gary Houle later reported that, according to the girl, some people actually entered the room but did nothing to stop the attack. Sheriff Houle also told reporters that another rape might have occurred at Lambda Pi that night, although that charge was found unsubstantiated.

As for the woman who was attacked, she told the police at about 4:00 P.M. on Friday afternoon that she could identify four of her five assailants. Three men were quickly rounded up, charged with rape, and placed in the Butte County jail. A bail of $5,000 was set for each.

Finally, on December 7, President Sanford Cazier announced that he was expelling two students, suspending one, and placing two others on probation. When asked why the disparity in punishment, Tom Sawyer, coordinator of student judicial affairs, told the *Wildcat*, the student newspaper, that "in the hearing facts were found that indicated different levels of participation."

Sawyer also announced that the dean of student affairs had filed a complaint before the student judiciary "which may lead to its losing its recognition by [Chico State, University of California]," according to the school paper.

As it developed, there was no need for that. Mysteriously, during the proceedings, the frat house burned down. ⊶

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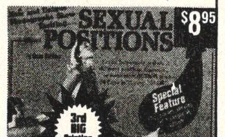

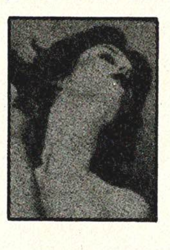

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FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

ach, and then working my way up to those two lovelies—all the time kissing like there was no tomorrow. She put her small hand around my throbbing meat, and began to stroke it lightly. Her hands were so small that she couldn't reach all the way around it, but who cared?

As I massaged her breasts, I twirled her nipples between my thumb and forefinger, alternating between my tongue and my hand. She was moaning like she was ready. But I decided to make this last as long as possible and very slowly began stroking her inner thighs. I would work my way up close to her pussy and then back off. Finally I began lightly to rub her whole genital area with the heel of my hand, and then began to twirl my index finger around her small opening. Slowly I inserted it, and she grabbed it tightly, lubricating it generously. I moved it back and forth as though we had all week together. Then, without any warning, she grabbed my cock and forcefully pulled it toward her pussy. I pulled away and only very lightly spun the head of my cock against her pussy lips. Then I inserted it about an inch and then withdrew. I did this four or five times, and then suddenly I forced the full length into her waiting tunnel. She took all seven and a half inches but cried out loudly as she did it. For the first time I feared the man behind the bathroom door. But the radio was still playing and I heard no other noises, so I pumped on.

I was slow and deliberate in my moves—trying to make it last forever. But I was so turned on that I felt I could erupt any second. I concentrated on the phone by the bed and forced myself to think of phones and the phone company. It was the only way I could hold back. After a while I felt her gyrating under my heaving body, and she cried out, "Faster, faster, faster!" I did and I was soon moving like a speed machine. Then she went into orgasm and her ninety-five pounds gave my 190 pounds a ride like I couldn't believe. She contracted tightly and repeatedly around my throbbing meat—it was the thrill of a lifetime! She took forever to run down. When she had uttered her last gasp, I very slowly began insertion and withdrawal movements again. After about five more very lovely minutes, I heaved, arched my back, gave a low scream, and shot sperm for a full thirty seconds.

As I came to my senses, I could hear something different about the music in the bath. Then I realized it was the bathtub water draining. I bolted for my clothes, quickly dressed, and tore out of the driveway.

That was a week ago, and I don't know how yet, but I am going to get more!—*Name and address withheld*

SWEET YOUNG THING

I teach in a middle school, and many of my students are cute young girls who are just starting to develop sexually. Some of them try to arouse me by flashing some thigh as I glance around the room, or by giving me some open crotch shots as I speak to the class from my desk or podium. The sight of shapely, young asses squeezed into tight jeans would arouse any male. However, I have a hands-off policy when it comes to my students, since I love my job and intend to keep it for many more years.

At the end of the last school year, my school district had a workday so that teachers could empty out their classrooms for summer vacation. Imagine my surprise when I met one of my smartest and most favorite students from five years before (I'll call her Cheryl) as I was carrying out boxes of personal items to my car. Cheryl had recently graduated from high school and was now a gorgeous eighteen-year-old woman. I asked her to wait for me in my classroom so that we could talk about old times and her plans for the future. It was close to noon, and all of the other teachers were gone. Cheryl had always been a sweet kid, and I looked forward to a pleasant conversation.

When I entered my second-floor classroom, there stood Cheryl, a girl whose ass, tits, and pussy I had fantasized about five years before, completely nude. "Please lock the door," she said, "and come here." I did just that. "I know you've wanted to fuck me for a long time now. Please don't feel guilty about anything. I'm not a little girl anymore. I'm a grown woman. Besides, I really want you to fuck me."

How could I pass up logic like that? I took her in my arms and began rubbing my hands up and down her neck, squeezing the beautiful ass cheeks I had only dreamed about. I kissed her firmly on the lips and let my tongue mix with hers as I fondled her big tits with my left hand while I fingered her delicate pussy with my right hand. Cheryl was quickly getting hot, so she began unbuttoning my shirt and loosening my trousers. As soon as she had me completely undressed, she got on her knees, gobbled my seven-inch cock, and began giving me a fantastic blowjob. She licked and sucked all around my cock and gently squeezed my balls until I exploded in her throat with spurt after spurt of semen. She swallowed all of it, and I kissed her tenderly as I gently placed her on her back on top of my desk.

As I began to lick and suck on her pussy, Cheryl crossed her ankles behind my neck to hold me firmly in place. The smell of sweet young pussy was the only aphrodisiac I needed to bring my seven inches to attention. I worked my tongue in and out of her moist cunt and nibbled on her clit with my teeth and lips. She began to breathe rapidly as I squeezed her tits and felt up her soft hips and shapely young ass. She clamped her legs tightly around my neck and held my head firmly with her hands as she had one violent orgasm after another.

"Please fuck me now," Cheryl said. "My pussy's on fire. Stick your dick in my cunt. Don't make me beg for it anymore," she said as she lay on her back on top of my desk. I leaned over, kissed her lovingly on her sweet lips, and said, "You were right. I've wanted to fuck you for a long time now. The first day you walked into my classroom wearing those tight jeans, I knew that I had to fuck you. It's a shame some young punk from high school got your cherry."

As I spread her thighs, she opened up her arms and smiled at me. I placed my rock-hard seven inches at the opening of her tunnel to heaven and began to slowly inch my way into the tightest pussy I had ever felt. In and out, in and out, my prick enjoyed her warmth and the tightest sensation of its life until it came upon a totally unexpected barrier—her maidenhead. "I saved it for you, so please be gentle," Cheryl said. "I will, sweetheart, I will," was my reply as I squeezed her thirty-six-inch tits and stiff young nipples. I licked and sucked on her tits while my hands continued to fondle her gorgeous eighteen-year-old ass cheeks. When my dick tore through her hymen, she screamed with pain and clutched me tighter to her sexy, tender young body. "Don't cry, Cheryl," I said as I kissed and licked all over her beautiful face. "The pain will go away

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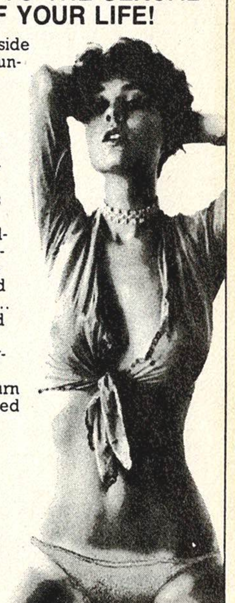

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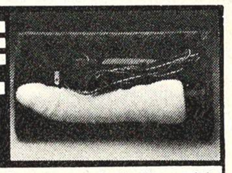

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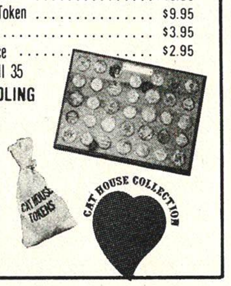

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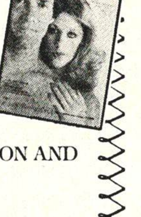

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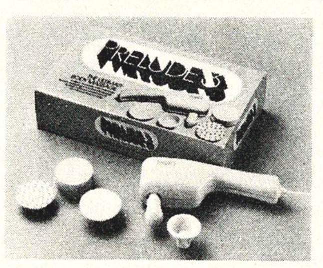

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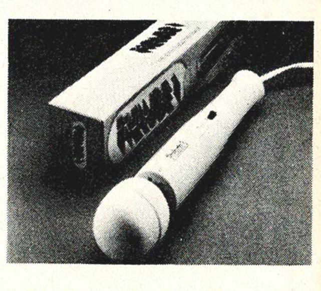

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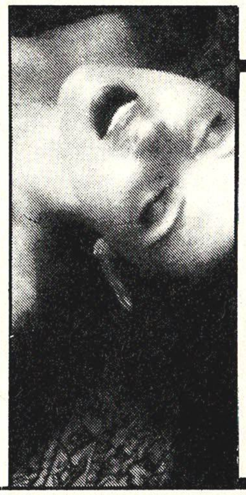

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soon. Oh, I love you so much for saving your cherry for me. The pain will go away soon. I promise." We began to rock back and forth together until my dick and balls exploded with the most semen I have ever shot out in my life.

After our orgasm, I continued to kiss her angelic face while fingering our mutual love juices from her cunt. I quickly persuaded Cheryl to stretch out over my desk with her legs spread and feet flat on the floor so that I could fuck her shapely young ass. I used our overabundant love juices to lubricate my cock and her ass hole. Anal sex with this precious young woman was unbelievable, and the pleasure I felt is completely beyond description.

As 1:30 approached, Cheryl and I got dressed and waited for the other teachers to return from their lunch break. We went to greet some of her former teachers, and many commented on how "sweet little Cheryl" had grown up to become a pretty young woman. They each remembered her as a sweet, charming, intelligent, well-behaved teenager. None of them knew that Cheryl was now a horny young woman who loved to suck cock and get fucked in the pussy and up her ass hole.

Cheryl is now in college in another state, but she has visited me at home during her breaks from school. We spend her visits fucking and sucking, and we love each other very much. I'm really glad that none of my male colleagues knows how fantastic "sweet little Cheryl" is. Let them keep thinking of her as an innocent teenager. I know better.—*Name and address withheld*

TENNIS, ANYONE?

I attend a liberal-arts college in a quaint, small town in Kentucky. I am five foot six, 110 pounds, with blond hair and brown eyes, and my measurements are 36-26-35. I am on the women's tennis team. Stroking balls is my favorite pastime!

The third week of school I was out practicing with George, a guy on the swimming team and an all-round athlete. I had met him the first day of school. He was my tour guide. It was a very hot day and George and I had sat down to get a cool drink. Two of his friends, Roy and Chuck, challenged us to a game of doubles, because all the courts were full. Roy is a tall, brown-haired guy with gorgeous biceps and great legs. Chuck is the Adonis type, with striking blond hair and soft blue eyes. He has broad shoulders and the greatest ass I have ever seen.

After an exhilarating game of doubles, I was exhausted, hungry, and thankful when the guys offered to take me to McDonalds for supper. Chuck has a custom van and we all piled into it. The air conditioning in the van was freezing, and I could feel the guys staring at my big, erect nipples through my sweat-soaked tank top. Chuck hollered at Roy to grab a couple of beers out of the refrigerator. I can't hold my alcohol to begin with, and the hot weather didn't help any. After three beers I didn't even notice that we hadn't made it to McDonalds and were far out in the country. When we stopped I crawled up front to ask Chuck where we were. He replied by pulling off my tank top, shorts, and panties. I was embarrassed at first, but when Chuck's gaze fell to my erect tits and then my moist pussy, I decided to help him out of his clothes, too. He leaned over and flicked his tongue over my hard nips. At this I grabbed for his cock but felt a strong arm grab me from behind. I turned around, and there were George and Roy with six and eight inches, respectively. Chuck carried me to the fur bed in the back of the van. He lay on the bed and invitingly displayed his nine inches of manhood. I was filled with desire and horny as hell as I grabbed that monster with both hands. While I was sucking on his pole, George pulled me to my hands and knees onto the floor as I continued to suck on Chuck's dick. George and Roy then went to work. While George sucked on my clit, Roy pumped smoothly in and out of my ass. Roy and Chuck came at the same time—one in my mouth and the other in my ass. I had lost count of my orgasms by that time, and they hadn't even screwed me yet! Chuck turned me over spread-eagle on the shag carpeting. I was going crazy.

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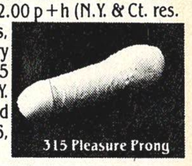
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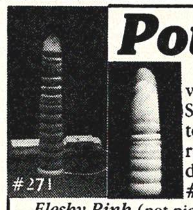
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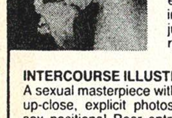

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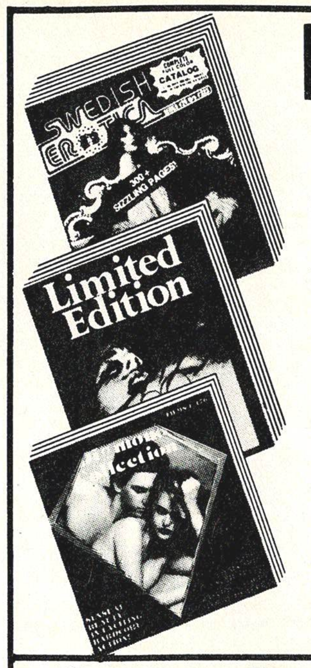

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Please rush me the book(s) checked below. My check or m.o. is enclosed (add $1.50 p&h per book. NY & Ct. res. add sales tax).

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I declare that I am an adult being 21 years of age or over. I am purchasing these sexually oriented materials for my private use in my home and will not sell the material or furnish it to minors. I believe that my community standards as well as the US Constitution allow an adult citizen to view or read anything including sexually explicit material.

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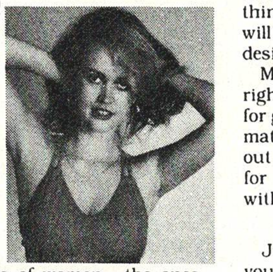
Get Your Dream Girl *Within 5 Minutes* and PAY NOTHING NOW!

7 Steps To Psychic Mind Control will have you Scoring at work, at parties, even on the street!



It's true! *7 Steps To Psychic Mind Control* gives you 7 simple principles any man can learn in just ONE HOUR! And you can put Psychic Mind Control to work for you immediately! These 7 principles guide you step by step until YOU find yourself meeting loads of women . . . the ones you only dreamed of being with before. And they will want you. You will turn them on. And you will be confident you can do it every time!

It Works Within 5 Minutes!

Knowing you will have such success with beautiful women will change your entire life. Really, it doesn't matter how well or how poorly you've done with women in the past. In fact, it doesn't even matter why. Once you use these 7 steps, you can look for the most outrageous dream girl possible—and she'll be yours within 5 minutes!

Sound impossible? Here is just one of the testimonials to the power of *7 Steps To Psychic Mind Control* from J.M. in Madison, Conn.:

> *"I'm not what you would call handsome, but I have a good sense of humor. Somehow, I was never able to get that date I really wanted or to score with the really beautiful women who turned me on.*
>
> "Your 7 Steps To Psychic Mind Control *has given me powers I never knew I could have with women. I don't worry about dates anymore. If I don't have one, I know I can get one at a moment's notice. Now, I'm surrounded by beautiful women all the time.*
>
> *"What's even more amazing is I hardly ever worry about sex anymore. I know I'm going to get more than my share and it would amaze you if you knew how many really sexy ladies ask ME to sleep with THEM now!*
>
> *"Honestly, it would be hard for me to thank you enough!"*

Turn Women Into Putty

The results enjoyed by J.M. can be YOURS! And it's so simple. Doctors know we use only 10% of our brainpower. 90% of our mental strength lies untapped. I will show you how to harness just that extra bit to get that "edge," and use it to turn women into putty. You will approach women differently than ever before. You will be confident of success with ANY woman you desire!

Just read these *7 Steps To Psychic Mind Control* and give it a try. After your first few conquests, women will think you've always had this gift. Sometimes when you use the powers of Psychic Mind Control you won't have to say a thing. She will feel it, be moved by it, and SHE will approach YOU as if your thoughts were her desires.

My *7 Steps To Psychic Mind Control* gets right to the point, giving you an easy method for getting the girls you've always wanted . . . no matter where they are, no matter when. So, live out your fantasies, while your friends beg you for the secret! Take your first step to scoring with beautiful women, today. Order *now*!

Let Us Take the Risk!

Just fill out the coupon below and postdate your check for 30 days from today! You'll pay nothing now (not for 30 days), but we will send you *7 Steps To Psychic Mind Control*, NOW! Try it. Use it. Approach any woman you desire. That's right, *ANY* woman.

If for any reason you're not delighted with the results, send it back. We will return your check or money order UNCASHED! Even if you send it back later we'll still refund your purchase price. Thousands of satisfied customers make us bold enough to offer you this super guarantee!

FREE SEX SCENT!

Potent-8 is a unique fragrance that contains male pheromones (sexual attractants) whose aroma works subconsciously to make you appear more attractive, more impressive, and even more desirable to women. It's really scientific sex appeal! And, it'll help you to start a spontaneous reaction in any woman you desire.

A sample of Potent-8 in an individual packet is yours FREE with every order. So, take advantage of this incredible offer now!

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Please rush my *7 Steps* plus *FREE Potent-8* in a plain wrapper. I enclose my check or money order for $10 plus $1 p&h (Total: $11.00. N.Y. & Ct. residents add sales tax). I understand that if I am not completely satisfied, I may return my *7 Steps* within 30 days for a prompt refund (less postage and handling, of course), no questions asked.
☐ Check here if you want us to hold your check or money order uncashed for 30 days.
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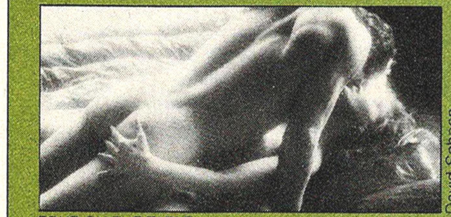
(277P)

COMING IN THE NOVEMBER PENTHOUSE

PROTEST AGAINST NUCLEAR MADNESS

Tzvi Moskovitz



FOUR ON THE TABLE

David Schoen

TOO BIG FOR BROADWAY

Rex Features Ltd./London

Protest Against Nuclear Madness—"In the long run," said President Eisenhower over twenty years ago, "the people are going to do more to promote peace than our governments. Indeed, I think that people want peace so much that one of these days governments better get out of their way and let them have it." And today Eisenhower's prophecy seems to be coming true, as millions of citizens rally together in the most significant political movement of modern times—the protest against nuclear weapons. In this major *Penthouse* feature, three writers profile the extraordinary history of this movement, which cuts across all political, religious, and social spectrums, and describe in horrifying detail what they are demonstrating against—the unbelievable destructive power of nuclear weapons and the official notion that somehow we can survive—or even win—a nuclear war.

Night Vision—Spying on sex can test a man's soul, even that of this job-hardened Boston private investigator, whose telephoto lens captures a tawdry peep show between the curtains. Sometimes his clients react in grief at their spouse's illicit high jinks; often they launch on a bitter vendetta. And once in a while a woman turns to the man closest, the gritty detective who reserves judgment on life's steamed-up, lovelorn ladies.

Foundation's Edge—Isaac Asimov is one of science fiction's most renowned and prolific writers. Thirty years ago, Asimov published the third part of his famous *Foundation* trilogy. Now, with the completion of *Foundation's Edge* (to be published by Doubleday), his readers finally have a long-awaited sequel to this stunning body of work. In this exclusive excerpt, a man exiled from his home goes in search of Earth and instead finds a planet so mysterious that few believe it even exists—except in legends.

Four on the Table—Martin O'Brien lived the ultimate fantasy. He traveled the world and sampled all kinds of women—streetwalkers, whores, call girls, and madams. This was not your five-dollar-a-day tour. His most unusual encounter with prostitutes took place outside Munich, West Germany, where he stumbled into a very peculiar gambling den. There were no roulette wheels or slot machines. Just three men and one woman and lots of players betting on the man with the most endurance. From the hot new book *All the Girls,* to be published by St. Martin's/Marek.

Too Big for Broadway—Jesus Christ in a rock opera? T. S. Eliot's cat poems as a musical? A show based on Eva Peron's life? (One critic called that idea "like *Springtime for Evita.*") Andrew Lloyd Webber composed the music for all these shows and, defying the odds, came up with three big hits: *Jesus Christ Superstar, Evita,* and the all-new *Cats,* soon to open on Broadway while continuing its smash run in London. Not content with merely being outrageous, Webber is a master musician. He packs more musical idioms into one evening of theater—rock, opera, jazz, C&W, Tin Pan Alley, you name it—than most composers care to deal with in a lifetime. At thirty-four he is Broadway's hottest composer, and with road companies of all his musicals traveling the world, Barbra Streisand recording his music, and Robert Stigwood ready to film *Evita,* this Englishman's name is fast becoming the theater's worst kept secret.

Chuck and I were enjoying ourselves in a sixty-nine position while Roy pumped me from behind. I was dying for that nine-incher to finally ace me. I had sucked that baby long enough—I wanted to fuck! And that we did. George and Roy rolled me on my side and put their dicks into my wet cunt simultaneously, one from the front and one from the back. By now Chuck had moved down to my tits and was running his fingers through my hair. Roy and George came quickly, but I had two orgasms to their one. By now I was exhausted. The guys wanted more, but I said no. Chuck took them back to the dorm while I rested in the back. That night Chuck wined and dined me, and I finally found out what a powerful stroke really means!—*Name and address withheld*

WATER WORKS

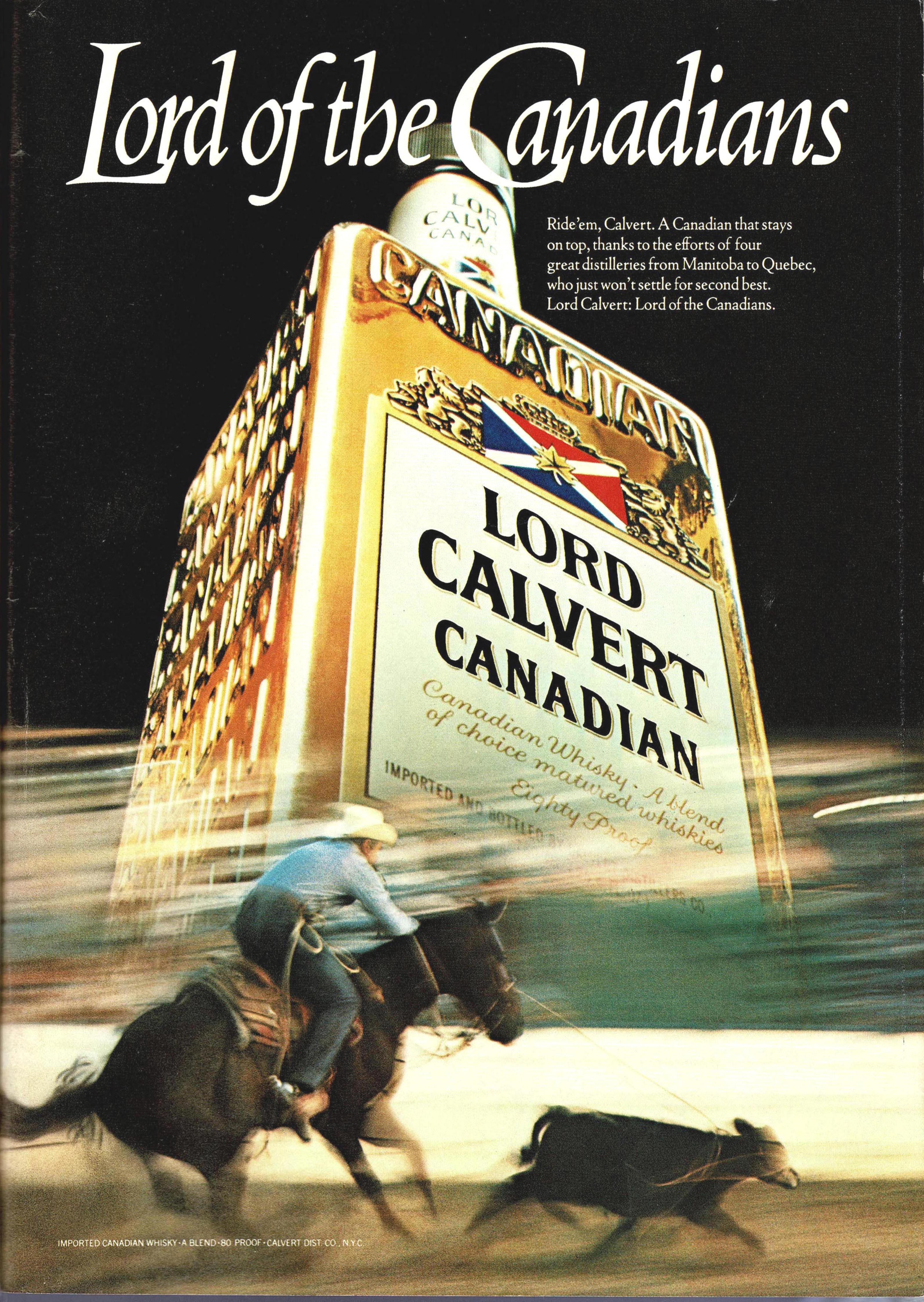
I have just completed an extremely unique sexual act with my girl friend and feel obligated to enlighten the readers of "Forum." Having recently undergone the extraction of my wisdom teeth, I was using a Water Pik to clean out my mouth after meals. Suddenly, I was struck with the brilliant idea to use the Water Pik on my girl friend Amy for "aqualingus."

I called her into the bathroom. Luckily she was undressed, which made matters easier. I told her to sit down on the toilet seat and spread her legs and then began eating her slowly to prepare her for the upcoming event. After getting her aroused I reached over to the sink, filled the Water Pik with warm water, turned it on, and brought the nozzle in between her legs. I spread her labia with thumb and forefinger and began to pulsate water over her entire vulva. Amy began squirming and moaning immediately. With my left hand I directed the stream at her clitoris as I slowly increased the water pressure with my right. As I looked up at her face, I could see that her nipples had jutted out a full quarter-inch. The pulsation of water caused her to shake with convulsions, and she achieved a series of unbelievable orgasms.—*Name and address withheld*

For more provocative, stimulating, and controversial letters, read the exciting **Forum Magazine** now on sale at your newsstand, or, for this month's copy, send $2.50 to **Forum Magazine,** P.O. Box 358, Belleville, New Jersey 07109.

PHOTO CREDITS

Pet of the Month Laurie L'Oranger, appearing on page 85, was photographed by Carl Wachter with a Nikon F-2 Photomic camera with a 43-86 Nikon zoom lens. He used a Spirotone mist filter, Balcar flash units, and Kodachrome 64 film. David Schoen, who photographed "A Room of Their Own," appearing on page 108, used a Nikon 35mm camera with a variety of Nikkor lenses. He used a Gitzo tripod and Kodachrome 64 film.



Ride'em, Calvert. A Canadian that stays on top, thanks to the efforts of four great distilleries from Manitoba to Quebec, who just won't settle for second best. Lord Calvert: Lord of the Canadians.

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SMOKERS

U.S. GOV'T LATEST REPORT:

King, Menthol or Box 100's:

A whole carton of Carlton has less tar than a single pack of...

Carlton
Carlton 100's
AIR-STREAM FILTER
20 FILTER CIGARETTES
Carlton
MENTHOL

...KINGS	TAR mg./cig.	NICOTINE mg./cig.
Kent	12	1.0
Winston Lights	11	0.9
Marlboro	16	1.0
Salem	14	1.1
Kool Milds	11	0.9
Newport	16	1.2

...100's	TAR mg./cig.	NICOTINE mg./cig.
Kent 100's	14	1.2
Winston Lights 100's	12	0.9
Benson & Hedges 100's	16	1.1
Parliament Lights 100's	12	0.9
Salem 100's	15	1.1
Marlboro 100's	16	1.1

TAR & NICOTINE NUMBERS AS REPORTED IN LATEST FTC REPORT

Carlton Kings	**Less than 0.5**	**0.1**
Carlton Menthol	**Less than 0.5**	**0.1**
Carlton Box 100's	**Less than 0.5**	**0.1**

Box—lowest of all brands—less than 0.01 mg. tar, 0.002 mg. nicotine.

Carlton is lowest.

U.S. Government laboratory tests confirm no cigarette lower in tar than Carlton.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Box: Less than 0.5 mg. "tar", 0.05 mg. nicotine; Soft Pack, Menthol and 100's Box: Less than 0.5 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '81.